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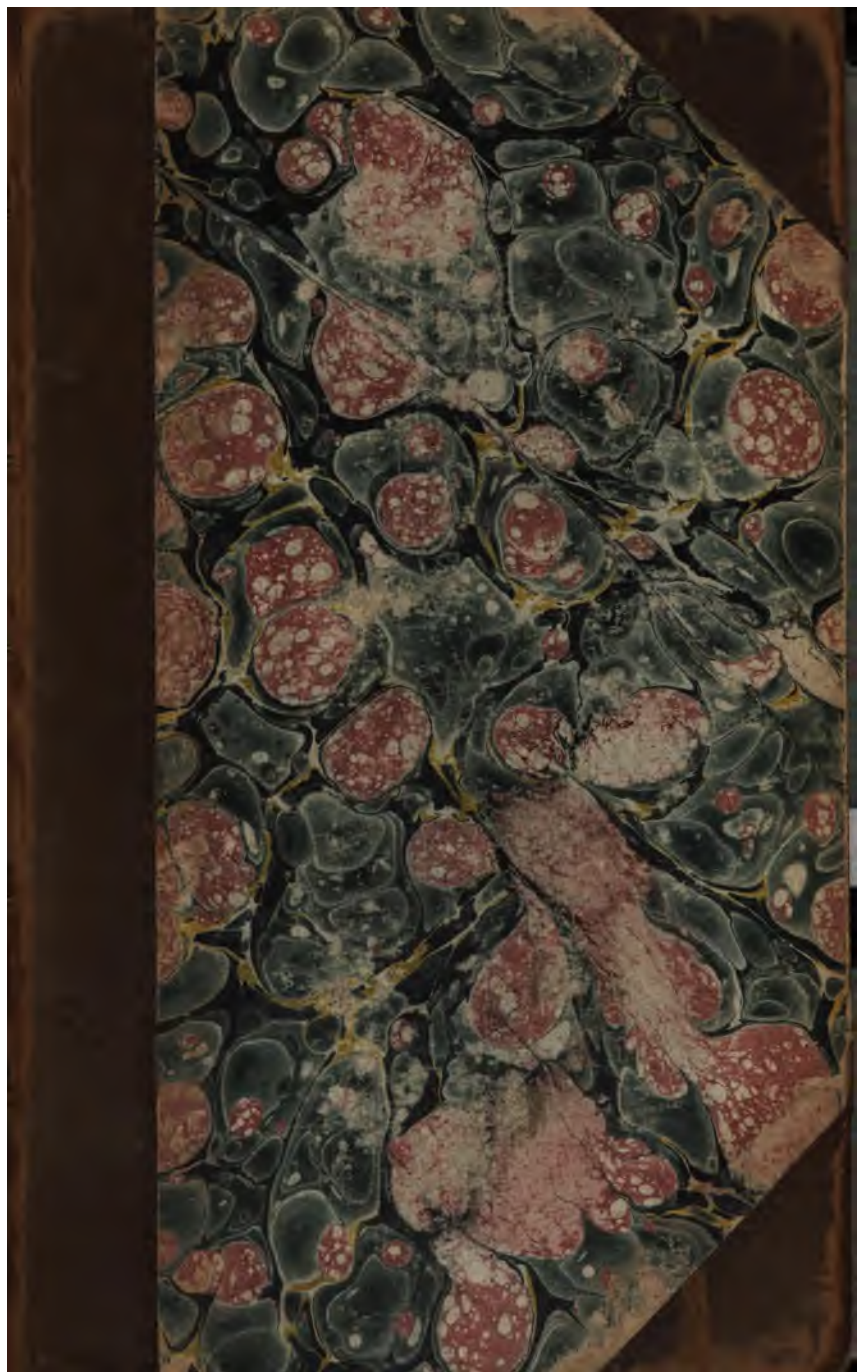
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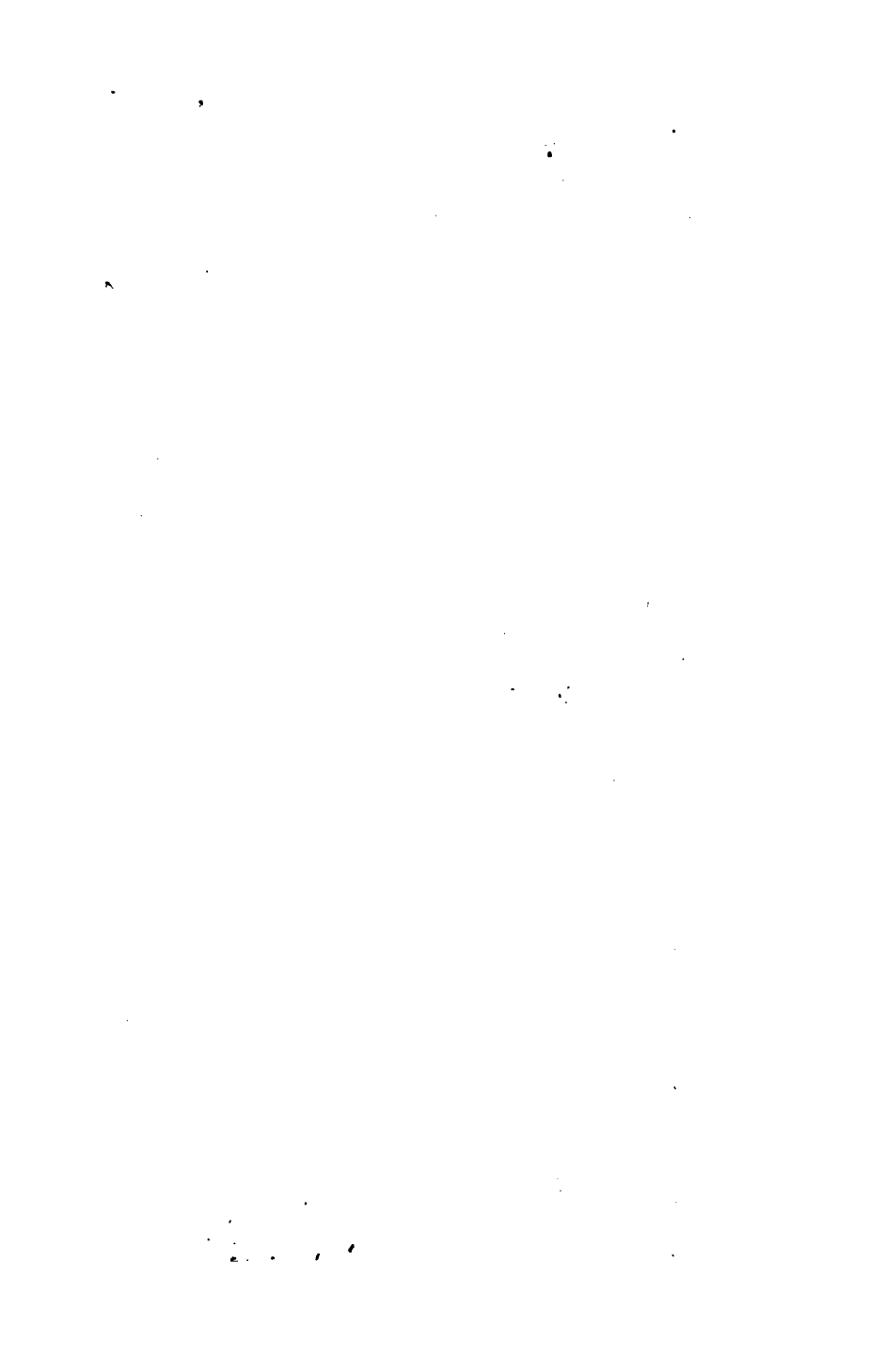




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THE *S. 1827*
MODERN SPEAKER;

CONTAINING
SELECTIONS

FROM THE WORKS OF OUR MOST APPROVED AUTHORS.

In Prose and Verse;

WITH EXTRACTS FROM

THE PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES OF SOME OF THE LEADING
MEN OF THE PAST AND PRESENT DAY.

Divided into Eight Parts.

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. SELECT SENTENCES, AXIOMS
AND REFLECTIONS. | IV. PATHETIC PIECES. |
| II. NARRATIVE & ALLEGORICAL
PIECES. | V. ORATIONS, HARANGUES, &c. |
| III. DESCRIPTIVE & IMPASSION-
ED PIECES. | VI. COMIC PIECES. |
| | VII. DIALOGUES. |
| | VIII. PROSE ESSAYS, DIDACTIC
AND HUMOROUS. |

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN ORIGINAL ESSAY ON THE ART OF ELOCUTION,
AND SOME

ESSENTIAL HINTS

FOR IMPROVING THE VOICE, CARRIAGE, AND APPEARANCE.

By LEMAN THOMAS REDE,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION.

"He who speaks well has often the advantage of him who thinks deeply,
for men oftener judge by their ears than their minds."

"If it is worth while to speak at all, it is surely worth while to speak well."

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PREFACE.

TO a work intended for the cultivation of the expanding mind, a preface is attached, in the mere hope of its obtaining perusal from maturer intellect; it being the last thing looked at by youth, and the first thing sought by age.

The prejudices against a work of this nature are numerous; many people imagining their children cannot imbibed a love of speaking, without gaining a mania for acting; and that the studies of the elocutionist must end in the practices of the stroller. Parents, who banish this useful branch of education from such ill-grounded fear, act as unwisely as Valerius Messala, when he expelled the philosophers and rhetoricians from Rome, because they might become inimical to the state.

That oratorical skill is not, as its enemies have asserted, an effeminate art, or incompatible with a warlike or manly disposition, may be proved by innumerable instances. Brutus, Cato, Crassus, Antony, Pompey, and Cæsar, though nursed in the camp, and reared amidst the blast of war, studied the art of oratory; and it is doubtful whether each of them was best calculated to shine in the field, or the forum.

The example of the Romans would induce us to carry the practice of oratory still farther, for Plutarch speaks of the children performing a play, in which they represented the pleading of causes, &c. &c.; and Cicero himself mentions having (in common with others) when a boy learnt

the laws of the twelve tables by heart, and recited them, as if they were poems.

To the observation, That eloquence is born with some men, and that art cannot make a speaker, I shall in reply merely remark, that the art which this work is intended to assist, is only that of embellishing speech; and no reader need be informed of the fact, that the best oration, badly delivered, can scarcely please so much as the worst, excellently spoken.

One great bar to the future attainment of excellence in elocution or oratory is frequently laid in the nursery, where an ignorant servant prattles over to the infant, until it acquires certain words and phrases that are vulgar and ungrammatical, and perhaps imbibes in a few months a style, which the study of years can scarcely eradicate. This circumstance may appear trifling, but reflection will convince my readers of its importance; nor is it my single assertion that proves it to be so, for the scholar will find Tacitus, in his *Dialogue de Oratoribus*,* making a similar complaint of the manner in which the infant Romans were reared.

The utility of a work on elocution becomes the more obvious, when it is considered how difficult it is for the ear to correct itself; for there the same agent is both delinquent and judge: and the most elevated mind need not shame to receive assistance from the experience of others, when it is remembered that Demosthenes was indebted to others besides Socrates for his eloquence; and that Cicero owed obligations to Molo the Rhodian, Diodorus the stoic, Antiochus the Grecian, Demetrius the Syrian, and many others; and even stooped to receive instructions, after he had attained great popularity from his efforts.

Nor should apparent obtusity of intellect be alleged

* The whole of this dialogue is highly deserving attention.

as a reason for neglecting to sow the seeds of elocutionary talent. Sheridan, who in the course of his career exacted the glowing eulogies of a Burke, and a Pitt, was, in his boyhood, declared, by an able tutor, to be the most impenetrable blockhead he had ever beheld. In the course of my own experience, I have often met with juvenile subjects, who, from mere inertness, have obscured their own powers, and have rather encouraged an opinion of their want of ability, than taken the trouble to prove the existence of their talents.

In making my selections from the works of Johnson, Addison, &c., I have had recourse to several of their allegorical pieces; and those who know how necessary the garb of fiction is to introduce the precepts of truth, will, perhaps, not find fault with their number. From the earliest ages, allegory has been an approved method of teaching; and we need only turn to that page, from which we gain all our moral precepts, to see the brightest and most numerous instances of its use.

It has been my wish to render my book of service as an appendix to Enfield, rather than with an idea of superseding that very excellent work; and with that view I have carefully avoided inserting any of the numerous beautiful pieces contained in that volume. In my selection I have paid more attention to the quality of the writing, than to the writer; and, in addition to specimens of all the best authors, from the time of Milton to the present day, there will be found a great number of anonymous pieces, the excellence of which gave them a claim to a proper chance of preservation.

Some few articles have also a place in this collection, which are *not* conspicuous for their excellence of composition, but they have been selected on account of their brevity, and their peculiar fitness for recital by the more juvenile branches of an academy.

To connect disjointed portions of a poem into one continuous tale, it has been sometimes necessary to alter, or even add, a line. Necessity is my best excuse; and, if the reader will turn to Byron's Description of the Shipwreck, he will perceive that this liberty has only been taken for the purpose of condensing the beauties of that exquisite fragment into a single lesson.

More in compliance with custom than my own opinion, I have introduced many dialogues; for I am fearful this sort of practice is likely to induce an anxiety for display, and, though its utility in the way of exciting emulation in two speakers is great, its exercise is otherwise less conducive to excellence than is generally imagined. It will rest with preceptors to make such use of this portion of the work as they deem fit.

The volume now offered to the public speaks for itself. I am not desirous to uphold my judgment in selection, or my observations on the principles of elocution, to any peculiar aggrandisement; if my work prove useful, I am satisfied. I have avoided introducing into it any matter that might prove injurious to a young mind. I have not suffered my admiration for the flowers of poetry, to make me gather with them the seeds of immorality; my book is (whatever faults exist in it) one that the father may hand to his son, secure that whatever he peruses in it will tend to make him a better, if not a wiser, man.

L. T. REDE.

London, Feb. 1826.

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INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

ESSAY ON THE ART OF SPEAKING.

THE advantages of a good address, and of a delivery that will command attention and conciliate good will, though obvious to all, are sought after, and attained by few; and yet, were the true interests of individuals studied, perhaps there is no branch of education that would be more sedulously cultivated. He who goes forth into the world, whether to seek, or to enjoy, a fortune, must expect occasions to arise, in which he will be obliged to step out of the circle of spectators, to take an active part himself; how necessary is it then that he should acquit himself with propriety; and if not gain approbation, at least avoid contempt and ridicule. How frequently, from an unfortunate neglect of this kind, has sensibility been wounded by the titter of impotent impertinence; how often have the grossest oppressions been submitted to; and the justest claims remained un urged, for want of that force of language and grace of delivery which give power to appeal.

To speak well, is the sword and buckler of civil life; and as the world is too often a scene of warfare, he who neglects to furnish himself with such a means of attack and defence, is as unwise as he who would enter a field of battle unarmed.

Of those who acknowledge the advantages of a good delivery, there are many who supinely desist from all endeavours to acquire it, from an impression that their walk in life will be too circumscribed, or secluded, to render any portion of oratory necessary; while others timidly misgive themselves, and imagine they have no

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capabilities for the art. To the first it may be urged, that no man can calculate the orbit in which he is destined to move; outsets, the most obscure, have led to results the most glorious. All ages, down to the present, are pregnant with instances of unlooked-for elevation;—the general who has risen from the ranks;—the bishop who has graduated from a curacy;—the chancellor raised from the briefless barrister;—and the titled courtier from the obscure commoner. But even those who are not destined to go beyond the pale of their origin, will find the utility of oratorical power in the every-day occurrences of life. Every respectable man may be summoned on a jury, examined as a witness in a court of justice, elected to a parochial situation, or by some unfortunate casualty placed in such a predicament that his very existence may depend upon his powers of speaking and clearness in elucidation. How many an innocent being has suffered the severest penalty of the law, perhaps simply from the lack of language to enforce the proofs of his innocence. In all, or any of these cases, the possession of a good delivery and address is absolutely necessary.

Those who are depressed by timidity, may receive encouragement from the assurance that the art of speaking is one for which man has a natural aptitude; and excellence in that art is only rare from want of cultivation. All the difficulties that present themselves may be overcome by half the labour usually devoted to far less valuable acquirements. One third of the time employed in obtaining a decent knowledge of the piano-forte, would make any man a tolerable orator. Like every thing else, the earlier it is commenced, the better; but where, unfortunately, the basis has not been laid by the preceptor, the pupil may still do it himself, with every prospect of success, if he bring application and perseverance to the task. The properties of a soil cannot be known without cultivation, and many are suffered to lie fallow, that only want to be essayed to give proofs of fecundity.

The discipline necessary to form a good speaker, or reader, is valuable in other points of view than those upon which we have just touched; it stores and employs the mind in a manner at once useful and delightful. It is related of Selim, the son of Bajazet the second, that he every day put into his mouth, a grain which had the quality

of expunging from his memory all unpleasant ideas. Unfortunately, no such grain is indigenous to this country; but we have a much better substitute for expelling melancholy or painful reflections, which is, by every day putting some portion of the bright thoughts of others into our heads; and thus, not merely banishing dulness and uneasiness, but supplying their vacated places with brilliancy and pleasure.

To become a good speaker, it is imperative that practical exertion should be most especially attended to; for he who consults theory alone, will find himself much in the situation of the philosopher, who placed a frog in a basin of water, and laying himself down on a table, imitating the actions of the reptile, confidently imagined he had attained the art of swimming; but, unfortunately for his aquatic fame, he was never known to try his talent in its proper place—the water. In the same way, the incipient orator, who has only theoretical knowledge, may judge accurately of the exertions of others, but he will assuredly be defective himself. No opportunity ought to be lost on the part of a pupil having the attainment of this object in view, to improve himself. It frequently happens to persons possessing sensitive minds, that they shrink from an attempt, through a consciousness of their own incapacity; but in so doing, they materially injure themselves, and do not make an accurate estimate of the kindness or justice of others; an unassuming air will always be appreciated by thinking individuals, and the opinion of the thoughtless must be a matter of indifference to all. The instances are almost numberless of individuals who have conquered natural defects, and a most disagreeable style, by absolutely obtruding themselves at every assemblage they could possibly get into, where, for a considerable period, they were even the butt of the company; but perseverance conquered prejudice, and practice giving increase of confidence, their own ears corrected their defective utterance, and they became excellent and popular orators.* That

* A very popular Elocutionist, of the present day, was so inveterate a stutterer, at the age of seventeen, that few persons could converse with him without giving way to laughter. BURKE's preceptor was a baker, and in his shop did the embryo orator imbibe those splendid acquirements which he afterwards developed in the senate.

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this line of conduct is a proof of a superior mind, there cannot be a doubt; and although such a course may not always be necessary to be pursued, yet it is of the utmost importance to the student, as often as possible, to speak before a large company.

If a pupil would wish to convince himself of what even private practice may effect, let him select any passage and deliver it four times per diem, for three days, and he will discover, not only that he has differed in emphasis, but materially in the sounds produced. Presuming that the last time of delivering it, he has arrived at the pitch of perfection, in point of style and voice, he will find himself fall again, when put to the task before an auditory, for nothing but being in the habit of meeting the multitude, will enable any one to arrive at perfection before them. A boy, when alone, will, probably, sing very agreeably; ask him to sing the same song in society—he gets out of tune immediately:—it is thus in speaking. An easy unaffected delivery becomes hurried and discordant, from the conflicting feelings excited by the presence of hearers, until habit has removed the fear of their censure.

THE MUSIC OF LANGUAGE.

To speak well, it is absolutely necessary to understand the music of language, if not the language of music; and here a difficulty presents itself, in elucidating my meaning; that, which may easily be explained *via voce*, it is frequently impossible to render intelligible in writing; as the dancing master can show by one movement of his foot, that which he could not inculcate by twenty pages of a treatise.

Many of my juvenile readers may not be acquainted with the rudiments of music, and it will be essential, therefore, to the comprehension of my subsequent remarks, to state that every piece of *ballad* music (to which I, as hereafter, compare speaking) is divided into parts called *bars*, which bars contain either six or four notes; if the bar contain six notes, then the *first* note of each three receives an emphatic force, which is termed an accent. To elucidate this, I shall adduce a passage in which the

accent invariably falls on the first and fourth note or syllable.

Dēep is the mōrass, and wide is the river,
And fār is the jōurney I yēt have to rōam; (*pause*)
Still my heart sinks not, but thrōbs quick as ēver,
True, trūe to the rāpture that wāits me at hōme.

[for other instances, refer to pages 117 and 130, "Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter," &c.]

To borrow a term from musical phraseology, we actually recite the foregoing passage in triple time.

If the bar contain only four notes, the accent falls on the first and third notes of every bar, and the first and third syllables of every sentence; as,

Though thy lōt in life be scānt,
Pine not āt thy fāte's dēcrēe;
Blēss'd with cālmness ānd cōntēnt,
Cān a mōnarch richer bē.

[amongst the many instances of this measure, refer to page 135, the tale of "The Felon," &c.]

Passages similar to the foregoing are actually spoken in what is termed, in music, "common time." It will occur to my readers, that all I have stated is superfluous, inasmuch as a student's ear will be a sufficient guide to prevent his reading the passages in any other manner; but I am not sufficiently satisfied of that fact, and even if I were, I should still inculcate the knowledge and practice as extremely serviceable, where the measure of poetry suddenly changes. In the following quotation, the first two lines are in common time, whilst the four following run in triplets.

Mōunt ye, spūr ye, skīrr the plāin,
That the* fūgitive may fīe in vain;
When the† cūlverin's signal is fired,‡ then ōn,
Lēave not in Cōrinth a living one;
A priest at her āltars, a chief in her hālls,
A hēarth in her mānsions, a stōne on her wālls.

It has occurred, continually, in my own practice, that my pupils, on arriving at a passage of this nature, have

* These two words are spoken in the time of one word.

† Ditto.

‡ The poet has taken the poetical licence of placing this word as if it contained two syllables.

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suddenly stopped, and been unable to read the triplet lines aloud, until they had repeated them to themselves, and thus assured their own ears of the measure.

I am aware that to superficial observers, it may appear that I am advocating what is termed "sing-song delivery," but I conceive candid investigation will prove my method to produce no such effect. The term "sing-song," rather refers to tone than accent; for accent arises from the immutable laws of harmony, which are precisely the same, both in music and oratory. I shall mark the following passage (triplets) according to the natural accent inculcated in my system, and then mark it as an illiterate reader would probably deliver it; and I think it will be perceived that the latter reading alone deserves the satirical term of sing-song.

Sāilor boy, sāilor boy, nēver agāin,
 Shall pēace, love, or kīndred, thy wishes repāy;
 Unblēst and unhōnor'd, down dēep in the māin,
 Full māny score fāthoms thy fōrm shall decāy.
 Days, mōnths, years, and āges shall circle awāy,
 And still the vast wāters abōve thee shall rōll;
 Earth lōosens thy bōdy for ēver and āye,
 Sāilor boy, sāilor boy, pēace to thy āul.

In taking this passage in "the sing-song style," the reciters render it common time. In reciting it properly, it will be perceived, though an emphatic force is given to the accented syllable, yet that syllable is not rendered *longer* in point of time than the others; in faulty delivery, the very reverse of this system is adopted, and these reciters give as much time to the *one* syllable—*sail*, as they bestow on the *two* following ones—*or* and *boy*. Thus:—

SAIL-or boy, SAIL-or boy, NEV-er a-GAIN,
 Shall PEACE, love, or KIN-dred thy WISH-es re-PAY;
 UN-BLEST and un-HON-or'd, down DEEP in the MAIN,
 Full MA-ny score FATH-oms thy FORM shall de-CAY, &c. &c.

I have endeavoured to simplify all my remarks on this subject, because I know the difficulty, if not impossibility, of teaching any person one science by referring him to another, of which he is equally ignorant; but TIME, the grand essential in music, is also the great regulator in recitation. In the following lines, the first four syllables *must* be recited in exactly the same period as that which

we accord to the delivery of the two last, or the ear will not be satisfied.

Mel-o-dy and sōng tōo,
Chace the hours a-lōng tōo.
Cast-i-nets are sōund-ing,
Mer-ri-ment a-bpūnd-ing.

I confess that passages similar to those I have just quoted, seldom occur but in lyric poetry; but may not we wish to repeat in private the song we heard with delight in the theatre? and if so, it is, of course, desirable to repeat that song with propriety.

In Dryden's Ode to Music, the lines

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,

require a very strict observance of time.

In any poem where the measure suddenly changes from common to triple, the time is not, in fact, accelerated by it, inasmuch as the lines are all delivered in precisely the same period; as, generally speaking, the three syllables of a triplet are uttered in the period of two of common time. An observance of this rule will tend to regulate the exertions of an unaided pupil, better than any dictum I can offer.

Now strike the gōlden lyre agāin,
A lōuder yēt, and yēt a lōuder strāin,
Būrst his bānds of slēep asūnder,
Rouse him with a* rattling pēd of thūnder.

Hārk † † hārk the hōrrid sōund,
(triplets) Has rāised up his hēad, as awāked from the dēad,
And amāzed he stāres arōund.

ON TONE.

A speaker should commence upon a low, although distinct, note, and deliver his words slowly, particularly in the early part of his address; he has it then in his power to raise his voice, and use such inflection in the course of his speech as he may deem necessary: whereas, if he start

* These four words are spoken in the time of two, an irregularity that gives as much effect in poetry as a discord does in music.

† The pause here makes it equal to two syllables.

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in a hurried manner, or in too high a key, he loses his breath and becomes utterly discordant.

Every common observer must frequently have witnessed the breathless anxiety of children, when perhaps wrongfully accused, endeavouring, by speaking from the top of their lungs, and with the utmost rapidity, to convince their accuser of their innocence; this very circumstance has an appearance of guilt. In all cases, tone is of the utmost importance. How differently do we continually hear the common salutations of the morning repeated, and the importance of delivering them musically and gracefully cannot be doubted. I have often, in the course of a morning's walk with different individuals, met several young persons of both sexes, and upon these salutations taking place as they passed, my companions have inquired, Who is that young man or woman? and have accompanied the question with encomiums or censure, according to the manner in which the common-place words, "I hope you are well," have been delivered. This may be treated as trifling, but a shrewd writer has said, A pleasing appearance is a letter of recommendation; and unquestionably, an appropriate tone is a speech of introduction; from introduction, we make friends, from friends, we get patronage, from patronage, power. Domestic quarrels would frequently be prevented, if people would trouble themselves to attend to the tone in which they address others. I take for an example the words—

Where have you been?

This, spoken in a mild subdued tone, naturally produces a satisfactory reply; but, on the contrary, if spoken in an authoritative tone, the party to whom it is addressed, stops to examine what right the inquirer has to ask the question, and presuming the parties to be on an equal footing, will naturally retort in the same arrogant style.

That both sexes owe much to address, is certain. In asking a question, nothing is of so much importance; for it has been justly remarked that we bear a denial of a favour from one person better than we receive the grant of one from another; let it not be forgotten that to the suavity of Mr. Canning's manner, he is as much indebted as to the powers of his mind; that Sheridan owed as much to the polish of his behaviour, as to the brilliancy of his genius; and that his present Majesty has neither thought it be-

neath his dignity, nor unworthy of his attention, to gain the title of the most polished gentleman in the kingdom.

Whatever talents an individual may possess, he will, if wanting in this quality, find great difficulty to get an opportunity of display; for, however exalted a man's powers may be, we seldom estimate the efforts of those whom we do not personally respect.

The most acute, or highest tones of the human voice, are called forth by the involuntary expression of joyful amazement; the deepest sounds, by the *sullenness* of despair.

It is impossible to convey on paper any adequate idea of sound. Suffice it to say, that the tone with which we should commence any piece that contains no extraordinary display of passion, should be such an one as can be emitted *without in any manner distorting the countenance*.

The lips should not be entirely closed, for that will have the effect of making the pupil speak through his teeth.

We cannot accurately alter the tones of our voices from the tranquil tenor of ordinary discourse, without an accompanying variation of feature. *Astonishment* raises the eyebrows as well as the voice, whilst *grief* or *despair*, equally depresses the tone and the muscles of the mouth.

Let my readers try the effect of the following passages:—

Is it possible? Alive, and well too!

He never spoke again; one dreadful moment, and his eyes closed in the darkness of death.

Besides the variation of tone naturally attendant upon the expression of emotions or passion, there are more minute ones, that indicate the meaning of certain sentences, and these variations occur in the practice of emphasis and inflection.

ON EMPHASIS AND INFLECTION.

The utility, or rather necessity, of emphasis, has been well elucidated in the common-place question of, Do you ride to town to-day? The pupil will perceive, that by placing the emphatic force on different words, the intention of this simple interrogation may be thus changed.

1. Do *you* ride to town to-day?

(which implies, do you go thither yourself, or send some one else?)

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2. Do you *ride* to town to-day?

(implying a doubt, whether it be the person's intention to ride, walk, or drive.)

3. Do you ride to *town* to-day?

(that is, do you go to *town*, or somewhere else?)

4. Do you ride to town to-day?

(or do you go to-morrow, or when?)

But there is yet another expression that this little sentence is capable of, which would be given by placing the emphasis on the first word *do*, being a necessary enforcement of the question, if the person asked had evaded giving a reply, *i. e.*

5. *Do* you ride to town to-day?

(In fact, the tone implying, Come, tell me at once, *do* you, or *do* you not?)

Education and good sense will invariably lead a speaker or reader to emphasize correctly any passage *that he perfectly understands*; but the same guides are not certain leaders to correct inflection.

Not to confuse the pupil's mind by too minute distinctions, we shall answer our immediate purpose by dividing inflections under two heads, the rising, and falling.

The rising inflection is invariably the accompaniment of a question, *i. e.*

Did he seem *angry*?

the falling one denotes a reply:

Yes, very angry.

Every ear will carry conviction to the truth of this remark, without the necessity of further elucidation; but the use of inflections in other cases is not a matter of momentary comprehension.

In the following line, the rising and falling inflections are both used for the expression of the two concluding words.

Bus'ness, which dares the joys of *kings invade*.

In marking the sense of a passage, emphasis frequently lacks the assistance of inflection. In the exclamation,

How beautiful this night!

whether we lay the emphatic force on the first or second

word, our meaning is adequately expressed ; but to give due expression to the feeling of this passage, it is necessary to prolong the sound on the word *how*, and give (*moderately*) the *rising* inflection to the word *beautiful*; the *falling* one, to that of *night*.

The *degrees* in which inflection should be used, can only be obtained by patient perseverance, and the self-correction of an accurate ear, or the personal instruction of a competent preceptor.

ON POSITION, ATTITUDE, AND ACTION.

It is as essential for a speaker to endeavour by his manner to please the eye, as by his tones to delight the ear ; for instance, if he stand in a perfectly perpendicular posture, an auditor would naturally say " He looks like a post." If the hands work in direct lines, it will give him the appearance of a two-handled pump. As the ear corrects the tone, so must the eye, the position. I should recommend any individual, who wishes to attain an easy delivery, to study before a large glass ; he will then perceive how to stand, so as to please his own eye, which will have the same effect on the vision of others.

In using the arms, an orator should give his action in curves, and should bear in mind that different situations call for more or less motion of the limbs. The fingers of the hand should not be kept together, as if it were intended by nature that they should unite ; nor should they be held forth, like a bunch of radishes, but be easily and playfully bent. The hand and arm should usually be moved in semicircles, except in certain passages, as thus :

I charm thy life.

or in addressing any particular individual amongst a group, as thus :

Lord Cardinal—to you I speak.

To lay down rules as to how far the arms may be extended, or to what elevation the hand may be raised, would be absurd ; nothing can please that is unnatural ; I would therefore have a speaker avoid throwing his arms up, as if he were determined to fling them from him, or letting them fall with a violence, enough to bruise his thigh ; yet it is

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indispensable that the arm should fall, and not be placed by the side.

Let the pupil stand with the right leg in advance ; the foot should be turned out in a diagonal line, the left leg perfectly straight, and the body resting firmly on the hip ; the left foot, of course, flat, and firm upon the ground ; the heel of the right foot about twelve inches from the left, and rather raised ; the right leg perfectly straight : the chest should be forward, the shoulders thrown back ; the right arm extended, moderately curved, so that the elbow, which should always be turned outwards, be about one inch in elevation above, and two inches from, the hip ; the upper knuckles of the hand will also incline outwards, and bend towards the ground, and the hand should be nearly open ; the left arm may be placed by the side, the arm hanging loose, and the knuckles inclining outward ; or the arm be placed a-kimbo, the upper knuckles of the open hand resting easily on the hip of the left side ; the head inclining towards the right, but not elevated above a natural pitch ; in fact, it should be nearly horizontal.

This position will be found the most natural, and consequently the best for the commencement of any recitation. Let the pupil try it with the following passage :

Most potent, grave, and reverend signors,
My very noble and approved good masters ;

or, in a prose tale :

In the valley of Llangolen, Madrice resided : Age had spread her snow upon his brow, Care had written her marks upon his face, yet his spirits were unbroken, and his heart was at ease ; for he had so passed his youth, that his memory brought no reproach upon his age : he looked backward with regret, perhaps, but without remorse ; he looked forward with tranquil expectation ; he was benevolent to his fellow-creatures, and grateful to his Maker.

The position we have described is almost appropriate to the common course of conversation, with the exception of the arms, which are then generally equally extended, with the elbows parallel with, though about two inches from, the hips.

Let the pupil take this position and try the variation of it, attendant on the natural impulses occasioned by the following expression :

Q. Is there any news with you ?

A. None whatever.

Q. Who is that person who has just quitted you ?

Q. Which ?

A. The gentleman in brown yonder.

(The expression of these last words will certainly bring the body forward upon the *right* foot, and lead to an extension of that arm, whilst the left will drop by the side.)

A friend from Lisbon ; he brings news of an earthquake.
Of an earthquake ?!

(Here the natural expression of surprise will make the body revert to its original point, *i. e.* resting on the left foot ; the body will bend a little, the arms will be partially stretched out, with the knuckles *upwards*.)

The next position to which I shall call the attention of my readers, is that of poising the body upon the right foot, keeping that leg straight, whilst the left is about twelve inches from the other, with the point only touching the ground ; the arm curved parallel with the head ; the elbow bent outwards, almost on a level with the shoulders ; take these lines as an example :—

Dear harp, the pride of other years,
Though now I bathe your strings with tears ;
My eyes must weep, my heart must grieve,
The partner of my life to leave ;
My only friend, and latest joy,
My childhood's sweetest, first employ ;
But that wild day of song is past,
And this sad lay must be my last.

(With the concluding line of this passage, the arm should drop by the side.)

This position, with the arm brought nearly straight, and the finger extended, is also proper for the marking any object, as

O'er the broad hill behold the falcon fly,
Skimming with rapid wing the dappled sky ;
Mark how she sweeps along the azure way,
Darting with lightning swiftness on her prey.

The same position, with the head elevated and the arms extended, with the hands clenched together, will be appropriate in passages like the following :—

Father of all ! in every age,
In ev'ry clime adored ;
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, our Lord !

Having mentioned a few positions which will answer the

general purposes of elocution, I shall proceed to name some points of action. To describe all the action that the human frame is capable of, would be an endless task, and it would likewise tend more to confuse than instruct.

Acceptation.

The body resting on the foot, nearest the person addressed; the arms gently extended, the hands open, the knuckles inclining downwards.

I accept your offer with thanks.

I take it as a pledge of your esteem.

I embrace the proposal.

The importance of the subject will regulate the degree of extension to which the arms should be subjected. The countenance will of course bear the impress of good humour, which will rise to joy, according to the nature of the thing accepted.

Rejection

Is expressed by leaning on the foot nearest to, or farthest from the person addressed, (according to the degree of passion,) turning the head away from them, and raising the hands, with the palms extended towards the person with whom you converse.

I cannot accept your offer.

I reject the terms you propose.

I reject your proposition with disdain.

The degree will be regulated as in the case of acceptance, remembering, that politely declining an offer may be expressed without this action at all, or at least by using it very faintly, whilst its most powerful action may be called in for the expression of actual abhorrence.

To reduce the general points of action to a few heads, the pupil will remember, that

The outstretched hands, with the knuckles opposite the speaker's face, express fear, abhorrence, rejection, or dismissal.

The outstretched hands, with the palms toward the face of the speaker, denote approval, acceptance, welcoming, and love.

The clasped hands denote sorrow.

The clenched fists, rage, or pain.

The hands clasped and uplifted, devotion, or exclamation.

The arms folded, thoughtfulness.

The arms are never raised above the head, unless when the speaker is under the influence of some very strong emotion.

It is a general rule, though not by any means an invariable one, that when action is confined to one hand, it should be given by the hand which corresponds to the *resting* foot, *i. e.* when leaning on the right foot, act with the right hand, and *vice versa*. But the pupil will distinguish the difference between *leaning* and *resting*; for when falling back (*i. e.* resting) on one foot, it would be an impropriety to act with *that* corresponding hand.

Action, an Echo to the Sense.

To what extent this may be carried, is a point which requires nice discrimination. Too much action offends more than too little; and a pupil who has this defect, is frequently more troublesome than he who uses no action at all. It is easier to plant flowers in an open ground, than to remove weeds from a wildly-neglected one.

In recitation, it is a common but fatal error, so to represent the story, that the reader may imagine the scene is actually taking place; this is a system too commonly inculcated, though a very little reflection will prove its futility. Past events cannot impress us so strongly as present suffering; even where we are ourselves "the hero of the tale so glowingly described." But a reciter is generally *not* speaking in the first person, but merely relating the adventures, misfortunes, or emotions of others; and for *him* to pretend to feel during the *narration*, what *they* felt at the moment of *action*, is the very acme of absurdity. This mistake (for that it is a mistake, I conceive, needs no argument to prove,) is not confined to the academy, or the pupil; it has found its way to the pulpit, the bar, and the stage. What can be more absurd than to see the calm, reflective, melancholy Jacques, in *As you like It*, acting, or rather mimicking the squeaking infant, the whining schoolboy, the doting lover, the fiery soldier, the rubicund justice, and the slippered pantaloon, in that beautiful piece of meditation, "All the world's a stage;" and yet the great Kemble invariably did all this. Indeed, we may perhaps be forgiven for putting the following question: *Is not this passage the effusion of a being, sick*

of the hackneyed routine of life, and should it not be delivered in that tone of dissatisfaction which the misanthrope is supposed to assume? In Collins's Ode on the Passions, the duty of the reciter is to describe the effect of music on the various passions; those passions being, by the fancy of the poet, personified, and invested with attributes; and so, in delivering the lines,

First Fear his hand, his skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid :

a hurried and rather tremulous delivery may be proper, as better conveying the poet's ideas; but all our modern elocutionists actually represent the passion named, as if they (the speakers) were themselves alternately under the influence of hope, fear, rage, or despair, instead of describing those passions under the influence of music—Mrs. Bartley, who first recites the poet's words, and then imitates the supposed actions of the passion, has certainly reduced, if not removed, this absurdity.

The rules I shall endeavour to lay down, being purely matter of personal opinion, I offer them humbly to the judgment of others; but with the conviction that their results have been beneficial to many, and the belief that they can be injurious to none.

In the beautiful verse

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

I should disapprove of the reciter's marking "*forgetfulness*," or the words "*pleasing*," or "*anxious*," by any expression that denotes their abstract qualities, (which I have continually seen done,) because those are merely passing images; but I do approve of the last line being delivered with a lengthening of the tone on "*lingering*," and the head being cast back in the attitude of view, and with the expression of regret; because I consider this as an image which the poet intended forcibly to convey to the reader.

I would allow the infusion of the indicative sound into the delivery of the words "*drum*," and "*rattling thunder*," in a moderate degree, where the poetry is commonly descriptive, as follows:

The rattling thunder was heard from afar,
And in echoes the drum gave the signal of war.

But I should consider it utterly inadmissible in pathetic pieces, such as

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
When his corse to the ramparts we hurried.

The word *hiss* is one that bears its own indicative sound, which may be increased with effect in a passage like

See the snakes that they rear,
How they *hiss* in the air.

Nice discrimination is necessary in using these embellishments of tone ; for it is much easier to excite ridicule by failure, than enhance effect by success. It is always injurious to attempt this, unless the object described is a part of the principal point of the composition:—

The loud shout of battle had ceased,

I have heard spoken by some persons, in such a manner as to indicate the noise of war in the first five words, and the tranquillity of peace in the two last. In my opinion, a monstrous absurdity: the whole line I conceive should be delivered in a quiet tone.

IMPEDIMENTS TO SPEECH.

Vulgar Errors, &c. &c.

Impediments to speech are not confined to any rank, for we find stuttering and stammering as frequently in the higher walks of life as in the lower.

Stuttering and stammering can only be cured by very slow enunciation, and by pausing and taking breath, whenever the obnoxious letter gives an indication of an approach of the calamity.

Of errors, the most common are the substitution of *V* for *W*, and *W* for *V*. Pronouncing *N* like *L*, or *R* like *W*, thus:—for

Wicked Will Watkins, the Welch waterman ;

they would read

Vicked Vill Watkins, the Velch vaterman.

For

Never name a nation ruined by necromancers ;

Lever lame a nation ruled by le cromancers.

For

Around the rugged rock.

Around the wugged wock.

The rule generally prescribed, in these cases, is, the repetition of an alliterative passage, where the obnoxious letter is in frequent use, as

Run, Richard, take the rat from the trap.

Such a practice must, in my opinion, confirm the defect it is meant to eradicate; where the passage runs entirely upon one letter, the ear does not discover its own deficiency. The words to be selected to cure such infirmity, should be, I think, those in which the real letter meant, and the one by mistake used, are alternately brought into play; the speaker would then discover his error, for he must perceive that he pronounced *w* and *r* exactly alike; an error, the most incorrect ear must then recognise, and recognition of error is half the way to reform.

SENTENCES

For such as confound R and W.

Wine is red, waves are green.

Wanton rage is weakness: right wants not fury.

The brains of the weakest distinguish right from wrong. I regret the wisdom or learning of the wisest perplex wrong and right in the warfare of words.

For those that transpose the V and W.

Wit and vanity walk unweild.

Vile women vary; vain warriors vaunt.

Vast waters in the vale are whelming Val'roy's walls.

Vital wants, vain wishes, visible woe, vehement weeping, and vituperation, wait on villains and wicked doers.

For those that confound the N with L.

Ned learnt nothing of Latin.

Loud knocks, long continued, lackeyed his entering the library.

The love man has for liberty, needs little incentive.—Knowledge of life inculcates it daily. The infant loves it, children long for it, man lives not when 'tis lost.

THE
MODERN SPEAKER.

PART I.

SELECT SENTENCES, AXIOMS, AND
REFLECTIONS.

ARGUMENT.

THE soundest argument will produce no more conviction in an *empty* head, than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a *vacuum*.

OBSERVATION.

Observations made in the cloister, or in the desert, will generally be as obscure as the one, and as barren as the other; he that would paint with his pen, no less than he that would paint with his pencil, must study originals, and not be over-fearful of a little dust.

IGNORANCE.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors, as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to *stand still*, with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and *proceeds* in the *same* direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has farther to go, before she can arrive at truth, than ignorance.

ERROR.

The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp. When error sits in the

seat of power, and of authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to that torrent which originates, indeed, in the mountain, but commits its devastation in the vale.

TALENT.

Many a man may justly thank his talent for his rank; but no man has ever yet been able to return the compliment, by thanking his rank for his talent.

ANCESTRY.

When Leonardo da Vinci died, his sovereign exclaimed, "I can make a thousand lords, but not one Leonardo." Cicero observed to a *degenerate patrician*, "*I am the first of my family, but you are the last of yours.*" And since his time, those who value themselves merely on their ancestry, have been compared to potatoes, *all that is good of them is under the ground*; perhaps it is but fair that nobility should have *descended to them*, since they never could have *raised themselves to it*.

THOUGHT.

It is much safer to think what we say, than to say what we think.

EGOTISM.

Say what you please of your humanity, no wise man will ever believe a syllable, while *I* and *mine* are the only gates at which you sally forth and enter, and through which, all must pass who seek admittance.

SOUND JUDGMENT.

Not every one who has eloquence of speech, understands the eloquence of silence. He who can express a great meaning by silence, when much might have been said pointedly, and when a common man would have been prolix, will speak, in the moment of decision, like an oracle.

AVARICE.

The miser lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailor of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth.

EXPERIENCE.

It is far better to *borrow* experience than to *buy* it.

REVENGE.

I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemies but I will remember, and this I owe to myself.

KEEPING SECRETS.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

VIRTUE.

There is but *one* pursuit in life, which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres, makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory:— and this is, the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her; and zealously to labour after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward also is with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence; every subjugated passion, “like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word.”

CHOOSING COUNSEL.

It was observed of Queen Elizabeth, that she was weak herself, but chose wise counsellors; to which it was replied, that to choose wise counsellors, was, in a prince, the highest wisdom.

DUELLING.

If all seconds were as averse to duels as their principals, very little blood would be shed in that way.

HURRY AND CUNNING.

Hurry and Cunning are the two apprentices of Dispatch and of Skill; but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

DISSIPATION.

The excesses of our youth, are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

LOQUACITY.

Men are born with *two* eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but, from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues, and one eye; for those talk the most who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon every thing, who have seen *into* nothing.

SINGING, A DANGEROUS GIFT.

He that can charm a whole company by singing, and,

at the age of thirty, has no cause to regret the possession of so dangerous a gift, is a very extraordinary, and, I may add, a very fortunate man.

MUTABILITY, A SIGN OF A WEAK MIND.

A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them ; it must have something to pursue ; variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose.

DECEIT.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purposes of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are usually of this description ; as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.

PRUDENCE.

To excel others, is a proof of talent ; but to know *when* to excel, is a greater proof of prudence. The celebrated orator, Domitius Afer, when attacked in a set speech by Caligula, made no reply, affecting to be entirely overcome by the resistless eloquence of the tyrant. Had he replied, he certainly would have conquered, and as certainly have died ; but he wisely preferred a defeat that *saved* his life, to a victory that would have cost it.

PAIN AND PLEASURE.

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow ; but the misfortune is, that in this particular case, the *substance* belongs to the *shadow*, the emptiness to its cause.

LIFE.

Many who find the day too long, think life too short ; but, short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

MAGNANIMITY.

The truly great consider, first, how they may gain the approbation of God, and, secondly, that of their own conscience ; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow men. But the *ly* little reverse the thing ; the primary object, with

them, is to secure the applause of their fellow men, and having effected this, the approbation of God, and their own conscience, may follow on as they can.

OPINIONS.

Some have wondered that disputes about opinions should so often end in personalities; but the fact is, that such disputes begin with personalities, for our opinions are parts of ourselves.

LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

That which we acquire with the most difficulty, we retain the longest; as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one. It is recorded of Professor Porson, that he talked his Greek fluently, when he could no longer articulate in English.

INJUDICIOUS PRAISE.

The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much, in the estimation of the discerning, as the injudicious praise of our friends.

READING.

Some read to think, these are rare; some to write, these are common; and some read to talk, and these form the great majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices all the purposes of this latter class, of whom it has been said, that they treat books as some do lords; they inform themselves of their *titles*, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.

REPUTATION AND LIFE.

The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation, and our life; but it is to be lamented, that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon, of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name, than to possess it; and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.

GREAT MEN.

Those illustrious men, who, like torches, have consumed themselves, in order to enlighten others, have often lived unrewarded, and died unlamented. But the tongues of aftertimes have done them justice in one sense, but injustice in another. They have honoured them with their

praise, but they have disgraced them with their pity. They pity them, forsooth, because they missed of present praise, and temporal emolument; things great, indeed, to the little, but little to the great. Shall we pity a hero, because, on the day of victory, he had sacrificed a meal? And those mighty minds, whom these pigmies presume to commiserate, but whom they cannot comprehend, were contending for a far nobler prize than any which those who pity them could either give or withhold. Wisdom was *their* object, and *that* object they attained; she was their "*exceeding great reward*." Let us, therefore, honour such men, if we can, and emulate them, if we dare; but let us bestow our pity, not on them, but on ourselves, who have neither the merit to deserve renown, nor the magnanimity to despise it.

ARROGANCE.

He that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do, exercises the truest humility; and few things are more disgusting than that *arrogant* affability of the great, which only serves to show others the sense they entertain of their inferiority, since they consider it necessary to stoop so low to meet it.

INGRATITUDE: FREQUENTLY IMAGINARY.

Ingratitude in a superior, is frequently nothing more than the refusal of some unreasonable request; and, if the patron does too little, it is not unfrequently because the dependent expects too much.

EDUCATION.

It has been urged that it is dangerous to enlighten the lower orders, because it is impossible to enlighten them sufficiently; and that it is far more easy to give them knowledge enough to make them discontented, than wisdom enough to make them resigned; since a smatterer in philosophy can see the evils of life, but it requires an adept in it to support them. To all such specious reasonings, two incontrovertible axioms might be opposed:—That truth and wisdom are the firmest friends of virtue;—ignorance and falsehood, of vice. It will, therefore, be as hazardous, as unadvisable, for any rulers of a nation to undertake to enlighten it, unless they themselves are prepared to bring their own example up to the standard of their own instructions, and to take especial care that their *practice*

shall precede their *precepts*; for a people that is enlightened may *follow*, but they can no longer be *led*.

PLEADERS AND SENATORS.

Some have wondered how it happens, that those who have shone so conspicuously at the bar, should have been eclipsed in the senate, and that the giants of Westminster Hall should have been mere pigmies (such men as Dunning, Sir Samuel Romilly, and Lord Erskine, form splendid exceptions to this general rule, and only serve to show the wonderful elasticity of the human mind,) at St. Stephen's. But that a successful forensic pleader should be a poor diplomatic orator, is no more to be wondered at, than that a good microscope should make a bad telescope. The mind of the pleader is occupied in scrutinizing minutiae, that of the statesman in grasping magnitudes. The one deals in particulars, the other in generals.

ENVIOUS PRAISE.

The praise of the *envious* is far less creditable than their censure; they praise only that which they can surpass, but that which surpasses them, they censure.

TIME.

Time is the most undefinable, yet paradoxical, of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it; and, like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself unmeasurable; and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit; and it would be still more so, if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination, than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain; and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable, of depredators; and, by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied, until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things.

by flight ; and, although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of Death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other ; but, like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, Opportunity with it, and Repentance behind it ; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies ; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.

AFFECTATION.

We had better appear to be what we are, than affect to appear what we are not.

VIOLENCE.

The violence done us by others, is often less painful than that we do ourselves.

GOOD SENSE.

Good sense should be the test of all rules, both ancient and modern : whatever is incompatible with good sense is false.

JUDGMENT.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.

PUNCTUALITY.

There is no end to the inconveniences arising from the want of punctuality.

HAPPINESS.

None are either so happy, or so unhappy, as they imagine.

We take less pains to be happy, than to appear so.

VALOUR.

Perfect valour consists in doing, without witnesses, all we should be capable of doing before the whole world.

AVARICE.

Baseness and avarice are more inseparable than generosity and magnanimity.

Avarice is more opposite to economy than liberality.

VIRTUE.

Prosperity is a stronger trial of virtue, than adversity.

APPLICATION.

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

DECISION.

Decision and obstinacy often resemble each other, though one is the child of wisdom, the other of error; a decided man thinks deeply, an obstinate one seldom thinks at all.

PRECIPITATION.

Injustice arises either from precipitation or indolence; the rapid and the slow are seldom just; the unjust wait either not at all, or wait too long.

PREMATURE DECISION.

Young man, know, that downright decision, on things which only experience can teach, is the credential of vain impertinence.

RAILERS.

He who can rail at benevolence, has set his heel on the neck of religion.

LITTLENES.

He who, in the presence of a great man, treats you as if you were not present, is equally proud and little.

TITLES.

Titles, instead of exalting, debase those who act not up to them.

ADVICE.

Trust him little who praises all; him less, who censures all; and him least, who is indifferent about all.

TRUE GREATNESS.

Copiousness and simplicity, variety and unity, constitute real greatness of character.

He is a great and self-poised character, whom praise unnerves not; he is a greater one who supports unjust censure; the greater is he who, with acknowledged powers, represses his own, and even turns to use undeserved censure.

He who is open without levity; generous without waste; secret without craft; humble without meanness; bold without anxiety; regular, yet not formal; mild, yet not timid; firm, yet not tyrannical;—is made to pass the ordeal of honour, friendship, virtue.

INDISCREET LIBERALITY.

Popular characters frequently sanctify a conduct which would be universally condemned in the practice of ordinary individuals. The man who throws away money by handfuls to a mob, and, for every petition, puts his hand mechanically to his pocket, while there is a guinea left, without a single inquiry concerning the object of his bounty, will find many admirers; but, whatever his situation in life may be, he will convey no very favourable impressions of his understanding to a reflecting observer; and if it should be known that his private affairs were disarranged, and that the honest creditor comes often in vain to his door for a just demand, amidst all his idle generosity, something more than folly may justly be imputed to his inconsiderate conduct."

MENTAL EMPLOYMENT.

There is nothing so unfortunate as having nothing to do. The peripatetic principle that nature abhors a vacuum, may be applied with great propriety to the human intellect, which will embrace any thing, however criminal, rather than be without an object.

LEVITY OF CHARACTER.

A levity of character, in the language of the world, is a happy one, as calculated to beguile the wearisome hours of life, and make them pass hastily away; but it is totally destitute of that sensibility which makes us interested in our own actions, as well as those of others; and is the parent of that zeal which can alone bear the mind, in spite of opposition and difficulties, to the attainment of great and important objects.

DESIRE.

It is much easier to suppress a first desire, than to satisfy those that follow.

Before we passionately wish for any thing, we should examine into the happiness of its possessor.

WILL.

We have more power than will; and it is only to disculpate us to ourselves, that we often think things impracticable.

Our laziness persuades us that those things are impracticable which we might easily accomplish.

KNAVISHNESS.

The first consideration with a knave, is, how to help himself; and the second, how to do it, with an appearance of helping you.

ELOQUENCE.

Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children, much more by listening than by talking.

JEALOUSY.

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is,—to watch the success of our enemy;—its wages,—to be sure of it.

SOCIETY, ADVICE AS TO.

In all societies, it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible.

ABILITY.

The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age we live in.

It requires no small degree of ability to know when to conceal it.

MODERATION.

Moderation resembles temperance. We are not unwilling to eat more, but are afraid of doing ourselves harm.

You have so loaded me with honour and riches, that nothing can be wanting to my prosperity, lest it be moderation. Any thing more will but excite envy.

ACCIDENTS.

No accidents are so unlucky, but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them; nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice.

FLATTERY.

We should have but little pleasure, were we never to flatter ourselves.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

WISDOM.

Wisdom is to the mind, what health is to the body.
 Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies.

SENSIBILITY.

Let the unhappiness you feel at another's errors, and the happiness you enjoy in their perfections, be the measure of your progress in wisdom and virtue.

PRUDENCE.

He who can wait the moment of maturity in speaking, writing, acting, giving, will have nothing to retract, and little to repent of.

VANITY.

He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.

Contemptuous airs are the pledges of a contemptible heart.

MALICE.

He is most outrageously vain and malicious who ascribes the best actions of the good to vanity alone.

GENEROUSITY AND PRUDENCE.

The generous man never recounts minutely the actions he has done; nor the prudent one those he will do.

ELOCUTION.

There is no music like that of the human voice.

Elocution is to speech, what colouring is to painting; the thing that conveys vitality to the representation.

DEGREES OF MERIT.

He is much greater, and more authentic, who produces one thing entire and perfect, than he who does many by halves.

PART II.

NARRATIVE AND ALLEGORICAL PIECES.

A DROP IN THE OCEAN.

A DROP of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: "Alas! What an insignificant creature am I, in this prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no concern to the universe, I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God." It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

ADDISON.

THE FRUITS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

WARM, commodious, and secluded as was our native nest, I had scarcely dressed six mornings my newly-feathered pinions, than I felt an inclination to try their powers, in a larger excursion than that allowed us, around the bushes that concealed our habitation. One morning, I extended my wings, and soon lost sight of my home. As I passed along, every grove and meadow seemed a new region of delight; and the diversity of objects, for some time, rendered me insensible of fatigue. As it grew dusk, I endeavoured to retrace the circuit of my flight. One tree was so like another, that I could find no object to

direct me to the nest. Exhausted with fatigue and sorrow, I at length took refuge in the trunk of a hollow oak, where sleep put an end, for a while, to reflection and care. I arose the following morning unrefreshed by my slumbers. I beheld several inhabitants of the air begin, with cheerful songs, the excursion of the morning; and among them a few bullfinches, whose friendship and society I solicited in vain. To all I was a stranger;—I had forsaken the nest of my parents, and where else could I expect or hope to find protection? There were a few who pitied my misfortunes, and one invited me to partake with him, in the yard of an adjacent farm, the first repast of the day; the rest seemed to shun my society, and bade me return to the home I had forsaken. In the farm-yard I again partook of abundance, and we agreed to breakfast there together the ensuing morning, should I not find the road to my abode; of this I could not form the slightest recollection, and another day passed in solitary flight and unavailing repentance.

I anxiously looked forward to the morrow, when the society of a pleasing companion might dissipate the gloom my disposition had contracted from misfortune. At length the hour of appointment arrived. At the same instant we alighted at the door of the granary. The kind of grain we had before so plentifully been regaled with, lay scattered with still greater profusion; but when we had cleared our little repast, and wished to remove, we found our feet were fastened by a glutinous substance to the ground.

We had not long lamented our miserable situation, when we were seized by a young urchin, and put into a cage. The youth then ran into the house, delighted with the success of his statagem, for he had observed us the day before, and had spread birdlime to detain us, should we again come in search of provisions. He had a brother, a little older than himself, whom he called from an inner apartment, to come and have some fun with us, as he termed it. Alas! 'twas torture:—we were taken out of our prison, and they fastened a piece of packthread to one of our legs, which seemed to threaten dislocation to our tender limbs, at every struggle to get free. They had continued this cruel pastime for more than a quarter of an hour, when a favourite cat entered the room. The inhuman boy was then amusing himself with seeing my

unfortunate companion hop upon the floor, who, alarmed at the approach of our dreaded enemy, attempted to make his escape by flying from the pursuer, but his flight was impeded by the string, and I beheld him, with inexpressible agony, expire in the torturing claws of the savage grimalkin.

HISTORY OF A BULLFINCH.

THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful far, to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur arose, as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion;
From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sigh'd as I look'd from the hills' gentle slope;
All hush'd was the billows' commotion;
And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the soul's last emotion,
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

ANON.

CHARACTER OF PETER THE GREAT.

PETER ALEXOWITZ of Russia, when he came to years of manhood, though he found himself emperor of a vast and

numerous people, master of an endless territory, absolute commander of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, in the midst of this unbounded power and greatness turned his thoughts upon himself and people with sorrow. Sordid ignorance and a brute manner of life this generous prince beheld and contemned from the light of his own genius. His judgment suggested this to him, and his courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this, he did not send to the nation from whence the rest of the world has borrowed its politeness, but himself left his diadem to learn the true way to glory and honour, and application to useful arts, wherein to employ the laborious, the simple, the honest part of his people. Mechanic employments and operations were very justly the first objects of his favour and observation. With this glorious intention he travelled into foreign nations in an obscure manner, above receiving little honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more consequence, their arts of peace and of war. By this means has this great prince laid the foundation of a great and lasting fame, by personal labour, personal knowledge, and personal valour. It would be injury to any of antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a throne to learn to sit in it with more grace? Who ever thought himself mean in absolute power, until he had learned to use it? STEELE.

VALOUR.

IN the first war with Carthage, the Roman army was surrounded in such a manner by their enemies, that universal destruction seemed inevitable. Cædicius, a military tribune, proposed to the Consul a detachment of 400 men, to make a diversion in favour of the Romans, so that the main body might effect their escape, whilst this company were engaged with the enemy. "But who," said the Consul, "will put himself at the head of so desperate an expedition?"—"I will," replied Cædicius. "Come, my friends," exclaimed the Tribune to the soldiers, "it is necessary for the safety of the army that we should march to yonder station;—it is not necessary that we should return." The scheme succeeded. The Tribune only escaped with life, and was found among the wounded.

M. Cato, who records this story according to A. Gellius, complains, that, although Leonidas was rendered famous, and statues erected to his memory, the name of Cædicius was almost unknown.

ANON.

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the residence of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the

anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander, on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately, by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to pay so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an op-

portunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, he at last arrived in Rome.

The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sate administering justice in the Forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were

positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still further increased when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraven on his tomb,—*That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.*

GOLDSMITH.

THE IDIOT.

It had pleased God to form poor Ned,
A thing of idiot mind,
Yet to the poor unreasoning man
God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child,
Whom helplessness made dear,
And life was happiness to him,
Who had no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
Each half-articulate call,
And he was every thing to her,
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they dwelt,
Nor knew a wish beside,
But age at length on Sarah came,
And she fell sick and died.

He tried, in vain, to 'waken her,
And call'd her o'er and o'er ;
They told him she was dead :—the sound
To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
And he stood wondering by,
And when they bore her to the grave,
He follow'd silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
They sung the fun'ral stave ;
But when the fun'ral train dispersed
He loiter'd by the grave.

The rabble boys, who used to jeer,
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watch'd him at the grave,
And not a word they said.

They came and went, and came again,
Till night at last came on ;
And still he loiter'd by the grave,
Till all the rest were gone.

And when he found himself alone,
He soon removed the clay,
And raised the coffin up in haste,
And bore it swift away.

And when he reached his hut, he laid
The coffin on the floor,
And with the eagerness of joy,
He barr'd the cottage door.

And out he took his mother's corpse,
And placed it in a chair,
And then he heap'd the hearth, and blew
The kindling fire with care.

And pausing, now her hand would feel,
And now her face behold ;
“ Why, mother, do you look so pale ?
“ And why are you so cold ? ”

It had pleased God, from the poor wretch
His only friend to call,
But God was kind to him, and soon,
In death, restored him all.

SOUTHEY.

INTREPIDITY IN DEATH.

WHEN Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muli Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was, indeed, so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where, laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

ADDISON.

WIT AND LEARNING.

WIT and Learning were the children of Apollo, by different mothers: Wit was the offspring of Euphrosyne, and resembled her in cheerfulness and vivacity; Learning was born of Sophia, and retained her seriousness and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual opposition; and all means were so incessantly employed to impress upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foresaw the ill effects of their discord, endeavoured to soften them, by dividing his regard equally between them, yet -

his impartiality and kindness were without effect; the maternal animosity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their first ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as fresh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No sooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celestials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the solemnity of Learning, and Learning to divert Minerva at her loom, by exposing the blunders and ignorance of Wit.

At last the day came, when they were both, with the usual solemnities, received into the class of superior deities, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour Concord lost her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauses of the associate powers, harassed each other by incessant contests, with such a regular vicissitude of victory, that neither was depressed.

It was observable, that at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the side of Wit; and that, at the first sallies, the whole assembly sparkled, according to Homer's expression, with unextinguishable merriment. But Learning would reserve her strength till the burst of applause was over; and the languor with which the violence of joy is always succeeded, began to promise more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence, and by comparing one part of her antagonist's objections with another, commonly made him confute himself; or, by showing how small a part of the question he had taken into his view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside their prepossessions, and rose, at last, with greater veneration for Learning, but with greater kindness for Wit.

Their conduct was, whenever they desired to recommend themselves to distinction, entirely opposite. Wit was daring and adventurous; Learning, cautious and deliberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulness; Learning was afraid of no imputation but that of error. Wit answered before he understood, lest his quickness of apprehension should be questioned; Learning paused, where there was no difficulty, lest any insidious sophism should lie undiscovered. Wit perplexed every debate by

rapidity and confusion ; Learning tired the hearers with endless distinctions, and prolonged the dispute without advantage, by proving that which never was denied. Wit, in hopes of shining, would venture to produce what he had not considered, and often succeeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought ; Learning would reject every new notion, for fear of being entangled in consequences which she could not foresee, and was often hindered, by her caution, from pressing her advantages, and subduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in some degree hindered their progress towards perfection, and left them open to attacks. Novelty was the darling of Wit, and antiquity of Learning. To Wit, all that was new was specious ; to Learning, whatever was ancient was venerable. Wit, however, seldom failed to divert those whom he could not convince, and to convince was not often his ambition ; Learning always supported her opinion with so many collateral truths, that, when the cause was decided against her, her arguments were remembered with admiration.

Their contests, by long continuance, grew at last important, and the divinities broke into parties. Wit was taken into protection of the laughter-loving Venus, had a retinue allowed him of Smiles and Jests, and was often permitted to dance among the Graces. Learning still continued the favourite of Minerva, and seldom went out of her palace, without a train of the severer virtues, Chastity, Temperance, Fortitude, and Labour.

Jupiter was at last angry that the peace of the heavenly regions should be in perpetual danger of violation, and resolved to dismiss these troublesome antagonists to the lower world. Hither therefore they came, and carried on their ancient quarrel among mortals, nor was either long without zealous votaries. Wit, by his gaiety, captivated the young ; and Learning, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects : theatres were built for the reception of Wit ; and colleges endowed for the residence of Learning. Each party endeavoured to outvie the other in cost and magnificence.

There were indeed a class of mortals, by whom Wit and Learning were equally disregarded : these were the devotees of Plutus, the god of riches ; among these it sel-

dom happened that the gaiety of Wit could raise a smile, or the eloquence of Learning procure attention. In revenge of this contempt they agreed to incite their followers against them; but the forces that were sent on those expeditions frequently betrayed their trust; and, in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in public, while they scorned them in their hearts; and when, by this treachery, they had obtained the favour of Plutus, affected to look with an air of superiority on those who remained in the service of Wit and Learning.

Disgusted with these desertions, the two rivals, at the same time, petitioned Jupiter for re-admission to their native habitations. Jupiter thundered on the right hand, and they prepared to obey the happy summons. Wit readily spread his wings and soared aloft; but not being able to see far, was bewildered in the pathless immensity of the ethereal spaces. Learning, who knew the way, shook her pinions; but, for want of natural vigour, could only take short flights: so, after many efforts, they both sunk again to the ground, and learned from their mutual distress the necessity of union. They therefore joined hands, and renewed their flight; Learning was borne up by the vigour of Wit, and Wit guided by the perspicacity of Learning. They soon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were so endeared to each other, that they lived afterwards in perpetual concord. Wit persuaded Learning to converse with the Graces, and Learning engaged Wit in the service of the Virtues. They were now the favourites of all the powers of heaven, and gladdened every banquet by their presence. They soon after married, at the command of Jupiter, and had a numerous progeny of Arts and Sciences.

JOHNSON.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS.

ANDROCLES, from his injured lord in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled;
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat;
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came:
He roar'd, approaching: but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed, arrived within;

And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
 Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
 The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
 Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand ;
 But bolder grown, at length inherent found
 A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound:
 The cure was wrought ; he wiped the sanious blood,
 And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
 Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
 Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
 Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
 Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
 But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still—
 Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge a heavier ill.
 Home ! native home ! O might he but repair !
 He must—he will, though death attends him there.
 He goes, and doom'd to perish, on the sands
 Of the full theatre unpitied stands ;
 When lo ! the self-same lion from his cage
 Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.
 He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
 The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
 And soften'd by remembrance into sweet
 And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
 Mute with astonishment the assembly gaze :
 But why, ye Romans ? Whence your mute amaze ?
 All this is natural : Nature bade him rend
 An enemy ; she bids him spare a friend.

COWPER.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

CATHERINA ALEXOWNA, born near Derpat, a little city
 in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues
 and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she
 lived with her aged mother in their cottage, covered with
 straw ; and both, though very poor, were very contented.
 Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of
 her hands she supported her parent, who was now inca-
 pable of supporting herself. When Catherina spun, the
 old woman would sit by and read some book of devotion ;
 thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would
 sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy the fru-
 gal meal with vacant festivity,

Catherina was fifteen when her mother died ; she now therefore left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of his family ; thus she continued to improve till he died, by which accident she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor ; wherefore Catherina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot ; she was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion ; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance : but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catherina : the little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted ; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses ; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendant of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear to be well re-

ceived; and such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand, which, to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But the very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh; the unhappy soldier was called off to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catherina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave: in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian general; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the prince a visit, Catherina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately inquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the

vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized in private: the prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catherina, from the low mud-walled cottage, empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations.

GOLDSMITH.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd;
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb, was nigh:
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:

“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bless'd, or verdant vales, bestow;
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way.

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore;
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?
Or why, fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe;
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger roused, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
Before them death, with shrieks, directs their way!
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoll'n serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor;
From lust of wealth, and dread of death, secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

O hapless youth ! for she, thy love hath won,
The tender Zara ! will be most undone.
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said :
' Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain ;
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain !
Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see ;
No griefs endure ; nor weep, false youth ! like me.'

O let me safely to the fair return,
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not, mourn !
O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears !'
He said ; and call'd on Heav'n to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

COLLINS.

CERTAINTY OF PUNISHMENT.

DURING the wars in Flanders, in the reign of Queen Anne, when the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene commanded the allied army, a soldier, in the division of the latter, was condemned to be hanged for marauding. The man happened to be a favourite with his officers, who took great pains to save his life, and for this purpose interceded with the prince, who positively refused to grant their request. They then applied to the Duke of Marlborough, begging his grace to interfere ; he accordingly went to Prince Eugene, who said, " I never did, and never will, consent to the pardon of a marauder." " Why," said the duke, " at this rate, we shall hang half the army ; I pardon a great many." " That," replied the prince, " is the reason that so much mischief is done by your people, and that so many suffer for it ; I never pardon any, and therefore there are very few to be punished in my department." The duke still urged his request ; on which the prince said, " Let the matter be inquired into, and if your Grace has not executed more than I have done, I will consent to the pardon of this fellow." The proper inquiries were accordingly made, and the numbers turned out highly in favour of Prince Eugene ; on which he said to the duke, " There, my lord, you see the benefit

of example. You pardon *many*, and therefore you are forced to execute *many*; I never pardon *one*, therefore *few* dare to offend, and of course but *few* suffer."

This is one among the many confirmations which might be adduced of the truth of Beccaria's remark, that "A *less* punishment, which is *certain*, will do more good than a *greater*, which is *uncertain*."

ALMAMOULIN.

PART I.

IN the reign of Jenghiz Can, conqueror of the east, in the city of Samarcand, lived Nouradin the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of India for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hasted to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages; the sea was covered with his ships; the streams of Oxus were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky wafted wealth to Nouradin.

At length, Nouradin felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon the sages of physic: they filled his apartments with alexipharmics, restoratives, and essential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of Arabia were distilled, and all the powers of nature were employed to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood. Nouradin was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes; but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having passed the night in tedious languor, he called to him Almamoulin, his only son, and dismissing his attendants, "My son," said he, "behold here the weakness and fragility of man; look backward a few days,

thy father was great and happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; the nations of Asia drank his dews, and art and commerce delighted in his shade. Malevolence beheld me, and sighed: His root, she cried, is fixed in the depths; it is watered by the fountains of Oxus; it sends out branches afar, and bids defiance to the blast; prudence reclines against his trunk, and prosperity dances on his top. Now, Almamoulin, look upon me, withering and prostrate; look upon me, and attend. I have trafficked, I have prospered, I have rioted in gain; my house is splendid, my servants are numerous; yet I displayed only a small part of my riches; the rest, which I was hindered from enjoying by the fear of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, I have hidden in secret repositories, which this scroll will discover. My purpose was, after ten months more spent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth to a safer country; to have given seven years to delight and festivity, and the remaining part of my days to solitude and repentance; but the hand of death is upon me; a frigorific torpor encroaches upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which it must be thy business to enjoy with wisdom." The thought of leaving his wealth filled Nouradin with such grief, that he fell into convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

PART II

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched awhile with honest sorrow, and sat two hours in profound meditation, without perusing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborne with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new possessions, which swelled his heart with such transports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now sufficiently composed to order a funeral of modest magnificence, suitable at once to the rank of Nouradin's profession, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he spent in visiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treasures greater to his eye than to his imagination.

Almamoulin had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expenses of other young men: he therefore believed

that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid equipage, dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wise men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction. Almamoulin was informed of his danger: he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeased them with gold, and gems, and supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself, by an alliance with the princes of Tartary, and offered the price of kingdoms for a wife of noble birth. His suit was generally rejected, and his presents refused; but a princess of Astracan once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of Golconda; command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. Almamoulin approached and trembled. She saw his confusion and disdained him: How, says she, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation: thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestic pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels.

These amusements pleased him for a time; but languor and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted; he found his heart vacant, and his desires, for want of external objects, ravaging himself.

PART III.

Almamoulin returned to Samarcand, and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure. His tables were always covered with delicacies; wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness; every hour was crowded with pleasure; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. Almamoulin cried out, "I have at last found the use of riches; I am surrounded by companions, who view my greatness without envy; and I enjoy at once the raptures of popularity, and the safety of an obscure station. What trouble can he feel, whom all are studious to please, that they may be repaid with pleasure? What danger can he dread, to whom every man is a friend?"

Such were the thoughts of Almamoulin, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly, regaling at his expense; but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and, in the form of legal citation, summoned Almamoulin to appear before the emperor. The guests stood awhile aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitants accusing him of treason, in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unpatronised and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses: and, being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitless researches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of Oxus, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. "Brother," said the philosopher, "thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes and fallacious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hadst taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them, what experience has now taught thee, that they cannot give.

That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayest be convinced, by considering at how dear a price they tempted thee, upon thy first entrance into the world, to purchase the empty sound of vulgar acclamation. That they cannot bestow fortitude or magnanimity, that man may be certain, who stood trembling at Astracan, before a being not naturally superior to himself. That they will not supply unexhausted pleasure, the recollection of forsaken palaces, and neglected gardens, will easily inform thee. That they rarely purchase friends, thou didst soon discover, when thou wert left to stand thy trial uncountenanced and alone. Yet think not riches useless; there are purposes to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them; they may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pangs of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable thee to perform, and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the confidence of Divine favour, and the hope of future rewards." JOHNSON.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

WHILE the world was yet in its infancy, Truth came among mortals from above, and Falsehood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and Wisdom; Falsehood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation: and, as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the contest.

Truth seemed conscious of superior power and juster claim, and therefore came on, towering and majestic, unassisted and alone; Reason indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower, rather than companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive, and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falsehood always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of Truth, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported, by innumerable legions of appetites and passions; but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to re-

ceive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent ; for she had no steadiness nor constancy. She often gained conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the Passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition. In these encounters, Falsehood always invested her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambushes about her. In her left hand she bore the shield of Impudence, and the quiver of Sophistry rattled on her shoulder. All the Passions attended at her call ; Vanity clapped her wings before, and Obstinacy supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against Truth, and sometimes waited the attack ; but always endeavoured to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions ; for she certainly found that her strength failed, whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aspect though not the thunder of her father, and when the long continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, Falsehood let the arms of Sophistry fall from her grasp, and holding up the shield of Impudence with both her hands, sheltered herself amongst the Passions.

Truth, though she was often wounded, always recovered in a short time ; but it was common for the slightest hurt, received by Falsehood, to spread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

Falsehood, in a short time, found by experience that her superiority consisted only in the celerity of her course, and the changes of her posture. She therefore ordered Suspicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of Truth, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick retreats, and active doubles, which Falsehood always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure Falsehood every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all

climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories, she left the Passions in full authority behind her; who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy when Truth came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it: they yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and sullen submission; and were always inclined to revolt, when Truth ceased to awe them by her immediate presence.

Truth, who, when she first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found, that, wherever she came, she must force her passage. Every intellect was precluded by Prejudice, and every heart pre-occupied by Passion. She, indeed, advanced, but she advanced slowly; and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the appetites, that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice. She, therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of Falsehood.

Jupiter compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease her labours and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what methods she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war. It was then discovered, that she obstructed her own progress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her, since, by giving themselves up to Falsehood, they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and

painted by Desire. The Muses wove, in the loom of Pallas, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which Falsehood captivated her admirers; with this they invested Truth, and named her Fiction. She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the Passions, they often mistook her for Falsehood, and delivered up their charge: but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by Reason, and shone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and resistless dignity.

JOHNSON.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

WHEN last the young Orlando parted from you,
 He left a promise to return again
 Within two hours; and pacing through the forest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
 Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
 And, mark, what object did present itself.
 Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
 And high top bald, of dry antiquity,
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
 Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
 The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
 And, with indented glides, did slip away
 Into a bush, under which bush's shade
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother,—his elder brother.
 Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so:
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness;
 Who quickly fell before him.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE SCHOOLFELLOWS.

Tom Slingsby and Ready-money Jack were born in the same village, and passed the days of their boyhood together. Indeed, they carried on a kind of league of mutual good offices; and were inseparable friends, even after they left school. In an unlucky hour, however, Tom Slingsby took to reading voyages and travels, and was smitten with a desire to see the world. This desire increased upon him as he grew up; so, early one bright sunny morning, he put all his effects in a knapsack, slung it on his back, took staff in hand, and called in his way to take leave of his early schoolmate. Jack was just going out with the plough: the friends shook hands over the farm-house-gate; Jack drove his team afield, and Slingsby whistled "over the hills and far away," and sallied forth gaily to "seek his fortune."

Years and years passed by, and young Tom Slingsby was forgotten; when, one mellow Sunday afternoon in autumn, a thin man, somewhat advanced in life, with a coat out at elbows, a pair of old nankeen gaiters, and a few things tied in a handkerchief, and slung on the end of a stick, was seen loitering through the village. He appeared to regard several houses attentively, to peer into the windows that were open, to eye the villagers wistfully as they returned from church, and then to pass some time in the church-yard, reading the tomb-stones.

At length he found his way to the farm-house of Ready-money Jack, but paused ere he attempted the wicket; contemplating the picture of substantial independence before him. In the porch of the house sat Ready-money Jack, in his Sunday dress; with his hat upon his head, his pipe in his mouth, and his tankard before him,—the monarch of all he surveyed. Beside him lay his fat house-dog. The varied sounds of poultry were heard from the well-stocked farm-yard; the bees hummed from their hives in the garden; the cattle lowed in the rich meadow; while the crammed barns and ample stacks bore proof of an abundant harvest.

The stranger opened the gate, and advanced dubiously towards the house. The mastiff growled at the sight of the suspicious-looking intruder; but was immediately silenced by his master; who, taking his pipe from his

mouth, awaited with inquiring aspect the address of this equivocal personage. The stranger eyed old Jack for a moment, so portly in his dimensions, and decked out in gorgeous apparel; then cast a glance upon his own threadbare and starveling condition, and the scanty bundle which he held in his hand; then giving his shrunk waistcoat a twitch to make it meet his receding waistband; and casting another look, half sad, half humorous, at the sturdy yeoman, "I suppose," said he, "Mr. Tibbets, you have forgot old times and old playmates."

The latter gazed at him with scrutinizing look, but acknowledged that he had no recollection of him.

"Like enough, like enough," said the stranger; "every body seems to have forgotten poor Slingsby!"

"Why, no sure! it can't be Tom Slingsby!"

"Yes, but it is, though!" replied the stranger, shaking his head.

Ready-money Jack was on his feet in a twinkling; thrust out his hand, gave his ancient crony the gripe of a giant, and slapping the other hand on a bench, "Sit down there," cried he, "Tom Slingsby!"

A long conversation ensued about old times, while Slingsby was regaled with the best cheer that the farmhouse afforded; for he was hungry as well as wayworn, and had the keen appetite of a poor pedestrian. The early playmates then talked over their subsequent lives and adventures. Jack had but little to relate, and was never good at a long story. As to Tom Slingsby, he was an exemplification of the old proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." He had sought his fortune about the world, without ever finding it, being a thing oftener found at home than abroad. He had been in all kinds of situations, and had learnt a dozen different modes of making a living; but had found his way back to his native village, rather poorer than when he left it, his knapsack having dwindled down to a scanty bundle. W. IRVING.

SCHACABAC, THE COMPLAISANT.

SCHACABAC being reduced to great poverty, and having fasted for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal

a great humorist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table, that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, said, "If I did not like it, you may be sure, I should not eat so heartily of it." "You oblige me mightily," replied the Barmecide; "pray let me help you to this leg of a goose." Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness.

As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb fed with pistachio nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up, "Here is a dish," says he, "that you will see at nobody's table but my own." Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, "which is like nothing," says he, "I ever tasted before." Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on, after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible dessert, no part of which delighted Schacabac so much as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a sweetmeat of his own invention. Schacabac at length being courteously reproached by the Barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the same time being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. "Come, then," says the Barmecide, "the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia." He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however, being pressed to it, he pretended to take it off, having beforehand prais-

ed the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines, equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himself, "Sir," says he, "I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink." The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and, instead of being angry at him, "I find," says he, "thou art a complainant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest." Upon which, calling for his supper, the rice soup, the goose, the pistachio lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the dessert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines, were served up successively, one after another; and Schacabac was feasted in reality with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination. To this reward his complaisance entitled him; for an endeavour to please those whom we converse with, as far as is consistent with honour and integrity, is highly commendable; and recommends us more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatever.

ADDISON.

GOOD HUMOUR.

IN a romantic dwelling, obscurely situated at the entrance of a thickly interwoven wood, resided an elderly female, whose name was Sophronia. She had three daughters, who, deriving their names from the peculiarity in the disposition of each, were called Good Sense, Good Humour, and Wit. The excellent understanding of the first, Good Sense, was evident in the expressive beauty of her countenance: in the person of the youngest was observable, all that quickness of thought, and ready wit, which struck all who beheld her, at first, with wonder and admiration. Yet the second, Good Humour, with neither the sensible beauty of the first, nor the striking loveliness of the other, had an irresistible charm in her whole appearance, that insensibly won the hearts of the sternest

beholders. Though far removed from the busy world, they were placed by Fate in a situation where the peculiar qualities of each were called forth conspicuously to notice.

The wood, at the shadowy entrance of which the retired hut of Sophronia stood, was termed the Forest of Misfortune, through which were many public roads; but the intricacies of the Forest were so various and perplexing, that frequently would the exhausted traveller have been left to perish, amidst the gloom that surrounded him, had not the good Sophronia and her daughters undertaken to guide them, in safety, through the wilds of this tedious and thorny desert.

From the earliest days of infancy, had Sophronia been injured to all the terrors of the wilderness; yet, her years had glided calmly on, if not with happiness, at least with serenity. She had been educated under the care of the twin sisters, Patience and Resignation, and never had their precepts been obliterated from her mind. They had taught her to endure the hardships of life with fortitude; and meekly had she ever bowed in submission to the mandates of Calamity, the tyrant who reigned in the Forest of Misfortune.

When the bleak winds roared through the trees in the wood, and their little dwelling was shaken by the violence of the blast, the lively sallies of Wit raised a temporary smile on the faded countenance of her mother; while the more serious conversation of Good Sense beguiled the time, and the uniform sweetness of Good Humour, irradiated with cheerfulness the brows of the whole family.

It so happened that Phanor, the youthful monarch of a neighbouring country; whose destiny it was to travel through the Wilderness of Misery, arrived on the borders of the desert, and halted with his train, who there left him, near the cottage of Sophronia. He was a young prince of great merit and exalted virtues; but his native strength of mind had been enfeebled by indulgence and a wrong education. On a violent attack of sickness, he had given way to peevishness, discontent, and ill humour; and he was preparing, for the recovery of his health, to set forwards through the dreary shades of Misfortune, thus ill armed to encounter its horrors. When he reached the humble dwelling of Sophronia, he paused, as was customary with all travellers condemned by Fate, to pass the

Forest, in order to request the aid of a guide to conduct him through it. Wit, who was the first person he encountered, offered her services; her appearance attracted him, and he readily accepted a companion, with whose manners he was delighted. He flattered himself, that her vivacity would soften the vexations he must now inevitably encounter, and render even the Vale of Misery tolerable; but a very small portion of time had elapsed ere he found his error. The sprightliness of Wit was a temporary relief to sorrow; but he found the inefficiency of her power wholly to console it. He grew tired of her repeated and indiscriminate sallies of mirth; when once they had ceased to amuse, her company became wearisome; and finding herself disliked, her wit degenerated into satire, and, at length, disgusted instead of pleased him; so that, finding it impossible to journey through the long remainder of the Forest in her society, he resolved to return to the habitation of Sophronia, and request another conductor.

It had been anxiously hoped by the subjects of Phanor, that his travels through the Forest of Misfortune would effectually cure that irritability of temper, and discontent of mind, that had obscured all his good qualities, and given him a prey to ill humour and misanthropy; but the commencement of his journey afforded no prospect of this hope being realised, and he returned, more wretched and peevish than ever, to the confines of the wood, disgusted with the guide he had chosen, and hopeless of ever accomplishing his journey, unless he could be so fortunate as to encounter one better calculated to assist him in the undertaking. If the choice were given him, he resolved it should fall on one as much the reverse of Wit as possible; and while this desire was first in his mind, he re-entered the dwelling of the matron Sophronia, whom he found with her two remaining daughters.

Pleased with the sage and steady demeanor of the eldest, his choice rested on her, and once more the luckless Phanor commenced his journey; but, like the preceding attempt, it was vain and futile. The conversation of Good Sense, though rational, was grave; and the uniform reserve of her deportment, unaccompanied by cheerfulness, unenlivened by smiles, fatigued him as much as the impertinent sallies of Wit had done before. Wearied by his ill success, Phanor a second time turned back, resolving not to proceed till he could meet with society which

would enable him to brave the horrors of the wilderness ; but, ere he again reached the extremity of the Forest, they were met by Good Humour, who, smiling, approached them. She had been amusing herself with gathering a wreath of wild flowers from the garden of Cheerfulness, her ancient nurse, who resided in a cottage near them, and had fancifully decorated the glossy ringlets of her hair with the blooming rose-bud and ever-enduring myrtle. Her cheeks glowed with health and vivacity, and the serenity of her countenance was unruffled by gloom or discontent.

On hearing the ill success of her sister, Good Sense, she proposed that they should unite their efforts to cheer the glooms which obscured the Vale of Misfortune. Phanor was fascinated by her manners, and the playful sweetness of her countenance, which was only rendered handsome by its expression of good temper ; and, agreeing to her proposal, they all set forward to make a third effort to conduct the prince through the Forest. Not, as before, did it prove unsuccessful ; nor did the path, though precisely the same he had twice before traversed, appear at all similar. All nature seemed revived, and the black clouds that had hovered over the wood dispersed, and discovered to his view a serene sky, while the length of his journey was forgotten in the charms he found in the society of his two companions. The austerity in the deportment of Good Sense was softened by the animated smiles of Good Humour, and the rational conversation of the former tempered the playfulness of the latter. Insensibly the peevishness, in which Phanor had so long indulged, wore off ; he lost, by degrees, that fretful and discontented manner, which had made him feared and disliked by his subjects ; and, ere he had attained the boundaries of the Forest, he was become a convert to the united virtues of the amiable sisters, from whom he felt so reluctant to part, that he entreated them henceforth to be his constant preceptresses. To this request Good Sense answered, that it was not in their power to comply with his wish ; but that, ere they left him, they would introduce him to an ancient friend of their mother's, who resided in a small cottage at the other extremity of the Forest, whose admonitions he would find highly beneficial, now that his mind was so well prepared for their reception.

As she spoke, the cottage she mentioned became visible :

its only inhabitant, a venerable man, whose silver hairs declared his age, approached them; his name was Experience, and to him was Phanor introduced by the two sisters. They were courteously received, and invited to rest themselves in the habitation of the stranger. When they were seated, he requested to know the name and rank of Phanor, both of which were acknowledged by the prince, who, unsolicited, related the revolution in his mind and sentiments, accomplished by the precepts and examples of his two fair companions. The old man listened to his tale with a complacent aspect,—when Phanor ceased,

“It is an important lesson, my son,” said he, “which has this day been given you, and I congratulate you on the triumph you have gained. Know, oh Phanor! that the greatest and most glorious of all victories is, that which man obtains over himself. Know, also, that however trivial and unimportant it may appear in the great scale of human events, much of our happiness or misery, in this sublunary sphere, depends on temper. Few are those who govern it properly, and happy are they who gain the conquest; with blessings are they greeted by their fellow mortals; with internal applause are they rewarded by their own hearts; and more than all, with an eye of approbation are they beheld by Him, who endowed them with understanding to know and obey Him. Learn, likewise, oh Prince! from the experience of this journey, never to be attracted by the specious allurements of superficial qualifications. Recollect the inefficacy of mirth, the insufficiency of wit, to divert the wounded mind; remember, also, that amiable as is the appearance of each lovely sister, singly, either would fail to please. To give the mind real charms, Good Sense must lend her aid, and Good Temper complete the beauty of the portrait. The latter, at once animated and soothing, brightens the dreariness of misfortune, and illumines the heart darkened by the clouds of misery; it is more successful than the most perfect colourings of art, in beautifying the countenance; it is more sure than the most striking abilities to attract regard; and more certain than pomp, power, or riches, to conciliate real friendship and esteem. These will fade away; but sweetness of temper has permanent advantages. It will defend us from those foes to peace,—impatience, discontent, irritability, malignity, and a long train of passions,

which deform the human mind. The glooms of misanthropy fly before it; the frowns of peevishness are dispersed; and even the tear that trembles in the eye of sorrow is chased from the countenance, by the united efforts of Patience and Good Temper to sooth the mourner, and to cheer the path of misery.

MRS. ISAACS.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A dog, who was crossing a rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, perceived his shadow in the water, which he mistook for another dog with another piece of flesh. To this he knew he had no right; and yet he could not forbear catching at it: but, instead of getting a new prize, he dropped that which he possessed into the water. He saw the smooth surface break into many waves, and the dog, whom he had attempted to injure, disappear; he perceived at once his loss, his folly, and his fault; and, in the anguish of regret, cried out, "How righteous and how wise are the gods! since whatever seduces to evil, though but a shadow, becomes the instrument of punishment."

HAWKESWORTH.

PART III.

DESCRIPTIVE AND IMPASSIONED PIECES.

THE THUNDERSTORM.

THE thunder rolls—the world is hush'd in sleep,
Only the heavenly hosts their vigils keep;
Save where the guilty wretch, upon his bed
Of care and anguish, lays his restless head,
And trembling shrinks—lest yonder cloud of gloom
Should burst upon his head, and seal his fatal doom.
Hark! heard you not that sound sublimely roll,
Then die away along the distant sky?
The noise that rends the air from pole to pole,
Now only murmurs like a heavy sigh.
Oh, what a solemn sound!—the guilty breast
Shrinks back appall'd; where shall it comfort find?
The bosom scarce can hold its beating guest,
And all is silent horror in the mind.
How awful is this scene!—the lightning's glare
Gives to the sable clouds a deeper gloom:
A moment all is still—the murky air
Is like the chaos of the dreary tomb.
The flash of heaven is brighter—hark! that peal
Returns with rage as it would rouse the dead;
None now can sleep, e'en *innocence* must feel,
At such an awful hour, a trembling dread.
The wretch, who never bent the knee before,
To Him who stretches his avenging rod,
In silent wonder must his power adore,
And, in his troubled heart, *feel*,—*own*,—there is a
God!

ANON.

THE SHIPWRECK.

WE had embark'd, the ship got under way,
And Heaven' smiled upon the sparkling main;
The waves were beating in the boundless bay,
And lashing the loved native shores of Spain;
But as it fled from our view, the spray
Increased, and as the weather blew again,
A gale, that all descriptive power transcends,
Laid, at one blast, our ship on her beam ends.
But now there came a flash of hope once more;
Day broke, and the wind lull'd; the masts were gone;
The leak increased; shoals round her—but no shore;
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.
They tried the pumps again, and though, before,
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale;
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.
Again the weather threaten'd;—again blew
A gale,—and in the fore and after hold
Water appeared; yet, though the people knew
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,
Until the chains and leathers were worn through
Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she roll'd,
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are
Like human beings during civil war.
Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he
Could do no more: he was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,
And if he wept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be;
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,
Two things, for dying people, quite bewildering.
Some lash'd them in their hammocks; some put on
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair;
And others went on, as they had begun,
Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

"Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters ; like a veil
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
 And the dim desolate deep ; twelve days had Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here !

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
 And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
 That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
 For yet they strove, although of no great use.
 There was no light in heaven, but a few stars ;
 The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews ;
 She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
 And going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose, from sea to sky, the wild farewell ;
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave ;
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave ;
 And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder : and then all was hush'd,
 Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
 Of billows : but, at intervals, there gush'd,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony. BYRON.

THE CALL TO BATTLE.

THE sun is rising dimly red,
 The wind is wailing low and dread ;
 From his cliff the eagle sallies,
 Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys ;
 In the mist the ravens hover,
 Peep the wild dogs from the cover,

Screaming, ereaking, baying, yelling,
Each in his wild accents telling,
'Soon we feast on dead and dying,
Fair-hair'd Harold's flag is flying.'

Many a crest on air is streaming ;
Many a helmet darkly gleaming ;
Many an arm the axe uprears,
Doom'd to hew the wood of spears.
All along the crowded ranks,
Horses neigh, and armour clanks ;
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,
Louder still the Bard is singing,
'Gather footmen, gather horsemen,
To the field, ye valiant Norsemen !'

'Halt ye not, for food or slumber,
View not 'vantage, count not number ;
Jolly reapers, forward still.
Grow the crop on vale or hill,
Thick or scatter'd, stiff or lithe,
It shall down before the scythe.
Forward with your sickles bright,
Reap the harvest of the fight ;
Onward footmen, onward horsemen,
To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen !'

'Fatal causer of the slaughter,
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter ;
Hear the choice she spreads before ye,—
Victory, and wealth, and glory ;
Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
Her ever-circling mead and ale,
Where for eternity unite,
The joys of wassail and of fight.
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
Charge and fight and die like Norsemen.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR JOHN MOORE'S BURIAL.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where the hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.
 No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him,
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.
 Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
 We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him.
 But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
 But half of our mournful task was done,
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
 And we heard by the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was suddenly firing.
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory,
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

ANON.

 MOONLIGHT.

THE moon is waking in the silent sky !
 The single diamond on the brow of night—
 How beautiful the woods and valleys lie
 Sleeping beneath her sad and soften'd light !
 That light which finds its way into the heart
 Like music, and awakens music there,
 Giving a joy no day-beam can impart.
 There is a holy stillness in the air,
 Almost like sadness ; and the yellow glow
 Gleams on the quiet sea, which sleeps below,
 Like the lull'd babe beneath its mother's eye.

The gales of ev'ning are at rest ; and o'er
 The moonlight deep there wanders not a breath ;
 And all's so still upon the sea and shore,
 It looks almost like beauty, hush'd in death ;
 But that there is, despite its very sadness,
 A spirit and a sweetness in that ray,
 Which kindle in the soul a nameless gladness,
 Like the soft witchery that flashes sway
 From the blue eye of pensive melancholy.
 That beam, tho' pale, is beautiful and holy,
 And sheds a living charm on all beneath.

The tide is stealing on the pebbled beach
 In wavy silence, like the gentle tread
 Of her who fears the lightest sound should reach
 Her infant slumb'ring on his cradle bed ;
 And scarcely does its ripple gain mine ear,
 On this low eminence whereon I stand
 To watch the little billows' gay career,
 Chasing each other o'er the yellow sand.
 Mark ! how they come, like joys that will not stay,
 Then ebb again, like happiness, away !
 Leaving their traces, when themselves are fled.

'Tis all like magic !—who would fear to ride
 O'er the lull'd ocean, in an hour like this ?
 Come, let us launch our shallop on the tide,
 And roam the pathless waters :—oh ! 'twere bliss,
 Over the moon-lit sea to sail away,
 Where haply in our voyage we may meet
 Some little isle, beneath the silver ray,
 Where thus the moonlight is for ever sweet,
 And clouds can never come to break the dream,
 Till our wrapt souls, commingling with the beam,
 Shall take their flight, to be—where beauty is.

HERVEY.

ODE TO NAPOLEON.

ILL-MINDED man ! why scourge thy kind
 Who bow'd so low the knee ?
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.
 With might unquestion'd—power to save,
 Thine only gift hath been the grave
 To those that worshipp'd thee ;

Nor, till thy fall, could mortals guess,
 Ambition's less than littleness !
 Thanks for that lesson ; it will teach
 To after-warriors more
 Than high philosophy can preach,
 And vainly preach'd before.
 That spell upon the minds of men
 Breaks, never to unite again,
 That led them to adore
 Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,
 With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.
 The triumph, and the vanity,
 The rapture of the strife,
 The earthquake voice of victory,—
 To thee the breath of life ;
 The sword, the sceptre, and that sway,
 Which man seem'd made but to obey,
 Wherewith renown was rife,—
 All quell'd ! Dark Spirit ! what must be
 The madness of thy memory !
 The Roman, when his burning heart
 Was alaked with blood of Rome,
 Threw down the dagger,—dared depart
 In savage grandeur home.
 He dared depart in utter scorn
 Of men that such a yoke had borne,
 Yet left him such a doom !
 His glory only was that hour
 Of self-upheld abandon'd power.
 The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
 Had lost its quickening spell,
 Cast crowns for rosaries away,
 An empire for a cell ;
 A strict accountant of his beads,
 A subtle disputant on creeds,
 His dotage trifled well :
 Yet better had he neither known
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.
 But thou, from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung ;
 Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung ;

All evil spirit as thou art,
 It is enough to grieve the heart,
 To see thine own unstrung;
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean:

And earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own!
 And monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
 And thank'd him for a throne!
 Fair Freedom, we may hold thee dear,
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear

In humblest guise have shown.
 Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind.

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
 And gaze upon the sea;
 That element may meet thy smile,
 It ne'er was ruled by thee!

Or trace with thine all idle hand,
 In loitering mood, upon the sand,
 That earth is now as free!

That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
 Transferr'd his bye-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
 What thoughts will there be thine,
 Whilst brooding in thy prison'd rage?

But one—'The world was mine';
 Unless, like he of Bâbylon,
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,

Life will not long confine
 That spirit pour'd so wildly forth,
 So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?

And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock!

Foredoom'd by God, by man accurst,
 And that last act, though not thy worst,

The very field's arch mock;
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died.

BYRON.

POOR JASPER.

THE night was long, 'twas winter time,
The moon shone pale and clearly,
The woods were bare, the nipping air,
Across the heath, as cold as death,
Blew shrilly, and severely !

And awful was the midnight scene,
The silent river flowing ;
The dappled sky, the screech owl's cry,
The black'ning tower, the haunted bower,
Where poisonous weeds were growing.

An iron window in the tower
Slow creak'd as it was swinging,
And a gibbet stood beside the wood,
And the blast did blow it to and fro,
And the rusty chains were ringing !

With footsteps quick, and feverish heat,
One tattered garment wearing,
Poor Jasper, sad, alone, and mad,
Now chaunted wild, and now he smiled,
With eyes wide fix'd and glaring.

His cheek was wan, his lip was blue,
His head was bare and shaggy ;
His limbs were torn by many a thorn ;
For he had paced the pathless waste,
And climb'd the steep rock craggy.

His voice was hollow as the tone
Of cavern'd winds, and mournful ;
No tears could flow to calm his woe ;
Yet on his face sat manly grace,
And grief sublimely scornful.

Twelve freezing nights poor Jasper's breast
Had braved the tempest yelling ;
For misery keen his lot had been,
Since he had left, of sense bereft,
His tyrant father's dwelling.

That father who, with lordly pride,
Saw him from Mary sever ;
Saw her pale cheek in silence speak ;
Her eyes blue light, so heavenly bright,
Grow dim and fade for ever.

“ How hot yon sun begins to shine ! ”
The maniac cried, loud laughing,
“ I feel the pain that burns my brain,
The sulphurous beam bids ocean steam
Where all the fiends are quaffing.

“ Yes, on my Mary's bosom cold
Death laid his bony fingers !
Hark, how the wave begins to lave
The rocky shore, I hear it roar,
The whistling pilot lingers !

“ Oh ! bear me, bear me o'er the main !
See, the white sails are flying !
Yon glitt'ring star shall be my car,
And by my side shall Mary glide,
Mild as the south wind sighing.

“ The frosted heath is wide and drear,
And rugged is my pillow ;
Soon shall I sleep beneath the deep ;
How calm to me that sleep will be,
Rocked by the bounding billow !

“ Is it the storm that Jasper feels ?
Ah, no ! tis passion blighted ;
The owl's shriek makes white my cheek ;
The dark toads stray across my way,
And sorely am I frightened.

“ Amid the broom my bed I'll make,
Dry fern shall be my pillow ;
And, Mary dear, wert thou but here,
Blessed should I be, sweet maid, with thee,
To weave a crown of willow.

“ How merrily the lark is heard,
The ruddy dawn's advancing ;
Jasper is gay ! his wedding-day
The envious sun shall see begun
With music and with dancing.

" How sullen moans the midnight main ;
 How wide the dim scene stretches ;
The moony light, all silvery white,
Across the wave illumines the grave
 Of heaven-deserted wretches.

" The dead-light gleams, the signal sounds,
 Poor bark ! the storm will beat thee !
What spectre stands upon the sands ?
'Tis Mary ! see, she beckons me !
 Thy Jasper flies to meet thee !"

Now to the silent river's side
 Poor Jasper rush'd, unwary,
With frantic haste the green bank paced,
Plunged in the wave, no friend to save,
 And, sinking, call'd on Mary !
 MRS. ROBINSON.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain !
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd ;
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please ;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paused on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
 The dancing pair, who simply sought renown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please;
 These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

GOLDSMITH.

NESTOR'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

"MY son! though youthful ardour fire thy breast,
 The gods have loved thee, and with arts have bless'd.
 Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill.
 Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
 To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
 But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds.
 Fear not thy rivals, though for swiftness known,
 Compare those rivals' judgment, and thy own:
 It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
 And to be swift is less than to be wise:
 'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous strokes,
 The dext'rous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks!
 By art the pilot, through the boiling deep,
 And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;
 And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
 Not those who trust in chariots and in horse.
 In vain unskilful to the goal they strive,
 And short, or wide, th' ungovern'd courser drive:
 While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds,
 The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
 Fix'd on the goal, his eye fore-runs the course,
 His hand, unerring, steers the steady horse,
 And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
 Observing still the foremost on the plain.
 Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;
 Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;

Of some once-stately oak, the last remains,
 Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains.
 Inclosed with stones conspicuous from afar,
 And round, a circle for the wheeling car,
 (Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace ;
 Or then, as now, the limit of a race.)
 Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
 A little bending to the left-hand steed ;
 But urge the right, and give him all the reins ;
 While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
 And turns him short ; till, doubling as they roll,
 The wheel's round nave appears to brush the goal.
 Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
 Clear of the stony heap direct the course ;
 Lest, through incaution failing, thou mayest be
 A joy to others, a reproach to me.
 So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
 And leave unskilful swiftness far behind.
 Though thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
 Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed ;
 Or the famed race through all the regions known,
 That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon."

POPE'S HOMER.

ON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
 THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round : the forest smiles ;
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.
 Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year,
 And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks :
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
 THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter, awful THOU ! with clouds and storms
 Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.

Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise,
One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of HIM in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound HIS stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,

As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy CREATOR, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world,
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ; in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS as they roll !
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam

Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me :
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
 From seeming Evil still educing Good,
 And better thence again, and better still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in Light ineffable !
 Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

THOMSON.

PEACE.

HALT ! ye legions, sheathe your steel :
 Blood grows precious ; shed no more :
 Cease your toils ; your wounds to heal,
 Lo ! beams of mercy reach the shore !
 From realms of everlasting light
 The favour'd guest of Heaven is come :
 Prostrate your banners at the sight,
 And bear the glorious tidings home.
 The plunging corpse with half-closed eyes,
 No more shall stain th' unconscious brine ;
 Yon pendant gay, that steaming flies,
 Around its idle staff shall twine.
 Behold ! along th' ethereal sky
 Her beams o'er conquering navies spread ;
 Peace ! Peace ! the leaping sailors cry,
 With shouts that might arouse the dead.
 Then forth Britannia's thunder pours ;
 A vast reiterated sound !
 From line to line the cannon roars,
 And spreads the blazing joy around.
 Return, ye brave ! your country calls ;
 Return, return, your task is done ;
 While here the tear of transport falls,
 To grace your laurels nobly won.

Albion's cliffs,—from age to age,
 That bear the roaring storms of Heaven,
 Did ever fiercer warfare given?
 Was ever Peace more timely given?
 Wake! sounds of joy; rouse, generous isle;
 Let every patriot bosom glow.
 Beauty, resume thy wonted smile,
 And, Poverty, thy cheerful brow.

Boast, Britain, of thy glorious guests;
 Peace, Wealth, and Commerce, all thine own;
 Still on contented Labour rests
 The basis of a lasting throne.
 Shout, Poverty! 'tis Heaven that saves:
 Protected Wealth, the chorus raise:
 Ruler of war, of winds, and waves,
 Accept a prostrate nation's praise.

BLOOMFIELD.

FRAGMENT.

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound
 The cavern'd echoes wake around,
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
 The foam that streaks the courser's side
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
 There's none within his rider's breast;
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!*

I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
 But in thy lineaments I trace
 What time shall strengthen, not efface.
 Though young and pale, that sallow front
 Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;
 Though bent on earth thy evil eye,
 As meteor-like thou glidest by,
 Right well I view and deem thee one
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

* An infidel.

On—on he hasten'd, and he drew
My gaze of wonder, as he flew :
Though like a demon of the night,
He pass'd and vanish'd from my sight ;
His aspect and his air impress'd
A troubled memory on my breast,
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed ; he nears the steep,
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep ;
He winds around ; he hurries by ;
The rock relieves him from mine eye ;
For well I ween, unwelcome he
Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee ;
And not a star but shines too bright
On him who takes such timeless flight.
He wound along ; but, ere he pass'd,
One glance he snatch'd, as if his last ;
A moment check'd his wheeling steed,
A moment breath'd him from his speed,
A moment on his stirrup stood.—
Why looks he o'er the olive wood ?
The crescent glimmers on the hill,
The mosque's high lamps are quivering still :
Though too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far tophaike,*
The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.
To-night, set Rhamazini's sun ;
To-night, the Bairam feast's begun ;
To-night—but who, and what art thou,
Of foreign garb and fearful brow ?
And what are these to thine or thee,
That thou should'st either pause or flee ?
He stood—some dread was on his face,
Soon hatred settled in its place :
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient anger's hasty blush,
But pale as marble o'er the tomb
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.

* Tophaike, musket.

His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
 And sternly shook his hand on high,
 As doubting to return or fly;
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade; }
 That sound had burst his waking dream,
 As slumber starts at owlet's scream.
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
 Away, away, for life he rides:
 Swift as the hurled-on-high jerreed,*
 Springs to the touch his startled steed;
 The rock is doubled, and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;
 The crag is won, no more is seen
 His christian crest and haughty mien.

BYRON.

THE SNOW STORM.

THE keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
 And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
 Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods
 Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,
 Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around

* Jerreed, or djerred, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision.

The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth: then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain,
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted-heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd

His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and bless'd abode of man!
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death;
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

THOMSON.

PRIAM'S ADDRESS TO ACHILLES.

AH! think, thou favour'd of the powers divine!
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine;
 In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
 In all my equal, but in misery!
 Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
 Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;

Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise ;
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes ;
 And, hearing, still may hope, a better day
 May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain !
 Yet what a race ! ere Greece to Ilion came,
 The pledge of many a loved and loving dame :
 Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead !
 How oft, alas ! has wretched Priam bled ?
 Still one was left, their loss to recompense ;
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.
 Him, too, thy rage has slain ! beneath thy steel
 Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell !

For him, through hostile camps I bent my way,
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay ;
 Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear ;
 Oh, hear the wretched, and the gods revere !

Think of thy father, and this face behold !
 See him in me, as helpless and as old !
 Though not so wretched : There he yields to me,
 The first of men in sov'reign misery.
 Thus forced to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race ;
 Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore !

POPE'S HOMER.

RETROSPECTION.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loath we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us ;
 So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
 To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
 We talk, with joyous seeming,
 And smiles that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming ;

While mem'ry brings us back again
 Each early tie that twined us,
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us.

And, when in other climes we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting;
 We think how great had been our bliss,
 If heaven had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us!

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

MOORE.

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud philosophy
 To teach me what thou art—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
 A midway station given
 For happy spirits to alight
 Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
 Thy form to please me so,
 As when I dreamt of gems and gold
 Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
 Enchantment's veil withdraws,
 What lovely visions yield their place
 To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

THE BATTLE.

O'ER Corinth shines the glowing sun,
As if the morn was a jocund one.
Brightly breaks the night away,
To light the Moslems to the fray.
Hark! to the trump, and the drum,
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout, "They come! they come!"
"Tartar and Spahi, and Turcoman,
Strike your tents, and throng the van;
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;
Leave not in Corinth a living one;
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the prophet!—Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to scale,
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye fail?
He who first downs with the red cross may crave,
His heart's dearest wish, let him ask it and have!"
Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier,
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear,
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire,
Silence! hark to the signal-fire!
Full against the wall they went,
And their force was backward bent;
Many a bosom sheathed in brass,
Strew'd the earth like broken glass;
But nought could stand the oft-renew'd
Charge of the Moslem multitude;
In firmness the Christians stood—but fell,
Heap'd by the host of the infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot;
Nothing there, save death, was mute.
Stroke and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter and for victory;
Till, at length, outbreath'd and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne.
But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
And all but the after-carnage done.

Shriller shrieks now mingling come,
From within the plunder'd dome ;
Hark, to the haste of the flying feet,
That splash in the blood of the slippery street !
But here and there, where 'vantage ground
Against the foe may still be found,
Desperate groups of twelve or ten
Make a pause, and turn again,
With banded backs against the wall,
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall.
There, throughout the siege, had been
The Christian's chiefest magazine,
And there lay a train—the last resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.
So near'd the foe, the nearest stretch'd
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,

When old Minotti's hand,
Touch'd, with the torch, the train—

"Tis fired !

Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turban'd victors, the Christian band,
All that living or dead remain,
Hurled on high, with the shiver'd fane,

In one wild roar expired !

The shatter'd town, the walls thrown down,
The waves a moment backward bent,
The hills that shake, altho' unrent,

As if an earthquake pass'd.

The thousand shapeless things, all driven
In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,

By that tremendous blast,

Up to the sky like rockets go,
All that mingled here below.

Many a tall and goodly man,
Scorch'd and shrivell'd to a span,

When he fell to earth again,
Like a cinder strew'd the plain ;

Some fell on the shore, but far away

Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay,

Christian or Moslem, which be they ?

Let their mothers see and say,

When in cradled rest they lay,

And each nursing mother smiled
 On the sweet sleep of her child :
 Little deem'd she such a day
 Would rend those tender limbs away.

All the living things that heard
 That deadly earth shock, disappear'd ;
 The wild birds flew, the wild dogs fled,
 And howling left the unburied dead.
 The camels from their keepers broke,
 The distant steer forsook the yoke ;
 The nearest steed plunged o'er the plain,
 And burst his girth, and broke his rein.
 The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill,
 Where echo roll'd in thunder still ;
 The jackall's troop in gather'd cry,
 Bay'd from afar complainingly ;
 With sudden wing and ruffled breast,
 The eagle left his rocky nest,
 And mounted nearer to the sun,
 The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun :—
 Thus was Corinth lost and won.

BYRON.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

———"The Universal Cause
 Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present, night and day ;
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world ; behold the chain of love
 Combining all below and all above.
 See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend,
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See matter next, with various life endued,
 Press to one center still,—the general good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving, vegetate again :
 All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)

Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
 Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;
 One all-extending, all-preserving soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;
 All served, all serving : nothing stands alone ;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
 The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While man exclaims " See all things for my use !"
 " See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose :
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control ;
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole :
 Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?
 Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride :

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury ;
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest :
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain :
 The creature had his feast of life before ;
 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er !

To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end ;
 To man imparts it ; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle ! that Heaven assign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

POPE.

THE DEATH OF DISCIPLINE.

IN colleges and halls, in ancient days,
 When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
 Were precious, and inculcated with care,
 There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,
 Not yet by Time completely silver'd o'er,
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
 But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
 His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
 Play'd on his lips ; and in his speech was heard
 Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
 The occupation dearest to his heart
 Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
 The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
 That blush'd at its own praise ; and press the youth
 Close to his side, that pleased him. Learning, grew
 Beneath his care a thriving vig'rous plant ;
 The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
 Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
 If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,
 That one among so many overleap'd
 The limits of control, his gentle eye
 Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke :

His frown was full of terror, and his voice
 Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
 As left him not, till penitence had won
 Lost favour back again, and closed the breach.
 But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
 Declined at length into the vale of years :
 A palsy struck his arm ; his sparkling eye
 Was quench'd in rheums of age ; his voice, unstrung,
 Grew tremulous, and moved derision more
 Than rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth.
 So colleges and halls neglected much
 Their good old friend ; and Discipline, at length,
 O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
 Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
 And Virtue fled.

COWPER.

HECTOR AND HECUBA.

MEANTIME, the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
 Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
 The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engaged in war.
 He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the gods, to avert th' impending woe.
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
 Raised on arch'd columns of stupendous frame ;
 O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodged : and rooms of state
 Opposed to those, where Priam's daughters sate :
 Twelve domes for them and their loved spouses shone,
 Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
 Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen ;
 (With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race.)
 Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
 And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.
 " O Hector ! say, what great occasion calls
 " My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls ?

" Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty power,
 " With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower ?
 " Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
 " In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
 " And pay due vows to all the gods around,
 " Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
 " And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl ;
 " Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
 " The brave defender of thy country's right."
 " Far hence be Bacchus' gifts," (the chief rejoin'd,) }
 " Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, }
 " Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind. }
 " Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
 " To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
 " By me that holy office were profaned ;
 " Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
 " To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
 " Or offer heaven's great Sire polluted praise.
 " You, with your matrons, go ! a spotless train,
 " And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
 " The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
 " Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 " Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
 " And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
 " So may the power, atoned by fervent prayer,
 " Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 " And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 " Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
 " Be this, O mother, your religious care ;
 " I go to rouse soft Paris to the war ;
 " If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
 " The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame."

This heard, she gave command ; and summon'd came
 Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasured odours breathed a costly scent.
 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
 Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
 Here, as the queen revolved with careful eyes
 The various textures and the various dyes,

She chose a veil that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
 And, awful, reach the high Palladian dome,
 Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,
 Placed on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays.

" Oh, awful goddess ! ever-dreadful maid,
 " Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid !
 " Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
 " Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
 " So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 " Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
 " But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer,
 " Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare !"
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane ;
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

POPE'S HOMER.

SHEEP SHEARING.

————— In one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream ;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow

Slow move the harmless race : where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill ; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd,
 Head above head : and, ranged in lusty rows,
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet beaming on her shepherd-king ;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace ;
 Some, mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp the master's cipher ready stand ;
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face,
 What dumb complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved ;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care,
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again. THOMSON.

THE GRAVE OF COLUMBUS.

SILENCE, solemn, awful, deep,
 Doth in that hall of death her empire keep ;
 Save when at times the hollow pavement, smote
 By solitary wand'rer's foot, amain
 From lofty dome, and arch, and aisle remote,
 A circling loud response receives again.

The stranger starts to hear the growing sound,
 And sees the blazon'd trophies waving near ;—
 " Ha ! tread my feet so near that sacred ground !"
 He stops and bows his head :—" Columbus resteth here !"

Some ardent youth, perhaps, ere from his home
 He launch his vent'rous bark, will hither come,
 Read fondly o'er and o'er his graven name
 With feelings keenly touch'd,—with heart of flame ;
 Till, wrapp'd in fancy's wild delusive dream,
 Times past, and long forgotten, present seem.
 To his charm'd ear, the east wind rising shrill,
 Seems through the Hero's shroud to whistle still.
 The clock's deep pendulum swinging, through the blast
 Sounds like the rocking of his lofty mast ;
 While fitful gusts rave like his clam'rous band,
 Mix'd with the accents of his high command.
 Slowly the stripling quits the pensive scene,
 And burns, and sighs, and weeps to be what he has been.

O ! who shall lightly say that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name !
 Whilst in that sound there is a charm
 The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
 As, thinking of the mighty dead,
 The young, from slothful couch will start,
 And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
 Like them to act a noble part ?

O ! who shall lightly say that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name !
 When, but for those, our mighty dead,
 All ages past, a blank would be,
 Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,—
 A desert bare, a shipless sea ?
 They are the distant objects seen,—
 The lofty marks of what hath been.

O ! who shall lightly say that fame
 Is nothing but an empty name !
 When mem'ry of the mighty dead
 To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
 The brightest rays of cheering shed,
 That point to immortality ?

A twinkling speck, but fix'd and bright,
 To guide us through the dreary night,

Each hero shines, and lures the soul
 To gain the distant, happy goal.
 For is there one who, musing o'er the grave
 Where lies interr'd the good, the wise, the brave,
 Can poorly think, beneath the mould'ring heap,
 That noble being shall for ever sleep ?
 No ; saith the gen'rous heart, and proudly swells,—
 " Tho' his cered corse lies here, with God his spirit dwells."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE HAUNTED BEACH.

UPON a lonely desert beach,
 Where the white foam was scatter'd,
 A little shed uprear'd its head,
 Though lofty barks were shatter'd.
 The sea-weeds gath'ring near the door,
 A sombre path display'd ;
 And all around the deaf'ning roar
 Re-echo'd on the chalky shore,
 By the green billows made.
 Above, a jutting cliff was seen,
 Where sea-birds hover'd, craving ;
 And all around the crags were bound
 With weeds for ever waving.
 And here and there a cavern wide
 Its shad'wy jaws display'd ;
 And near the sands, at ebb of tide,
 A shiver'd mast was seen to ride
 Where the green billows stray'd.
 And, often, while the moaning wind
 Stole o'er the summer ocean ;
 The moonlight scene was all serene,
 The waters scarce in motion :
 Then while the smoothly slanting sand,
 The tall cliff wrapp'd in shade,
 The fisherman beheld a band
 Of spectres, gliding hand in hand,
 Where the green billows play'd.
 And pale their faces were as snow,
 And sullenly they wander'd !
 And to the skies with hollow eyes
 They look'd as though they ponder'd.

And sometimes from their hammock-shroud
They dismal howlings made ;
And while the blast blew strong and loud,
The clear moon mark'd the ghastly crowd,
Where the green billows play'd !

And then above the haunted hut
The curlews screaming hover'd ;
And the low door, with furious roar,
The frothy breakers cover'd.
For in the fisherman's lone shed
A murder'd man was laid,
With ten wide gashes in his head,
And deep was made his sandy bed,
Where the green billows play'd.

A shipwreck'd mariner was he,
Doom'd from his home to sever ;
Who swore to be, through wind and sea,
Firm and undaunted ever !
And where the wave resistless roll'd,
About his arm he made
A packet rich of Spanish gold,
And, like a British sailor bold,
Plunged where the billows play'd.

The spectre band, his messmates brave,
Sunk in the yawning ocean,
While to the mast he lash'd him fast,
And braved the storm's commotion.
The winter moon, upon the sand
A silv'ry carpet made,
And mark'd the sailor reach the land,
And mark'd his murd'rer wash his hand,
Where the green billows play'd.

And since that hour the fisherman
Has toil'd and toil'd in vain !
For all the night the moony light
Gleams on the spectred main !
And when the skies are veil'd in gloom,
The murd'rer's liquid way
Bounds o'er the deeply-yawning tomb,
And flashing fires the sands illumine,
Where the green billows play !

Full thirty years his task has been,
 Day after day more weary ;
 For Heaven design'd his guilty mind
 Should dwell on prospects dreary.
 Bound by a strong and mystic chain,
 He has not pow'r to stray ;
 But, destined mis'ry to sustain,
 He wastes in solitude and pain
 A leathsome life away. MRS. ROBINSON.

ON A VIOLET IN THE GARDEN OF A PALACE.

SWEET tenant of the hedgerow wild,
 Whose virgin sigh perfumes the air,
 Methinks thy beauty, pure and mild,
 Is lost amid yon gay parterre.
 Oh ! while thy fragrance I inhale,
 Far other scenes before me rise ;
 Scenes loved and lost, in vision pale,
 They float before my humid eyes.
 E'en now, by memory raised, I view
 The dewy mead, the shaded dell,
 Where erst, when life was fresh and new,
 My careless childhood loved to dwell.
 Far o'er the sea, far o'er the sea,
 Where milder suns in summer smile,
 Exists the land so dear to me,
 Beloved England's verdant isle.
 There first I knew thee, lowly flower,
 In copse remote, so wildly sweet ;
 Nor dreamt in proud and foreign bower,
 Thy modest form I e'er should greet.
 Yon rose, the garden's brilliant queen,
 The orange, clad in vest of gold,
 Carnation, rich in painted sheen,
 And gaudy tulip, gay and bold ;
 Not one for thee a friend or mate,
 Meek daughter of the lowly dale !
 O leave them to their lordly state,
 And think thee of thy parent vale.

THE MODERN SPEAKER.

When next thy modest charms I view,
 Be it among each early fere ;
 The primrose pure, the harebell blue,
 And cowslip, still to fairies dear.

Far o'er the sea, far o'er the sea,
 Where milder suns in summer smile,
 There may I meet thee, wild and free,
 Once more within our native isle,

M. BAILLIE.

THE ROSE.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them ;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away !
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

MOORE.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

AWAKE, arise ! with grateful fervor fraught,
 Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.

He, who, through Nature's various walk, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays ;
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best ;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime, }
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime, }
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.

Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews !

So rich the culture, though so small the space,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.

But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh !
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span !

Ah ! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumined, and by taste refined ?
When Age has quench'd the eye and closed the ear,
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-loved image vanish'd from her view ;
Dart through the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast,
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So through the grove the impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries ;
Till the light leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind.
Danger and death a dread delight inspire ;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
When, richly bronzed by many a summer-sun,
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile ;
And ask the shatter'd hero, whence his smile ?
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich—Go,
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave !
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail !
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.

Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
 The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage;
 Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
 Gild the calm close of Valour's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,
 Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease:
 A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
 And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul. **ROGERS.**

EVE'S DREAM.

O SOLE in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night: Methought,
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk,
 With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
 "Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
 "The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 "To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 "Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns
 "Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
 "Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
 "If none regard; Heaven wakes with all his eyes,
 "Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
 "In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,
 "Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze."
 I rose, as at thy call, but found thee not;
 To find thee, I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
 And, as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
 One shaped and wing'd like one of those from Heaven
 By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gazed;
 And "O, fair plant," said he, "with fruit surcharged,

" Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
 " Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despised?
 " Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 " Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 " Longer thy offer'd good,—why, else, set here?"
 This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold:
 But he thus, overjoy'd: " O fruit divine,
 " Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropp'd,
 " Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 " For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
 " And why not Gods of Men; since good, the more
 " Communicated, more abundant grows;
 " The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
 " Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve!
 " Partake thou, also; happy though thou art,
 " Happier though thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
 " Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods,
 " Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confined,
 " But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
 " Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see
 " What life the Gods live there, and such live thou."
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 E'en to my mouth, of that same fruit, held part
 Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation; suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep; but O, how glad I waked
 To find this but a dream!

MILTON.

MAY.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
 Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,
 Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
 And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
 For thee descends the sunny shower;
 The rills in softer murmurs flow,
 And brighter blossoms gem the bower.
 Light Graces dress'd in flowery wreaths,
 And tiptoe Joys their hands combine;
 And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
 And laughing dances round thy shrine.
 Warm with new life the glittering throngs,
 On quivering fin and rustling wing,
 Delighted join their votive songs,
 And hail thee, "Goddess of the Spring!"

DARWIN.

EVENING DISCOURSE OF ADAM AND EVE.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, th' hour
 "Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
 "Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 "Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 "Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
 "Now falling, with soft slumbrous weight inclines
 "Our eye-lids; other creatures all day long
 "Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest:
 "Man hath his daily work of body or of mind
 "Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 "And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways!
 "While other animals unactive range,
 "And of their doings God takes no account.
 "To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east

" With fresh approach of light, we must be risen,
 " And at our present labour, to reform
 " Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
 " Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 " That mock our scant manuring, and require
 " More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
 " Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 " That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
 " Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease :
 " Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."
 To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd ;
 " My author and disposer, what thou bid'st
 " Unargued I obey ; so God ordains ;
 " God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
 " Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
 " With thee conversing, I forget all time,
 " All seasons, and their change ; all please alike.
 " Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 " With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 " When first on this delightful land he spreads
 " His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
 " Glist'ning with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 " After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 " Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
 " With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 " And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
 " But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 " With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 " On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 " Glist'ning with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 " Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night
 " With this her solemn bird, nor walk by noon,
 " Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
 " But wherfore all night long shine these ? For whom
 " This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?"
 To whom our general ancestor replied—
 " Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,
 " These have their course to finish round the earth
 " By morrow evening ; and from land to land,
 " In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 " Minist'ring light prepared, they set and rise ;
 " Lest total darkness should by night regain
 " Her old possession, and extinguish life

" In nature and all things ; which these soft fires
" Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
" Of various influence foment and warm,
" Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
" Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
" On earth, made hereby apter to receive
" Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
" These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
" Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were none,
" That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
" Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
" Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :
" All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold,
" Both day and night : How often from the steep
" Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
" Celestial voices to the midnight air,
" Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
" Singing their great Creator ! oft in bands
" While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
" With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
" In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
" Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

MILTON.

PART IV.

PATHETIC PIECES.

ON DEATH.

AH! lovely appearance of death,
No sight upon earth is so fair,
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare.

With solemn delight I survey
A corpse, when the spirit has fled,
In love with its beautiful clay,
And wishing to lie in its stead.

The wanderer's head is at rest,
Its achings and throbbings are o'er,
The quiet immoveable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more.

This heart is no longer the seat
Of sickness, of sorrow, and pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat—
It never shall flutter again.

Those lids she so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.

WESLEY.

SIR AGILTHORN.

Oh! gentle huntsman, softly tread,
And softly wind thy bugle-horn;
Nor rudely break the silence shed
Around the grave of Agilthorn!

Oh! gentle huntsman, if a tear
E'er dimm'd for others' woe thine eyes,
Thou'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,
The sod, where lady Eva lies.

Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound
Their hands and hearts beheld them plight;
Long held yon towers, with ivy crown'd,
The beauteous dame and gallant knight.

Alas! the hour of bliss is past,
For hark! the din of discord rings;
War's clarion sounds, Joy hears the blast,
And trembling plies his radiant wings.

And must sad Eva lose her lord?
And must he seek the martial plain?
Oh! see, she brings his casque and sword!
Oh! hark, she pours her plaintive strain!

"Blest is the village damsel's fate,
"Though poor and low her station be;
"Safe from the cares which haunt the great,
"Safe from the cares which torture me!

"Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies
"The pillow which supports her head;
"She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
"Shall wake, to mourn a husband dead.

"Hush, impious fears! the good and brave
"Heaven's arm will guard from danger free;
"When Death with thousands gluts the grave,
"His dart, my love, shall glance from thee:

"While thine shall fly direct and sure,
"This buckler every blow repel;
"This casque from wounds that face secure,
"Where all the loves and graces dwell

"This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,
 "My hands in happier moments wove;
 "Curst be the wretch, whose sword shall tear
 "The spell-bound work of wedded love!"

"O thou! my mistress, wife, and friend!"
 Thus Agilthorn with sighs began;
 "Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,
 "Thy tears my fainting soul unman:

"In pity cease, my gentle dame,
 "Such sweetness and such grief to join!
 "Lest I forget the voice of Fame,
 "And only list to Love's and thine.

"Flow, flow, my tears, unbounded gush!
 "Rise, rise, my sobs! I set ye free;
 "Bleed, bleed, my heart! I need not blush
 "To own, that life is dear to me.

"Yet mark me, sweet! if Heaven's command
 "Hath doom'd my fall in martial strife,
 "Oh! let not anguish tempt thy hand
 "To rashly break the thread of life!

"No! let our boy thy care engross,
 "Let him thy stay, thy comfort, be;
 "Supply his luckless father's loss,
 "And love him for thyself and me."

He said, and couch'd his quivering lance;
 He said, and braced his moony shield;
 Seal'd a last kiss, threw a last glance,
 Then spurr'd his steed to Flodden Field.

But Eva, of all joy bereft,
 Stood rooted at the castle gate,
 And view'd the prints his courser left.
 While hurrying at the call of fate.

Forebodings sad her bosom told,
 The steed which bore him thence so light,
 Her longing eyes would ne'er behold
 Again bring home her own true knight.

While many a sigh her bosom heaves,
 She thus address'd her orphan page—
 "Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved
 "The sorrows of thy infant age;

"If e'er I taught thy locks to play,
 "Luxuriant, round thy blooming face;
 "If e'er I wiped thy tears away,
 "And bade them yield to smiles their place;

"Oh! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,
 "Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead,
 "And, o'er the combat, home repair,
 "And tell me how my lord has sped."

"Now, lady dear, thy grief assuage!
 "Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain:
 "I'll haste, I'll haste, thy little foot-page,
 "I'll haste and soon return again."

Then Oswy bade his courser fly;
 But still, while hapless Eva wept,
 Time scarcely seem'd his wings to ply,
 So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kiss'd her baby's cheek,
 Who slumber'd on her throbbing breast;
 And now she bade the warder speak,
 And now she lull'd her child to rest.

"Good warder, say, what meets thy sight?
 "What see'st thou from the castle tower?"
 "Nought but the rocks of Elginbright,
 "Nought but the shades of Forest Bower."

"Smilest thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire,
 "When gazing on his Eva's face;
 "His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
 "And joy'd such beams in mine to trace.

"Now, warder, warder, speak again!
 "What see'st thou from the turret's height?"
 "Oh! lady, speeding o'er the plain,
 "The little foot-page appears in sight."

Quick beat her heart; short grew her breath;
 Close to her breast the babe she drew—
 "Now, Heaven," she cried, "for life or death!"
 And forth to meet the page she flew.

"And is thy lord from danger free?
 "And is the deadly combat o'er?"

In silence Oswy bent his knee,
 And laid a scarf her feet before.

The well-known scarf with blood was stain'd,
 And tears from Oswy's eye-lids fell;
 Too truly Eva's heart explain'd,
 What meant those silent tears to tell.

"Come, come, my babe!" she wildly cried,

"We needs must seek the field of woe;

"Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!

"To dig thy father's grave we go."

O see, she roams the bloody field,

And wildly shrieks her husband's name;

O see, she stops and eyes a shield,

A heart, the symbol, wrapt in flame.

His armour broke in many a place,

A knight lay stretch'd that shield beside;

She raised his vizor, kiss'd his face,

Then on his bosom sunk, and died!

M. G. LEWIS.

THE BLIND BOY.

WHERE'S the Blind Child, so admirably fair,
 With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
 That waves in ev'ry breeze? he's often seen
 Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
 With others match'd in spirit and in size,
 Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes;
 That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,
 Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here:
 And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;
 He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
 And runs the giddy course with all his might,
 A very child in every thing but sight;
 With circumscribed, but not abated powers,—
 Play! the great object of his infant hours;—
 In many a game he takes a noisy part,
 And shows the native gladness of his heart;
 But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
 The new suggestion and the quick assent;
 The grove invites, delight thrills every breast—
 To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
 Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind,
 And one companion leave—the boy is blind!

His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
 That childish fortitude awhile gives way,
 He feels his dreadful loss—yet short the pain,
 Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again ;
 Pond'ring how best his moments to employ,
 He sings his little songs of nameless joy,
 Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
 And plucks by chance the white and yellow flower ;
 Smoothing their stems, while, resting on his knees,
 He binds a nosegay which he never sees ;
 Along the homeward path then feels his way,
 Lifting his brow against the shining day,
 And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
 Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

She blest *that* day, which he remembers too,
 When he could gaze on heaven's ethereal blue,
 See the green spring, and summer's countless dyes,
 And all the colours of the morning rise.—

“ When was this work of bitterness begun ?

“ How came the blindness of your only son ?”

Thus pity prompts full many a tongue to say,
 But never, till she slowly wipes away

Th' obtruding tear, that trembles in her eye,

This dagger of a question meets reply :—

“ My boy was healthy, and my rest was sound,

“ When last year's corn was green upon the ground :

“ From yonder town infection found its way ;

“ Around me putrid dead and dying lay.

“ I trembled for his fate : but all my care

“ Avail'd not, for he breath'd the tainted air ;

“ Sickness ensued—in terror and dismay

“ I nursed him in my arms both night and day,

“ When his soft skin from head to foot became

“ One swelling purple sore, unfit to name :

“ Hour after hour, when all was still beside,

“ When the pale night-light in its socket died,

“ Alone I sat ; the thought still soothes my heart,

“ That surely *I* perform'd a mother's part,

“ Watching with such anxiety and pain

“ Till he might smile and look on me again ;

“ But that was not to be—ask me no more :

“ God keep small-pox and blindness from your door !”

BLOOMFIELD.

THE OLD BEGGAR.

Do you see the Old Beggar who sits at yon gate—
With his beard silver'd over like snow?

Though he smiles as he meets the keen arrows of Fate,
Still his bosom is wearied with woe.

Many years has he sat at the foot of the hill,
Many days seen the summer sun rise;
And at ev'ning the traveller passes him still,
While the shadows steal over the skies.

In the keen blasts of winter he hobbles along
O'er the heath, at the dawning of day,
And the dew-drops that freeze the rude thistles among,
Are the stars that illumine his way!

How mild is his aspect, how modest his eye,
How meekly his soul bears each wrong!
How much does he speak, by his eloquent sigh,
Though no accent is heard from his tongue.

Time was, when this beggar, in martial trim dight,
Was as bold as the chief of his throng;
When he march'd thro' the storms of the day or the night,
And still smiled as he journey'd along.

When his form was athletic, his eye's vivid glance
Spoke the lustre of youth's glowing day;
And the village all mark'd, in the combat and dance,
The young soldier still valiant as gay.

Amidst the loud din of the battle he stood
Like a lion, undaunted and strong;
But the tear of compassion was mingled with blood,
When his sword was the first in the throng.

When the bullet whizz'd by, and his arm bore away,
Still he shrunk not, with anguish oppress;
And when victory shouted the fate of the day,
Not a groan check'd the joy of his breast.

To his dear native shore the poor wanderer hied,
But he came to complete his despair;
For the maid of his soul was, that morning, a bride,
And a gay, lordly rival, was there!

From that hour, o'er the world he has wander'd forlorn,
 But still Love, his companion, would go;
 And though deeply fond Memory planted its thorn,
 Still he silently cherish'd his woe!

See him now, while with age and with sorrow oppress'd,
 He the gate opens slowly, and sighs!
 See him drop the big tears on his woe-wither'd breast,
 The big tears—that fall fast from his eyes!

See his habit all tatter'd, his shrivell'd cheek pale,
 See his locks, waving thin, in the air;
 See his lip is half froze with the sharp cutting gale,
 And his head, o'er the temples, all bare.

His eye-beam no longer in lustre displays
 The warm sunshine that visits his breast;
 For deep-sunk is its orbit, and darken'd its rays,
 And he sighs—for the grave's silent rest!

And his voice is grown feeble, his accent is slow,
 And he sees not the distant hill's side;
 And he hears not the breezes of morn as they blow,
 Or the stream through the low valley glide.

To him all is silent, and mournful, and dim,
 E'en the seasons pass dreary and slow;
 For Affliction has placed its cold fetters on him,
 And his soul is enamour'd of woe.

See the tear which, imploring, is fearful to roll,
 Though in silence he bows as you stray;
 'Tis the eloquent silence, which speaks to the soul,
 'Tis the star of his slow-setting day.

Perchance, ere the May blossoms cheerfully wave,
 Ere the zephyrs of summer soft sigh,
 The sun-beams shall dance on the grass o'er his grave,
 And his journey be mark'd—to the sky!

MRS. ROBINSON.

THE DREAM.

I DREAM'D of the days of my youth,
 And I thought on those hours with a sigh;
 I remember'd past pleasures and truth,
 Though now they're for ever gone by.

Fond Mem'ry retraced ev'ry place,
 Where in youth's fairy hours I had roved ;
 And Fancy had pictured each face,
 Which in childhood's gay morn I had loved.

I heard the warm lips of my sire,
 Still breathing instruction to me ;
 And I sat by our own winter fire,
 And from care and from sorrow was free.

A mother, too, smiled on the scene
 Which my picturing fancy had trace'd ;
 Oh! nothing was wanting—not e'en
 The cups which the chimney-piece graced.

And the kitten that play'd on the hearth,
 In Memory's mirror was bright,
 And the dog, who, in moments of mirth,
 Had shared in my childish delight.

Each object by Memory drawn,
 On my slumbering fancy was press'd ;
 E'en the king-cups which spotted the lawn,
 And the song which first lull'd me to rest.

Bright Fancy then painted the spot,
 Where I parted from all I held dear ;
 Show'd the look which will ne'er be forgot,
 And Mem'ry has hallow'd the tear.

The image that rush'd o'er my brain,
 Caused the tear-drop of sorrow to flow ;
 Gay Fancy soon ended her reign,
 And I woke to the world and to woe.

THE WARRIOR'S TOMB.

THEY tell us that we should not weep
 For those who die in glory's bed ;
 They tell us it is wrong to keep
 Sad vigils for the heroic dead.
 Vain thought! can grief forget to sigh?
 Can fond affection check the tear,
 And calmly gaze with unmoved eye
 On rising valour's timeless bier?

The stoics preach, " 'Tis wrong to mourn
 " O'er the high relics of the brave ;
 " O'er friends, from life thus early torn,
 " Because they rest in *Honour's grave*."
 Alas! can love so calmly part
 With all the hopes it held so dear?
 And is the mourner's breaking heart,
 Denied the comfort of a tear?

No!—when some envied son of fame,
 In fields of glory finds a tomb,
 Th' admiring world his deeds proclaim,
 And thronging crowds lament his doom.
 But public woe can never last ;
 A nation's grief is quickly o'er,
 The first keen pang of sorrow past,
 They feel the hero's loss no more.

But 'tis not thus with friends, who cherish'd
 High hopes—alas! how early cross'd!
 Who see their proudest prospects perish'd,
 And all their fairy visions lost.
 Ah, no! through many ling'ring years,
 Their care-worn hearts must mourn his doom;
 Weep! mourners, weep! Affection's tears
 Can ne'er disgrace a soldier's tomb!

DANAE.

NIGHT, on horror's wings suspended,
 Veil'd in clouds the watery world;
 Bursting clouds, with fate attended,
 All around destruction hurl'd:

Loud the warring winds were blowing,
 High was borne the brazen chest:
 When the fair, with eyes o'erflowing,
 Lull'd, with sighs, her child to rest.

"Babe," she said, "my fears confound me,
 "Fears for thee afflict me sore;
 "I should scorn the floods around me,
 "Were my darling safe on shore!

- " But thy breast, to fear a stranger,
 " Knows not yet the worth of life ;
 " Thou, sweet boy, art blind to danger,
 " Thou art deaf to Nature's strife.
 " By thine innocence protected,
 " Thou canst sleep from terror free ;
 " While thy mother's soul, dejected,
 " Wakes to mourn and fear for thee.
 " Knew'st thou in what grief I languish,
 " Knew'st thou what distracts my soul ;
 " Tears of terror, tears of anguish,
 " Down thy tender cheek would roll :
 " Then no more would sportive pleasure
 " Round thy lips of coral play ;
 " Grief would seize my little treasure,
 " Grief would steal his smiles away.
 " Still, then, charm him, gentle slumber,
 " Stay the tear, and hush the groan ;
 " Since my bosom bleeds to number
 " *His* afflictions, not my own.
 " Sleep, my babe ! thy mother pillows
 " On her breast thy cheek of snow ;
 " Sleep, my babe, and sleep, ye billows !
 " Sleep, and with you sleep my woe ! "

M. G. LEWIS.

THE BROKEN HEART.

EVERY one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot ; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation ; all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy, even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell, who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth; who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation; none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene; nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried, by all kinds of occupation and amusement, to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness,—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship,

and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay; to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

Yes! lovely is this foreign land ;
Sublime the mountain, fair the vale ;
Rich are yon orange groves, and bland
The perfumed breath of every gale.

Then wherefore sinks my wayward heart ?
What means this ever-rising sigh ?
Can scenes like these, no joys impart ?
What would'st thou more ? ' sad heart, reply !

'Tis *home*, alas ! that I desire,
Thither my absent spirit strays,
While on my trembling lips expire,
Th' unconscious words of hollow praise !

While here I rest in myrtle bowers,
O'ershadowed by the purple vine,
I sadly think on happier hours,
That once, 'midst humbler shades, were mine !

And when the foreign tongue I hear,
Or on the stranger's visage dwell,
I turn to hide the ready tear,
And check the grief I may not tell !

No well-known voice to me replies,
No parent's look of love I meet,
No friend's warm smile can bless my eyes ;
The wand'ring Exile, who shall greet ?

Here, 'mid these scenes, so " rich and rare,"
With wild romantic beauty blest,
Foul murder stalks, with sullen stare,
And vice, unblushing, rears her crest !

Here superstition reigns supreme,
Absolving deeds of sin and shame ;
Here slothful monks supinely dream,
Disgracing sweet religion's name !

Surrounded by a listless race,
The sallow children of the soil,
'Tis rare the ruddy cheek I trace
Of labour, warm with healthful toil.

I view the straw-roof'd cot no more,
Where industry and neatness dwell ;
No trim-kept garden's fragrant store,
Here tempts the bee to build her cell !

Oh ! I am sick of many a grief,
To hard ambitious hearts unknown ;
Wealth's futile hope gives no relief ;
What would I then ?—my home alone !

Smit with the thought of home, I pine ;
Nor absent, know the name of joy,
Save when I think that still are mine,
My husband and my blooming boy.

Oh, that within our country's breast,
To us a tranquil home were giv'n,
Where we from life's rude storms might rest,
And gently steal from earth to Heav'n ! M. BAILLIE.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

NEAR the high road, upon a winding stream,
An honest miller rose to wealth and fame ;
The noblest virtues cheer'd his lengthen'd days,
And all the country echo'd with his praise ;
His wife, the doctress of the neighb'ring poor,
Drew constant prayers and blessings round his door.

One summer's night, (the hour of rest was come,)
Darkness unusual overspread their home ;
A chilling blast was felt : the foremost cloud
Sprinkled the bubbling pool ; and thunder loud,
Though distant yet, menaced the country round,
And fill'd the heavens with its solemn sound.
Who can retire to rest when tempests lour,
Nor wait the issue of the coming hour ?
Meekly resign'd she sat, in anxious pain ;
He fill'd his pipe, and listen'd to the rain
That batter'd furiously their strong abode,
Roar'd in the dam, and lash'd the pebbled road :
When, mingling with the storm, confused and wild,
They heard, or thought they heard, a screaming child ;
The voice approach'd ; and, 'midst the thunders roar,
Now loudly begg'd for mercy at the door.

Mercy was there : the miller heard the call ;
 His door he open'd ; when a sudden squall
 Drove in a wretched girl ; who, weeping, stood,
 Whilst the cold rain dripp'd from her in a flood.
 With kind officiousness, the tender dame
 Roused up the dying embers to a flame ;
 Dry clothes procured, and cheer'd her shiv'ring guest,
 And soothed the sorrows of her infant breast.
 But as she stript her shoulders, lily white,
 What marks of cruel usage shock'd their sight !
 Weals and blue wounds, most piteous to behold,
 Upon a child yet scarcely ten years old.

The miller felt his indignation rise ;
 Yet, as the weary stranger closed her eyes,
 And seem'd fatigued beyond her strength and years,
 " Sleep, child," he said, " and wipe away your tears."
 They watch'd her slumbers till the storm was done,
 When thus the gen'rous man again begun :—
 " See, flutt'ring sighs, that rise against her will,
 " And agitating dreams disturb her still !
 " Dame, we should know, before we go to rest,
 " Whence comes this girl, and how she came distress'd.
 " Wake her, and ask, for she is sorely bruised :
 " I long to know by whom she's thus misused."
 " Child, what's your name? how came you in the storm?
 " Have you no home to keep you dry and warm?
 " Who gave you all those wounds your shoulders show?
 " Where are your parents? whither would you go?"

The stranger, bursting into tears, look'd pale,
 And this the purport of her artless tale ;—
 " I have no parents ; and no friends beside ;
 " I well remember when my mother died ;
 " My brother cried, and so did I that day ;
 " We had no father—he was gone away.
 " That night we left our home new clothes to wear ;
 " The workhouse found them ; we were carried there :
 " We loved each other dearly : when we met,
 " We always shared what trifles we could get.
 " But George was older by a year than me ;
 " He parted from me, and was sent to sea.
 " ' Good bye, dear Phœbe ! ' the poor fellow said ;
 " Perhaps he'll come again ; perhaps he's dead !

" When I grew strong enough I went to place ;
 " My mistress had a sour ill-natured face ;
 " And, though I've been so often beat and chid,
 " I strove to please her, sir ; indeed, I did.
 " Weary and spiritless, to bed I crept,
 " And always cried at night before I slept.
 " This morning I offended ; and I bore
 " A cruel beating, worse than all before ;
 " Unknown to all the house, I ran away,
 " And thus far travell'd through the sultry day ;
 " Then, oh ! don't send me back, I dare not go."
 " I send you back !" the miller cried—" no, no."

BLOOMFIELD.

ALONZO THE BRAVE.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,
 Conversed as they sat on the green ;
 They gazed on each other with tender delight ;
 Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
 The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

" And, oh !" said the youth, " since to-morrow I go
 " To fight in a far-distant land,
 " Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
 " Some other will court you, and you will bestow
 " On a wealthier suitor your hand."

" Oh ! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
 " Offensive to love and to me !
 " For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
 " I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
 " Shall husband of Imogine be.

" And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
 " Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
 " God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
 " Thy ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
 " May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
 " And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold ;
 His love she lamented him sore ;
 But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold,
 A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
 Arrived at Fair Imogine's door,

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows ;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been bless'd by the priest,
The revelry now was begun ;
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast ;
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased
When the bell of the castle toll'd " One !"

Then first, with amazement, Fair Imogine found
That a stranger was placed by her side ;
His air was terrific ; he utter'd no sound ;
He spoke not, he moved not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view ;
All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight,
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright,
The lights in the chamber burnt blue !

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear ;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled,—“ I pray,
“ Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
“ And deign to partake of our cheer.”

The lady is silent ; the stranger complies,
His vizor he slowly unclosed :
Oh ! then what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes !
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When the Warrior's face was disclosed !

“ Behold me, thou false one ! behold me !” he cried,
“ Remember Alonzo the Brave !
“ God grants, that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
“ My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side ;
“ Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
“ And bear thee away to the grave !”

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shriek'd in dismay ;
Then sank with his prey, through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long lived the Baron ; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume ;

For chronicles tell, that, by order sublime, -
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen ;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl,—“ To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
“ And his consort, the false Imogine !” M. G. LEWIS.

TO A FRIEND.

Do I regret the past ?
Would I again live o'er
The morning hours of life ?
Nay, William ! nay, not so !
In the warm jôyaunce of the summer sun
I do not wish again
The changeful April day.
Nay, William ! nay, not so !
Safe haven'd from the sea,
I would not tempt again
The uncertain ocean's wrath.
Praise be to Him who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.
Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk
Of days that are no more ?
When in his own dear home
The traveller rests at last,
And tells how often in his wanderings
The thought of those far off
Hath made his eyes o'erflow
With no unmanly tears ;
Delighted he recalls
Through what fair scenes his charmed feet have trod.

But ever when he tells of perils past,
And troubles now no more,
His eyes most sparkle, and a readier joy
Flows rapid to his heart.

No, William ! no, I would not live again
The morning hours of life,
I would not be again
The slave of hope and fear,
I would not learn again
The wisdom by Experience hardly taught,
To me the past presents
No object for regret ;
To me the present gives
All cause for full content ;
The future,—it is now the cheerful noon,
And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze
With eyes alive to joy ;
When the dark night descends,
I willingly shall close my weary lids,
Secure to wake again.

SOUTHEY.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FAREWELL, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh, fair as the sea-flower, close to thee growing !
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came !
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame.

But long upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the pearl islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still when the merry date season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there from their pastime returning,
At sunset will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair, for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate, till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of our hero! forget thee,
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start;
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell! be it ours to embellish thy pillow,
With ev'ry thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flow'r of the rock, and each gem of the billow,
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept,
With many a shell in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sporting,
And gather their gold to strew over thy head.

Farewell! farewell, until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave;
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in the wave.

MOORE.

MINSTREL'S SONG.

O listen, listen, ladies gay,
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle lady, deign to stay;
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the gloomy firth to-day.

The black'ning wave is edged with white,
To niche and rock the sea-mews fly,
And the fishers have seen the water sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh

Last night the gifted seer did view,
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
 Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch;
 Why tempt the gloomy firth to-day?
 " 'Tis not because Lord Lindsay's heir
 " To-night at Rosslyn leads the ball,
 " But that my ladye mother there
 " Sits lonely in her castle hall.

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
 " And Lindsay at the ring rides well;
 " But that my sire the wine will chide,
 " If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

O'er Rosslyn, all that dreary night,
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
 'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Rosslyn's castled rock,
 And ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
 'Twas seen from Dreyden's groves of oak,
 And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapelle proud,
 Where Rosslyn's chiefs uncoffin'd lie;
 Each baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altars pale:
 Shone ev'ry pillar, foliage bound,
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed ev'ry rose-carved buttress fair;
 So still they blaze, when Fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Rosslyn's barons bold
 Lie buried in that proud chapelle;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold,
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St. Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell;
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SLAVE'S ADDRESS TO HIS WIFE.

At the still hour of night, when my labour is o'er,
When sleep weighs my eyelids, enclosing a tear,
I wander with thee on my own native shore ;
Then my sorrows awhile are remember'd no more ;
Encircled by all I hold dear.

But soon the loud lash of the overseer sounds,
For massa calls on him your Alba to bring ;
From mountain to mountain the loud lash rebounds,
And smarting, still smarting, are poor Alba's wounds ;
Yet they force your sad Alba to sing.

" Come, sing us," he cries, " your favourite tale ;
Come, sing of the joys that to Afric belong !"
My prayers and my weeping will nothing avail,
For prayers and entreaties with tyrants will fail :
So Alba begins his sad song.

Ah ! then, to the sea swiftly turning my eyes,
I think of my Yamba again and again,
And mem'ry retraces, with heart-rending sighs,
(For mem'ry o'er years and o'er seas quickly flies,)
And fixes more deeply my pain.

Then the sports of my youth I with sorrow survey,
My father, my mother, and thou art my theme ;
And my tears flow so fast, as I sing of the day,
When torn from the arms of my Yamba away,
Methinks my heart flows with the stream.

One day, a poor bird that for massa was brought,
He cruelly coop'd in a small iron cage :
Oh ! how sadly I grieved to see he was caught !
For he flutter'd, he raved, and too surely I thought
The poor wretch would have died with his rage.

But soon he seem'd calm, and his song he began,
And his heart beat so high, and he look'd so at me ;
And I think that he sang of tyrannical man,
And then of his mate ; so thought I, if I can,
One captive, at least, shall be free.

As I open'd his cage he dropp'd dead at my side,
 The song was too much for his poor little breast ;
 Oh, then, how I wish'd that I also had died !
 For then, with his Yamba, his partner, his bride,
 Your Alba had soon been at rest.

Prepare, my dear Yamba, your Alba to see,
 For my heart soon will break, then to thee will I fly,
 And death's icy hand shall soon set me free ;
 More bless'd than the hour of his birth will it be,
 When Alba shall heave his last sigh !

MAN'S MORTALITY.

OUR years look behind us like tales that are told,
 Our days like to shadows keep passing us by,
 We take a short step to our pillow of mould,
 And rise on life's stage, like to vapours, and die :
 As frail as the grass of the meadow is man,
 His youth like the blossom of summer comes on,
 That smiles to the sunbeam till autumn turns wan,
 And the wind passes o'er it and bids it be gone.
 Thus one generation keeps passing away,
 And new generations their places attain,
 And the friends of our bosom, that leave us to-day,
 Shall ne'er fill the circle of friendship again ;
 In future transactions done under the sun,
 No portion is left them to act as before :
 They go,—and their lives, as if never begun,
 In the sleep of the grave shall be heard of no more.
 Their exit they make to that awful Unknown,
 And vain we conjecture where now they sojourn ;
 The world's ways and wealth are no longer their own,
 To their houses and lands they shall never return.
 All nature, though sown with mortality's seed,
 Some parts will a spark of long-living retain,
 As branches, the tree that's hewn down, will succeed ;
 But man is too mortal to flourish again.
 Life's lamp in uncertainty burneth away,
 A weak waning vapour of doubtfullest light,
 With cares ever ready to darken its ray,
 Till death, the extinguisher, hides it in night :

Our friends and our kindred, we see them depart,
Scant peace of our souls daily tearing away ;
The dearest of pledges placed nearest the heart,
Their memory is all we preserve from decay.

Love, sweetest of joy, is most bitter to trust,
Fate's errand before us is constantly set,
A time is in waiting to turn into dust
The fairest of faces that love ever met.
Death makes no distinction, he slays, as in right,
The wise and the foolish, the king and his slave,
And beauty, that magic of empty delight :
All fall at his footstool of terrors—the grave! CLARE.

THE FELON.

OH! mark his wan and hollow cheeks,
And mark his eye-balls' glare,
And mark his teeth in anguish clinch'd,
The anguish of despair.
Know, three days since, his penance o'er,
Yon culprit left a jail,
And since three days, no food has pass'd
Those lips so parch'd and pale.

Where shall I turn? the wretch exclaims,
Where hide my shameful head?
How fly from scorn, or how contrive
To earn an honest bread?
This branded hand would gladly toil,
But when for work I pray,
Who views this mark, "A felon!" cries,
And, loathing, turns away.

My heart has greatly err'd, but now
Would fain return to good!

My hand has deeply sinn'd, but yet
Has ne'er been stain'd with blood.

For alms, or work, in vain I sue,
The scorers both deny;

I starve! I starve! then what remains?
This choice—to sin or die!

THE MODERN SPEAKER.

Here, virtue spurns me with disdain ;
 There, pleasure spreads her snare ;
 Strong habit drives me back to vice,
 And, urged by fierce despair,
 I strive, while hunger gnaws my heart,
 To fly from shame, in vain.
 World ! 'tis thy cruel will !—I yield,
 And plunge in guilt again.

There's mercy in each ray of light,
 That mortal eyes e'er saw ;
 There's mercy in each breath of air,
 That mortal lips e'er draw !
 There's mercy, both for bird and beast,
 In God's indulgent plan,
 There's mercy in each creeping thing,
 But man has none for man.

Ye proudly honest, when you heard
 My wounded conscience groan,
 Had generous hand, or feeling heart,
 One glimpse of mercy shown,
 That act had made, from burning eyes,
 Sweet tears of virtue roll,
 Had fix'd my heart, assured my faith,
 And Heaven had gain'd a soul. M. G. LEWIS.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 The few locks which are left you are grey ;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
 I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 And pleasures with youth pass away,
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
 I remember'd that youth could not last ;
 I thought of the future whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past.
 You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
 And life must be hastening away ;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death !
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.
 I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,
 Let the cause thy attention engage ;
 In the days of my youth I remember'd my God !
 And He hath not forgotten my age. SOUTHEY.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss, of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life !
 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?—
 Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?
 The world recedes, it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ? POPE.

THE SAILOR'S THOUGHT OF HOME.

WHEN, far upon the 'whelming deep,
 Our vessels thro' the ocean sweep,
 Think you that, as we roam,
 No sigh e'er breaks the seaman's rest,
 That no fond word has e'er express'd
 How sweet to us our home ?

THE MODERN SPEAKER.

When, late within the Caspian sea,
 Our vessel laying under lee,
 Dash'd by the angry foam!
 O'er the blue deep my visions flew,
 In silent ecstasy, to you,
 And to my native home.

The billows swell, the night wind sighs,
 The albatross, with piercing cries,
 Shrieks like a threatening gnome;
 The bitter tear-drop fain would start,
 The sigh that almost bursts my heart,
 Breathes of my native home.

In hours of jollity, the toast
 Is circled "To our native coast,
 Its altars, and its dome!"
 And last, not least, the word is given,
 May every blessing under Heaven,
 Light on the sailor's home.

—♦—

 THE MANIAC OF THE BEACH.

THE wind had ceased to roar, the wave
 Dash'd silently, and all the deep
 Was still—most fitting for the grave
 Where hapless Henry was to sleep.
 The drifted boat, whose keel could tell
 Far more than Mary's ear should know,
 Alone bespoke he bade farewell
 To all he held so dear below.
 And Mary paced the lonely sands,
 And gazed upon the silent spray,
 Which burn'd to seek the homeward strand,
 Then mock'd the hope, to bound away.
 "Ah!" said the maid, "and thus my love
 "Has thought to gain his cottage door,
 "But faithless billows have deceived,
 "And he will now return no more!"
 But when she saw her Henry's boat,
 At once the tear forsook her eye,
 The scream was smother'd in her throat,
 And buried in a bubbling cry.

And from that hour, her reason flown
Far, far beyond all human reach,
She wanders on the sands alone,
The wretched Maniac of the Beach! ANON.

TO THE ROSEMARY.

SWEET-scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And, as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flow'r! who lovest to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree;
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And, hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow, in the forest trees,
And, sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine;
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead:
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where, as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

KIRKE WHITE.

TOM HALLIARD.

Now the rage of battle ended,
And the French for mercy call,
Death no more in smoke or thunder,
Rode upon the vengeful ball.

Yet the brave and loyal heroes,
Saw the sun of morning light,
Ah! condemn'd by cruel fortune,
Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the main deck to the quarter
Strew'd with limbs, and wet with blood;
Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,
Crawl'd where his brave captain stood.

"O, my noble captain, tell me,
"Ere I'm borne a corpse away,
"Have I done a seaman's duty,
"On this great and glorious day?"

"Tell a dying sailor truly,
"For my life is steering fast,
"Have I done a seaman's duty,
"Can there ought my mem'ry blast?"

"Ah! brave Tom," the captain answer'd,
"Thou a sailor's part hast done,
"I revere thy wounds with sorrow,
"Wounds by which our glory's won."

"Thanks, my captain, life is ebbing
"Fast from this deep-wounded heart,
"But oh! grant one little favour,
"Ere I from this world depart.

"Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
"When I'm number'd with the dead,
"For my dear and constant Cath'rine,
"Cut a lock from this poor head—

"Bid him to my Catherine give it,
"Saying hers alone I die;
"Kate will keep the mournful present,
"And embalm it with a sigh.

" Bid him, too, this letter bear her,
 " Which I've penn'd with parting breath ;
 " Kate may ponder on the writing,
 " When this hand is cold in death!"
 " That I will," replied the captain,
 " And be ever Catherine's friend ;
 " Ah, my good and kind commander,
 " Now my pains and sorrows end."

Mute towards his captain weeping,
 Tom upraised a thankful eye,
 Grateful then his foot embracing,
 Sunk with " Kate" on his last sigh.

Who that saw a scene so mournful,
 Could without a tear depart ?
 He must own a savage nature,
 Pity never warm'd his heart.

Now, in his white hammock shrouded,
 By the kind and pensive crew,
 As he dropp'd into the ocean,
 All burst out, " Poor Tom, adieu !" WOLCOT.

THE WIDOW.

How soft the shade of ev'ning steals along,
 O'er the bright coloring of autumnal skies,
 And slowly sinking in her dusky veil,
 The brilliant landscape wears a milder hue ;
 The birds have chaunted forth their latest songs !
 To hymn the closing period of their joys.
 The breeze of Autumn now, the with'ring leaves
 Of life and verdure robs ; and ev'ry flow'r,
 Reluctant, fades at Winter's distant frown.
 O dying season ! how thy pensive charms
 Can soothe despair, and calm distraction's rage !
 Now Mis'ry's bleeding heart may taste of peace ;
 The vernal landscape is for her too bright,
 And Summer's laughing prospects are too gay ;
 But thine, departing Autumn, breathes a calm
Congential to the blight of human hopes.

What youthful victim of severe distress
Drags her fine form along, with devious step ?
Now to the moon, whose pale beams welcome woe,
She lifts her tearful eye ! the wild north blows,
But blows unheeded, on the mourner's head ;
For wilder is the tempest of her soul.
How worn that graceful frame ! that cheek how pale,
Which pleasure's ardent blush so late adorn'd !
Her dark robes float upon the wind, that bears
Her frequent groans upon its closing breath.
What pen shall offer, e'en to Pity's eye,
A faithful portrait of her wretched state ?
No ! here the energy of language fails !
One simple word will amply speak her grief !
She is—a widow ! and, to fill her cup
Of sorrow full, she is—a mother too !
O ! wayward destiny ! thy hand has shut
The page of earthly pleasure from her sight,
And from her bosom torn the rose of love :
Its fragrant leaves lie with'ring on yon tomb,
Where sleeps the husband's and the father's dust.
Sweet mourner, let that thought exhale thy tears ;
'Tis but the dust ! the precious Spirit lives
In the pure regions of eternal life,
And sings of future intercourse with thee ;
Where the decaying rose shall spring anew,
With added fragrance and immortal bloom.
Nor have thy eyes been closed on ev'ry joy ;
O turn them on those infant forms that cling
Around their weeping mother ! beauteous babes !
Let them seduce thee from thy tears, and yield
The greatest joy thy widow'd heart can feel.
Nature, with pow'rful voice, demands thy care,
Lest thorns should wound their undefended feet,
Or tempests beat on their unshelter'd heads.

Then let maternal love within thy breast
Assume its tender claim, and it shall tune
Thy suff'ring spirit to the strain of peace :
So shall a parent's hopes succeed despair,
And fairer prospects open to thy view.

ANON.

ALCANZOR AND ZAIDA.

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning ev'ry glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure :
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies ;
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro ;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,
Oft he sighs with heartfelt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre,
To the lost benighted swain,
When, all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain :

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When, some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies ;

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals, half-seen, the beauteous maiden,
Through the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh :

" Alla keep thee, lovely lady ;
" Tell me, am I doom'd to die ?

" Is it true, the dreadful story
" Which thy damsel tells my page,
" That, seduced by sordid riches,
" Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age ?

- "An old lord from Antiquera
"Thy stern father brings along;
"But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
"Thus consent my love to wrong?
"If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
"Nor thus trifle with my woes;
"Hide not, then, from me the secret,
"Which the world so clearly knows."
Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
"Ah! my lord, too true the story;
"Here our tender loves must end.
"Our fond friendship is discover'd,
"Well are known our mutual vows;
"All my friends are full of fury,
"Storms of passion shake the house.
"Threats, reproaches, fears, surround me;
"My stern father breaks my heart!
"Alla knows how dear it cost me,
"Generous youth, from thee to part.
"Ancient wounds of hostile fury
"Long have rent our house and thine;
"Why then did thy shining merit
"Win this tender heart of mine?
"Well thou know'st how dear I loved thee,
"Spite of all their hateful pride,
"Though I fear'd my haughty father
"Ne'er would let me be thy bride.
"Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
"Oft I've from my mother borne,
"What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
"Still at eve and early morn.
"I no longer may resist them,
"All, to force my hand combine;
"And to-morrow to thy rival,
"This weak frame I must resign.
"Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
"Can survive so great a wrong;
"Well my breaking heart assures me
"That my woes will not be long.

- "Farewell, then, my dear Alcanzor!
 "Farewell too, my life, with thee!
 "Take this scarf, a parting token;
 "When thou wear'st it, think on me.
 "Soon, loved youth, some worthier maiden
 "Shall reward thy gen'rous truth;
 "Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
 "Died for thee in prime of youth!"
 To him, all amazed, confounded,
 Thus she did her woes impart;
 Deep he sigh'd, then cried, "O Zaida!
 "Do not, do not break my heart!
 "Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
 "Canst thou hold my love so small?
 "No! a thousand times I'll perish!
 "My curst rival too shall fall.
 "Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
 "O break forth and fly to me!
 "This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
 "These fond arms shall shelter thee."
 "'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
 "Spies surround me, bars secure;
 "Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
 "While my damsel keeps the door.
 "Hark, I hear my father storming!
 "Hark, I hear my mother chide
 "I must go: farewell for ever!
 "Gracious Alla be thy guide!"

 ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

COME, Melancholy, musing maid,
 Who seek'st the thick sequester'd shade,
 Where solitude erects her silent throne;
 Or wild umbrageous bow'r,
 Or ivy-mantled tow'r,
 With bats swift wheeling round its shatter'd sides:
 Where croaks the raven; where the owl resides,
 And through the still night pours
 Her plaintive moan.

Where ruins scatter'd round,
And crumbling fragments strew the ground,
Watching the glow-worm's paly ray,
Or meteors shooting through the aerial way,
From converse with mankind
Thou seekest to retire:
Thou, who, with dishevell'd hair,
Sitt'st musing on a rugged stone,
With fixed eye, and brow severe,
Where the gurgling waters run,
Inspire the song:
To thee belong
The sad, yet soothing strains that wake
The mournful lyre.

Slow and solemn be the sound,
While the strings my fingers sweep.
Let the pendent rocks around
With trickling waters weep;
And echo tell my rising sighs,
O'er the wild margin of the foaming deep.

Sometimes, methinks, I see thee lie reclined
Beneath the baneful yew-tree's shade;
With silent sorrow brooding o'er thy mind;
Sad by mournful musing made;
And while thy pale cheek rests upon thy hand,
The crystal drops, soft trickling from thine eyes,
Descend, and strew with pearl the barren strand,
While ev'ry hollow breeze
Comes loaded with thy sighs.

No more the gay, the festive throng,
The mazy dance, the sprightly song,
Soft warbling, charm thine ear;
Music swells the notes in vain:
Pleasure, with her sportive train,
Scarce can keep thee from despair.

For thee, in vain, sweet spring awakes the flow'rs;
In vain gay summer shines in varied dyes,
Or autumn sheds her fruits in golden show'rs;
To thee each beauteous scene no joy supplies.

Far from these, to dreary scenes,
 Lonely haunts, or gloomy shade,
 'Mongst the mournful evergreens,
 Thou retir'st and hid'st thy head.

The rifted rock, the column's shatter'd brows,
 The blasted oak, by Jove's dread bolt deform'd,
 The crumbling tow'r where clasping ivy grows,
 The tott'ring battlements which war has storm'd,
 With pensive pleasure feed thine eyes,
 And lull thy woes with fancied ease,
 While the pale moon, behind a broken cloud,
 A momentary gleam supplies.

Sometimes where sepulchral stones
 Proclaim the spoils of Death's all-conqu'ring hand,—
 And o'er the slow-corroding bones

Their name and age in frail memorial stand,

A few quick circling years,—

Thou sitt'st, and, poring o'er the tale,

Becom'st thyself a monument in tears.

There, beneath the vaulted skies,

With pallid looks and downcast eyes,

While the chilling damps arise,

(Peace a stranger to thy breast,)

Joyless, pensive, and distrest,

(The bleak winds beating on thy naked head,

And sporting with thy hair,)

Thou seest around thin shades arise,

And sheeted ghosts and spectres drear,

Glide hideous with averted eyes,

Shoot up in lambent flame, and tow'r along the skies.

Then hollow groans thine ear invade,
 Whose murmurs, echoing through the shade,
 Disturb the deep serene:

The moon retires behind a cloud;

Night puts on her darkest shroud!

And horror clothes the scene.

Now with silent steps and slow,

Inly pining with thy woe,

To thy solitary cell,

Where thou ever lov'st to dwell,

Thou, retreating with a sigh,
 Seek'st, but in vain, to close thy ever-wakeful eye.
 Around thy couch, the family of spleen,
 With aspect wan, and ghastly mien,
 Ideal shapes in terror clad arise :
 And discontent, with baneful wing,
 Of ev'ry joy pollutes the spring,
 And spreads a dark veil o'er the brightest skies.
 Not all the bliss that Eden could bestow,
 Can light up sunshine in thy pensive breast :
 Fix'd are thy sorrows : rooted is thy woe :
 Nought, nought on earth can soothe thy soul to rest.
RACK.

ON RAPACIOUSNESS.

How few, alas ! in Nature's wide domains,
 The sacred charm of Sympathy restrains !
 Uncheck'd desires from appetite commence,
 And pure reflection yields to selfish sense !—
 Blest is the sage, who, learn'd in Nature's laws,
 With nice distinction marks effect and cause
 Who views the insatiate grave with eye sedate,
 Nor fears thy voice, inexorable Fate !
 When War, the demon, lifts his banner high,
 And loud artillery rends the affrighted sky ;
 Swords clash with swords, on horses horses rush,
 Man tramples man, and nations nations crush ;
 Death his vast scythe with sweep enormous wields,
 And shuddering Pity quits the sanguine fields.
 The wolf, escorted by his milk-drawn dam,
 Unknown to mercy, tears the guiltless lamb ;
 The towering eagle, darting from above,
 Unfeeling rends the inoffensive dove ;
 The lamb and dove on living nature feed,
 Crop the young herb, or crush the embryo seed.
 Nor spares the loud owl in her dusky flight,
 Smit with sweet notes, the minstrel of the night ;
 Nor spares, enamour'd of his radiant form,
 The hungry nightingale the glowing worm ;
 Who with bright lamp alarms the midnight hour,
 Climbs the green stem, and slays the sleeping flower.

Fell *Œstrus* buries, in her rapid course,
Her countless brood in stag, or bull, or horse ;
Whose hungry larva eats its living way,
Hatch'd by the warmth, and issues into day.
The wing'd *Ichneumon* for her embryo young
Gores with sharp horn the caterpillar throng.
The cruel larva mines its silky course,
And tears the vitals of its fostering nurse.
While fierce *Libellula*, with jaws of steel,
Ingulfs an insect-province at a meal ;
Contending bee-swarms rise on rustling wings,
And slay their thousands with envenom'd stings.

Yes ! smiling *Flora* drives her armed car
Through the thick ranks of vegetable war ;
Herb, shrub, and tree, with strong emotion rise,
For light and air, and battle in the skies ;
Whose roots diverging with opposing toil
Contend below for moisture and for soil ;
Round the tall elm the flattering ivies bend,
And strangle, as they clasp, their struggling friend ;
Envenom'd dews from *mancinella* flow,
And scald with caustic touch the tribes below ;
Dense shadowy leaves, on stems aspiring borne,
With blight and mildew thin the realms of corn ;
And insect hordes with restless tooth devour
The unfolded bud, and pierce the ravell'd flower.

In ocean's pearly haunts, the waves beneath,
Sits the grim monarch of insatiate Death !
The shark rapacious with descending blow
Darts on the scaly brood, that swims below ;
The crawling crocodiles, beneath that move,
Arrest with rising jaw the tribes above ;
With monstrous gape sepulchral whales devour
Shoals at a gulp, a million in an hour.
Air, earth, and ocean, to astonish'd day,
One scene of blood, one mighty tomb display !
From Hunger's arms the shafts of Death are hurl'd,
And one great slaughter-house the warring world !

DARWIN.

EDWIN AND ELTRUDA.

'Twas easy in her looks to trace
An emblem of her mind:
There dwelt each mild attractive grace,
Each gentle grace combined.

Soft as the morning dews arise,
And on the pale flower gleam,
So soft, so sweet, her melting eyes
With love and pity beam.

As far retired the lonely flower
Smiles in the desert vale,
And blows its balmy sweets to pour
Upon the flying gale;

So lived in solitude unseen
This lovely peerless maid;
So sweetly graced the vernal scene,
And blossom'd in the shade.

Yet Love could pierce the lone recess
For there he loves to dwell;
He scorns the noisy crowd to bless,
And seeks the lonely cell.

There only his resistless dart
In all its pow'r is known;
His empire sways each willing heart;
They live to love alone.

Edwin, of every grace possess,
First taught her heart to prove
That gentlest passion of the breast,
To feel the pow'r of love.

Though few the pastures he possess,
Though scanty was his store,
Though wealth ne'er swell'd his hoarded chest,
Edwin could boast of more!

Edwin could boast the liberal mind,
The gen'rous, ample heart;
And every virtue heav'n inclined
To bounty can impart.

The maxims of this servile age,
The mean, the selfish care;
The sordid views that now engage
The mercenary pair,
Whom riches can unite or part,
To them was all unknown;
For then the sympathetic heart
Was link'd by love alone.
They little knew that wealth had power
To make the constant rove;
They little knew the splendid dower
Could add a bliss to love.
They little knew the human breast
Could pant for sordid ore;
Or, of a faithful heart possest,
Could ever wish for more.
And though her peerless beauty warms
His heart, to love inclined;
Not less he felt the lasting charms,
The beauties of her mind.
Not less his gentle soul approved
The virtues glowing there!
For surely virtue, to be loved,
Needs only to appear.
The sweets of dear domestic bliss
Each circling hour beguiled:
And meek-eyed Hope, and inward Peace,
On the lone mansion smiled.
Oft o'er the daisy-sprinkled mead,
They wander'd far away,
Some lambkin to the fold to lead,
That haply chanced to stray.
Her heart, where pity loved to dwell
With sadness oft was wrung:
For the bruised insect, as it fell,
Her soft tear trembling hung.
As roving o'er the flow'ry waste,
A sigh would heave her breast,
The while her gentle hand replaced
The linnet's falling nest.

Then would she seek the vernal bow'r,
And haste with tender care
To nurse some pale declining flow'r,
Some op'ning blossom rear
And oft with eager steps she flies
To cheer the lonely cot,
Where the poor widow pours her sighs,
And wails her hapless lot.
Their weeping mother's trembling knees
The lisping infants clasp;
Their meek imploring look she sees,
She feels their tender grasp.
Wild throbs her aching bosom swell,
They mark the bursting sigh—
(Nature has form'd the soul to feel)
They weep, unknowing why.—
Her hands the lib'ral boon impart,
And much her tear avails
To soothe the mourner's bursting heart,
Where feeble utt'rance fails.
On the pale cheek, where hung the tear
Of agonising woe,
She bids the gush of joy rise there,
The tear of rapture flow.
If greater plenty to impart,
She e'er would Heav'n implore,
'Twas only that her ample heart
Still panted to do more.
Thus oft the gliding moments flew,
(Though Love would court their stay,)
While some new virtue rose to view,
And mark'd each fleeting day.
Peace, long condemn'd the world to roam,
Like the poor wand'ring dove,
Here softly resting found a home,
And wish'd no more to rove.
The youthful poet's soothing dream
Of youthful ages past,
The Muses' fond ideal theme
Was realised at last. HELEN WILLIAMS.

LEONIDAS.

"I SEE, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
"Has ever known the prevalence of love,
"E'er proved a father's fondness, as this hour;
"Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
"Was once my heart insensible to thee.
"How had it stain'd the honours of my name
"To hesitate a moment, and suspend
"My country's fate, till shameful life preferr'd
"By my inglorious colleague left no choice,
"But what in me were infamy to shun,
"Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more
"That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,
"I haste, uncall'd, to death. The voice of Fate,
"The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.
"—O! thou dear mourner, wherefore streams afresh
"That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs renew'd
"That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.
"Alas! far heavier misery impends
"O'er thee and these, if, soften'd by thy tears,
"I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
"Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heav'n,
"Claim for my country, for my sons and thee.
"Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
"On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
"E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?
"Now shall that care, that tenderness be proved
"Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
"For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
"Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
"Should I, thus singled from the rest of men,
"Alone entrusted by th' immortal gods
"With pow'r to save a people,—should my soul
"Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield
"To sorrow and to shame; for thou must weep
"With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain
"The painful portion of Oppression's weight.
"Thy sons behold now worthy of their names
"And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must pine
"In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
"Beat at the sound of liberty no more;
"On their own virtue, and their father's fame,

"When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
 "Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
 "Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy!"
 Here paused the patriot. With religious awe
 Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
 The solemn silence broke. Tears ceased to flow:
 Ceased for a moment; soon again to stream.
 For now, in arms, before the palace ranged,
 His brave companions of the war demand
 Their leader's presence; then her griefs renew'd,
 Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,
 And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue;
 In speechless anguish, on her hero's breast
 She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
 Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
 His soul no longer struggles to confine
 Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
 Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,
 Amid his children, who enclose him round,
 He stands, indulging tenderness and love
 In graceful tears: when thus, with lifted eyes,
 Address'd to Heav'n:—"Thou everliving Pow'r,
 "Look down propitious, Sire of gods and men!
 "And to this faithful woman, whose desert
 "May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace.
 "And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
 "O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
 "But since that spirit I from thee derive,
 "Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
 "Do thou support their virtue. Be they taught
 "Like thee, with glorious labour life to grace,
 "And from their father let them learn to die!" GLOVER.

CATHARINA.

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
 And meet perhaps never again;
 The sun of that moment is set,
 And seems to have risen in vain.
 Catharina has fled like a dream—
 (So vanishes pleasure, alas!)
 But has left a regret and esteem
 That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delay'd
By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We paused under many a tree,
And much she was charm'd with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witness'd her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteem'd
The work of my fancy the more,
And e'en to myself never seem'd
So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
Would feel herself happier here ;
For the close-woven arches of limes
On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times,
Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endued
With a well-judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellish'd or rude,
'Tis nature alone that we love.
The achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
The scene of her sensible choice!
To inhabit a mansion remote
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
To wing all her moments at home,
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,
As oft as it suits her to roam,
She will have just the life she prefers,
With little to hope or to fear,
And ours would be pleasant as hers,
Might we view her enjoying it here. COWPER.

TREMELLA.

ON Dove's green brink the fair Tremella stood,
And view'd her playful image in the flood;
To each rude rock, lone dell, and echoing grove,
Sung the sweet sorrows of her *secret* love.
"Oh, stay!—return!"—along the sounding shore
Cried the sad Naiads,—she return'd no more!—
Now girt with clouds the sullen evening frown'd,
And withering Eurus swept along the ground;
No star benignant shot one transient ray
To guide or light the wanderer on her way.
She flies—she stops—she pants—she looks behind,
And hears a demon howl in every wind.
—As the bleak blast unfurls her fluttering vest,
Cold beats the snow upon her shuddering breast;
Through her numb'd limbs the chill sensations dart,
And the keen ice-bolt trembles at her heart.
"I sink, I fall! oh, help me, help!" she cries,
Her stiffening tongue the unfurnish'd sound denies;
Tear after tear adown her cheek succeeds,
And pearls of ice bestrew the glittering meads;
Congealing snows her lingering feet surround;
Arrest her flight, and root her to the ground;
With suppliant arms she pours the silent prayer;
Her suppliant arms hang crystal in the air;
Pellucid films her shivering neck o'erspread,
Seal her mute lips, and silver o'er her head;
Veil her pale bosom, glaze her lifted hands,
And shrined in ice the beauteous statue stands.

DARWIN.

PART V.

ORATIONS, HARANGUES, &c.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SPEECH IN THE CAMP AT TILBURY.

MY loving people, we have been persuaded by some, that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear: I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreation or sport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down, for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England, too; and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms: To which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble

and worthy subject ; not doubting, by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people.

HUME.

XIMALPOCA.

SUBJECTS ! friends ! children ! I may call you children,
For I have ever borne a father's love
Towards you ; it is thirteen years since first
You saw me in the robes of royalty—
Since here the multitudes of Mexico
Hail'd me their king. I thank you, friends, that now,
In equal numbers, and with equal love,
You come to grace my death.

For thirteen years

What I have been, ye know : that with all care,
That with all justice, and all gentleness,
Seeking your weal, I govern'd. Is there one
Whom I have injured ? one whose just redress
I have denied, or baffled by delay ?
Let him come forth, that so no evil tongue
Speak shame of me hereafter. O, my people,
Not by my sins have I drawn down upon me
The wrath of Heaven.

The wrath is heavy on me !

Heavy ! a burthen more than I can bear !
I have endured contempt, insult, and wrongs,
From that Acolhuan tyrant ! Should I seek
Revenge ? alas, my people, we are few—
Feeble our growing state ! It hath not yet
Rooted itself to bear the hurricane ;
It is the lion-cub that tempts not yet
The tiger's full-aged fury. Mexicans,
He sent to bid me wear a woman's robe ;—
When was the day that ever I look'd back
In battle ? Mexicans, the wife I loved,
To faith and friendship trusted, in despite
Of me, of heaven, he seized, and spurn'd her back
Polluted ! Coward villain ! and he lurks
Behind his armies and his multitudes,
And mocks my idle wrath ! It is not fit,

It is not possible that I should live !
 Live ! and deserve to be the finger-mark
 Of slave-contempt ! His blood I cannot reach,
 But in my own all stains shall be effaced ;
 It shall blot out the marks of infamy ;
 And when the warriors of the days to come
 Tell of Ximalpoca, it shall be said
 He died the brave man's death !

Not of the God

Unworthy, do I seek his altar thus,
 A voluntary victim. And perchance
 The sacrifice of life may profit ye,
 My people, though all living efforts fail'd
 By fortune, not by fault.

Cease your lament !

And if your ill-doom'd king deserved your love,
 Say of him to your children, he was one
 Who bravely bore misfortune ; who, when life
 Became dishonour, shook his body off,
 And join'd the spirits of the heroes dead.
 Yes ! not in Miclanteuctli's dark abode,
 With cowards shall your king receive his doom ;
 Not in the icy caverns of the north,
 Suffer through endless ages ! He shall join
 The spirits of the brave ; with them at morn
 Shall issue from the eastern gate of Heaven,
 And follow through his fields of light the sun ;
 With them shall raise the song and weave the dance ;
 Sport in the stream of splendour ; company
 Down to the western palace of his rest
 The Prince of Glory, and with equal eye
 Endure his center'd radiance. None of you
 Forgetful, O my people, even then ;
 But often, in the amber cloud of noon
 Diffused, will I o'erspread your summer fields,
 And on the freshen'd maize and brightening meads
 Shower plenty.

Spirits of my valiant sires,

I come ! Mexitli, never at thy shrine
 Flow'd braver blood ! never a nobler heart
 Steam'd up its life to thee ! Priest of the God,
 Perform your office !

SOUTHER.

PROCLAMATION OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
TO THE ARMY, MARCH 1, 1815.

SOLDIERS,—We were not conquered : two men, risen from our ranks, betrayed our laurels, their country, their prince, their benefactor. Those whom, during twenty-five years, we have seen traversing all Europe to raise up enemies against us ; who have passed their lives in fighting against us in the ranks of foreign armies, cursing our fine France ; shall they pretend to command and control our eagles, on which they have not dared ever to look ? Shall we endure that they should inherit the fruits of our glorious labours ; that they should clothe themselves with our honours and our goods—that they should calumniate our glory ? If their reign should continue, all would be lost, even the memory of those immortal days. With what fury do they pervert their very nature ! They seek to poison what the world admires ; and if there still remain any defenders of our glory, it is among those very enemies whom we have fought on the field of battle. Soldiers ! in my exile, I heard your voice : I have arrived, through all obstacles and all perils ; your General, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and educated under your banners, is restored to you : come, and join him. Tear down those colours which the nation has proscribed, and which, for twenty-five years, served as a rallying signal to all the enemies of France : mount the cockade tricolour : you bore it in the days of our greatness. We must forget that we have been masters of nations ; but we must not suffer any to intermeddle with our affairs. Who shall presume to be master over us ? Who would have the power ? Recover those eagles which you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmühl, at Essling, at Wagram, at Smolensko, at Moscow, at Lutzen, at Vurken, at Montmirail. Do you think that the handful of Frenchmen, who are now so arrogant, will endure to look on them ? They shall return whence they came, and there, if they please, they shall reign, as they pretend to have reigned during nineteen years. Your possessions, your rank, your glory,—the possessions, the rank, the glory of your children,—have no greater enemies than those princes whom foreigners have imposed on us ; they are the enemies of our glory, because the recital of

so many heroic actions, which have glorified the people of France fighting against them, to withdraw themselves from their yoke, is their condemnation. The veterans of the armies of the Sambre and the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the West, of the Grand Army, are all humiliated; their honourable wounds are disgraced; their successes were crimes; those heroes were rebels, if, as the enemies of the people pretend, the legitimate sovereigns were in the midst of the foreign armies. Honours, rewards, affection, are given to those who have served against the country and us. Soldiers! come and range yourselves under the standards of your chief; his existence is only composed of yours; his rights are only those of the people and yours: his interest, his honour, his glory, are no other than your interest, your honour, and your glory. Victory shall march at the charge-step: the eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple, even to the towers of Notre-Dame. Then you will be able to show your scars with honour; then you will be able to glory in what you have done: you will be the deliverers of the country. In your old age, surrounded and esteemed by your fellow-citizens, they will hear you with respect while you recount your high deeds; you will be able to say, with pride, "And I, too, was part of that Grand Army, which entered twice the walls of Vienna, those of Rome, of Berlin, of Madrid, of Moscow; and which delivered Paris from the foul blot which treason, and the presence of the enemy, imprinted on it." Honoured be those brave soldiers, the glory of the country! and eternal shame to those guilty Frenchmen, in whatever rank fortune caused them to be born, who fought for twenty-five years with the foreigner, to tear the bosom of the country.

PROCLAMATION OF LOUIS XVIII. TO HIS
ARMY, ON THE LANDING OF BONAPARTE
FROM ELBA, MARCH 13, 1815.

BRAVE soldiers! the glory and force of our kingdom! It is in the name of honour that your king orders you to be faithful to your colours; you have sworn fidelity to him: you will not perjure yourselves. A general, whom you would have defended to the latest moment, if he had

not released you by a formal abdication, restored to you your legitimate sovereign. Confounded in the great family, of which he is the father, and among which you will distinguish yourselves only by more illustrious services, you are become my children. You are deeply rooted in my affections. I associated myself in the glory of your triumphs, even when they were not obtained in my cause. Called to the throne of my ancestors, I congratulated myself on seeing it supported by that brave army, so worthy to defend it. Soldiers! I invoke your love; I claim your fidelity. Your forefathers once rallied round the plume of the great Henry: it is his lineal descendant that I have placed at your head. Follow him faithfully in the path of honour and duty. Defend with him the public liberty, which is attacked; the constitutional charter, which it is attempted to destroy. Defend your wives, your fathers, your children, your property, against the tyranny by which they are menaced. Is not the enemy of the country also yours? Has he not speculated on your blood, and made a traffic of your fatigues and wounds? Was it not to satisfy his insatiable ambition, that he led you, through a thousand dangers, to useless and bloody victories? Our fine France not being sufficient for him, he would again exhaust its entire population, to proceed to the extremities of the world, to acquire new conquests, at the expense of your blood. Distrust his perfidious promises; your king calls you; the country claims you. Let honour fix you invariably under your banners. It is I who undertake to recompense you; it is in your ranks, it is among the chosen of the faithful soldiers that I will select officers. Public gratitude will repay all your services: make one effort more, and you will speedily acquire glory, and the splendid repose you will have merited. March, then, without hesitation, brave soldiers, at the call of honour: yourselves apprehend the first traitor who may try to seduce you. If any among you have already lent an ear to the perfidious suggestions of rebels, such have still time to return to the path of duty. The door is still open to repentance: it is in this way that several squadrons of cavalry, whom a guilty chief wished to lead astray, near La Fere, voluntarily forced him to withdraw himself. Let *the whole* of the army profit by this example; let the *great number* of corps which have not been seduced, who

have refused to join the rebels, close their battalions to attack and repel the traitor. Soldiers! you are Frenchmen; I am your king; it is not in vain that I confide to your courage and to your fidelity the safety of our dear country.

QUEEN MARGARET'S ADDRESS, AFTER THE
BATTLE OF WARWICK.

GREAT lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the tackles; What of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,

More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks,
Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

SHAKSPEARE.

SPEECH OF THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK,
ON THE DEATH OF MR. WHITBREAD.

MR. SPEAKER,—I am persuaded that it must be quite unnecessary for me to say that I am at this moment labouring under feelings of the most painful and afflicting nature. I wish, however, shortly to state to the House the reasons which induce me to depart from the usual practice in moving for a new writ, for the election of a Burgess to serve in Parliament, in order that I may pay a humble but sincere tribute of affection to the memory of my departed friend. Sir, it is not on any consideration of private friendship ; it is not on any contemplation of his many virtues as a private individual ;—it is on the reflection of the great space which he occupied in this House ; it is on the recollection of his splendid abilities ; it is on the conviction which we, who thought with him on political subjects, entertain of the advantage which the country derived from his exertions, that I found my excuse for this address ;—that I even claim the concurrence of all those who hear me in the feelings which agitate me at the present moment. I am well aware, Sir, that a great majority of this House thought his opinions erroneous. But—I speak it with confidence—I am sure that there is not one of his political opponents, who will not lay his hand on his heart and say, that he always found in him a manly antagonist. The House of Commons will, I am persuaded, ever do justice to the good intentions of those who honestly dissent from the sentiments of the majority. Accustomed to defend his opinions with earnestness and warmth, the energies of his admirable and comprehensive mind would never permit the least approach to tameness and indifference. But no particle of animosity ever found a place in his breast, and, to use his own words on another melancholy occasion, “He never carried his political enmity beyond the threshold of this House.” It *was his uniform practice* to do justice to the motives of *his political opponents* ; and I am happy to feel that the

same justice is done to his motives by them. To those, Sir, who were more immediately acquainted with his exalted character—who knew the directness of his mind, his zeal for truth, his unshaken love of his country, the ardour and boldness of his disposition—incapable of dismay; his unaffected humanity, and his other various and excellent qualities, his loss is irreparable. But most of all will it be felt by the poor in his neighbourhood. Truly might he be called “the poor man’s friend.” Only those who, like myself, have had the opportunity of observing his conduct nearly, can be aware of his unabating zeal in promoting the happiness of all around him. Thousands of individuals have benefited by the generosity of his heart; and the county, the principal town of which he represented, contains imperishable records of his active philanthropy, as well as that of the good man who went before him. His eloquent appeals in this House, in favour of the unfortunate; appeals, exhibiting the frankness and honesty of the true English character, will adorn the pages of the historian; although, at the present moment, they afford a subject of melancholy retrospect to those who have formerly dwelt with delight on the benevolence of a heart which always beat, and on the vigour of an intellect which was always employed, for the benefit of his fellow creatures. Sir, I am conscious that I need not entreat pardon of the House at large, for thus indulging in the praise of my lamented friend, but I owe an apology to those who loved him, for the feebleness with which it has been bestowed.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
Thou great First Cause, least understood;
Who’ all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;
Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will;

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away,
For God is paid when man receives
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh ! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot ;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise !
All Nature's incense rise !

POPE.

MORNING HYMN.

FOUNTAIN of light ! from whom yon rising sun
First drew his splendor ; source of life and love !
Whose smile awakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundless blush of spring ; O first and best !
Thy essence, though from human sight and search,
Though from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably removed ; yet man himself,
Thy humble child of reason, man may read
The Maker's hand, intelligence supreme,
Unbounded power, on all his works imprest,
In characters coëval with the sun,
And with the sun to last ; from world to world,
From age to age, through every clime reveal'd.
Hail, Universal Goodness ! in full stream
For ever flowing
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life :
From all that live on earth, in air, and sea,
The great community of Nature's sons,
To Thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend !
And in the general hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works, not least,
Nor lowest ; with intelligence inform'd,
To know Thee and adore : with freedom crown'd,
Where virtue leads, to follow and be blest.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life, or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and Friend ! to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant : and let that will be done. MILTON.

FUNERAL ORATION OF VALENS AND HIS
ARMY.

THERE are not wanting those who arraign the prudence
of the emperor, or who impute the public misfortune to
the want of courage and discipline in the troops. For my
own part, I reverence the memory of their former exploits :
I reverence the glorious death, which they bravely re-

ceived, standing, and fighting in the ranks: I reverence the field of battle, stained with *their* blood, and the blood of the barbarians. Those honourable marks have been already washed away by the rains; but the lofty monuments of their bones, the bones of generals, of centurions, and of valiant warriors, claim a longer period of duration. The king himself fought and fell in the foremost ranks of the battle. His attendants presented him with the fleetest horses of the imperial stable, that would soon have carried him beyond the pursuit of the enemy. They vainly pressed him to reserve his important life for the future service of the republic. He still declared that he was unworthy to survive so many of the bravest and most faithful of his subjects; and the monarch was nobly buried under a mountain of the slain. Let none, therefore, presume to ascribe the victory of the barbarians to the fear, the weakness, or the imprudence of the Roman troops. The chiefs and the soldiers were animated by the virtue of their ancestors, whom they equalled in discipline, and the arts of war. Their generous emulation was supported by the love of glory, which prompted them to contend at the same time with heat and thirst, with fire and the sword; and cheerfully to embrace an honourable death, as their refuge against flight and infamy. The indignation of the gods has been the only cause of the success of our enemies.

LIBANIUS.

THE EARL OF WORCESTER'S ADDRESS TO KING HENRY IV.

It pleased your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord.
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted, day and night,
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—

That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help ; what with the absent king ;
What with the injuries of a wanton time ;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand :
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety's sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself ;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise. SHAKSPEARE.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT TO THE MACE-
DONIANS.

I HAVE narrowly escaped, O soldiers, being torn from you, by the treachery of a small number of wretches ; but by the providence and mercy of the gods, I now again appear before you alive : and I protest to you, that nothing encourages me more to proceed against the traitors, than the sight of this assembly, whose welfare is much dearer to me than my own ; for I desire to live for your sakes only ; and the greatest happiness I should find in living (not to say the only one), would be the pleasure I should receive in having it in my power to

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reward the services of so many brave men, to whom I owe every thing. Alas! how will you behave when I shall name the persons who formed so execrable a design? I myself cannot think of it without shuddering. They on whom I have been most lavish of my kindnesses; on whom I have bestowed the greatest marks of friendship; in whom I had put my whole confidence, and in whose breasts I lodged my greatest secrets—Parmenio and Philotas.

GIBBON.

THE EARL OF RICHMOND'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

MORE than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
(Richard except) those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, guard you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;
God, and saint George ! Richmond, and victory !

SHAKESPEARE.

THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADOR TO ALEXAN-
DER THE GREAT.

HAD the gods given thee a body proportionable to thy ambition, the whole universe would have been too little for thee. With one hand thou wouldst touch the east, and with the other the west ; and, not satisfied with this, thou wouldst follow the sun, and know where he hides himself. Such as thou art, thou yet aspirest after what it will be impossible for thee to attain. Thou crossest over from Europe into Asia ; and when thou shalt have subdued all the race of men, then thou wilt make war against rivers, forests, and wild beasts. Dost thou not know, that tall trees are many years a-growing, but may be torn up in an hour's time ; that the lion serves sometimes for food to the smallest birds ; that iron, though so hard, is consumed by rust ; in a word, that there is nothing so strong, which may not be destroyed by the weakest thing ?

What have we to do with thee ? We never set foot in thy country. May not those who inhabit woods be allowed to live, without knowing who thou art, and whence thou comest ? We will neither command over, nor submit to, any man. And that thou mayst be sensible what kind of people the Scythians are, know that we received from heaven, as a rich present, a yoke of oxen, a plough-share, an arrow, a javelin, and a cup. These we make use of, both with our friends, and against our enemies. To our friends we give corn, which we procure by the labour of our oxen ; with them we offer wine to the gods in our cup : and with regard to our enemies, we combat them at a distance with our arrows, and near at hand with our javelins. It is with these we formerly conquered the most warlike nations, subdued the most powerful kings, laid waste all Asia, and opened ourselves a way into the heart of Egypt.

But thou, who boastest thy coming to extirpate robbers, thou thyself art the greatest robber upon earth. Thou

hast plundered all the nations that thou hast overcome. Thou hast possessed thyself of Lydia, invaded Syria, Tersia, and Bactriana; thou art forming a design to march as far as India, and thou now comest hither to seize upon our herds of cattle. The great possessions thou hast, only make thee covet more eagerly what thou hast not. Dost thou not see how long the Bactrians have checked thy progress? Whilst thou art subduing these, the Sogdians revolt, and victory is to thee only the occasion of war.

Pass but the Iaxartes, and thou wilt behold the great extent of our plains. It will be in vain for thee to pursue the Scythians; and I defy thee ever to overtake them. Our poverty will be more active than thy army, laden with the spoils of so many nations; and, when thou shalt fancy us at a great distance, thou wilt see us rush suddenly on thy camp; for we pursue, and fly from our enemies with equal speed. I am informed that the Greeks speak jestingly of the Scythian solitudes, and that they are even become a proverb; but we are fonder of our desarts, than of your great cities and fruitful plains. Let me observe to thee, that Fortune is slippery; hold her fast, therefore, for fear she should escape thee. Put a curb to thy felicity, if thou desirest to continue in possession of it.

If thou art a god, thou oughtest to do good to mortals, and not deprive them of their possessions: if thou art a mere man, reflect always on what thou art. They whom thou shalt not molest, will be thy true friends; the strongest friendships being contracted between equals; and they are esteemed equals, who have not tried their strength against each other: but do not imagine, that those whom thou conquerest can love thee; for there is no such thing as friendship between a master and his slave, and a forced peace is soon followed by a war.

To conclude, do not fancy that the Scythians will take an oath in their concluding an alliance. The only oath among them is to keep their word without swearing. Such cautions as these do indeed become Greeks, who sign their treaties, and call upon the gods to witness them; but, with regard to us, our religion consists in being sincere, and in keeping the promises we have made. That man who is not ashamed to break his word with men, is not afraid of deceiving the gods; and of what use could friends be to thee whom thou couldst not trust? Consider

that we will guard both Europe and Asia for thee. We extend as far as Thrace, and we are told, that Thrace is contiguous to Macédonia. The river Iaxartes alone divides us from Bactriana. Thus we are thy neighbours on both sides. Consider, therefore, whether thou wilt have us for friends, or enemies. QUINTUS CURTIUS.

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

MY brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No! you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives, which, in a war like this, can animate their minds, and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—We, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate—We serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us. SHERIDAN.

DR. FRANKLIN'S SPEECH IN THE FEDERAL CONVENTION.

MR. PRESIDENT—I confess that I do not entirely approve of this constitution at present; but, Sir, I am not sure I shall never approve it; for, having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information, or fuller consideration, to change opinions, even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. It is, therefore, that the older I grow, the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment, and to pay more respect to the judgment of others. Most men, indeed, as well as most sects in religion, think themselves in possession of all truth, and that, whenever others differ from them, it is so far error. Steel, a Protestant, in a dedication, tells the Pope, that “the only difference between our two churches, in their opinions of the certainty of their doctrines, is, the Romish church is infallible, and the church of England never in the wrong.” But though many private persons think almost as highly of their own infallibility as of that of their sect, few express it so naturally as a certain French lady, who, in a little dispute with her sister, said, “I don’t know how it happens, sister, but I meet with nobody but myself that is always in the right.” “*Il n’y a que moi qui a toujours raison.*” In these sentiments, Sir, I agree to this constitution, with all its faults, if they are such; because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no form of government but what may be a blessing, if well administered; and I believe further that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other. I doubt, too, whether any other convention we can obtain, may be able to make a better constitution. For when you assemble a number of men, to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected? It therefore astonishes me, Sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are

waiting with confidence to hear that our counsels are confounded, like those of the builders of Babylon; and that our states are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting each other's throats.

Thus I consent, Sir, to this constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that this is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. If every one of us, in returning to our constituents, were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavour to gain partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favour among foreign nations, as well as among ourselves, from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficacy of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depends on opinion, on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its governors.

I hope, therefore, that for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this constitution, wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavours to the means of having it well administered.

On the whole, Sir, I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of the convention, who may still have objections, would with me, on this occasion, doubt a little of his own infallibility, and, to make manifest our unanimity, put his name to this instrument.

PART OF MR. PITT'S SPEECH ON THE SLAVE
TRADE, IN 1792.

MR. SPEAKER,

THERE is one argument set up as an universal answer to every thing which can be urged on our side, whether we address ourselves to gentlemen's understandings, or to their hearts and consciences. It is necessary I should remove this formidable objection; for, though not often *stated in distinct terms*, I fear it is one, which has a very

wide influence. The slave-trade system, it is supposed, has taken such deep root in Africa, that it is absurd to think of its being eradicated; and the abolition of that share of the trade carried on by Great Britain, and especially if her example be not followed by any other power, is likely to be of very little service. Give me leave to say, in answer to so dangerous an argument, that we ought to be extremely sure indeed of the assumption on which it rests, before we venture to rely on its validity; before we decide, that an evil, which we ourselves contribute to inflict, is incurable, and on that very plea refuse to desist from bearing our part in the system which produces it. You do not know, it is said, that other nations will give up the trade, if you should renounce it. I answer, that if this trade is as criminal as it is asserted to be, nay, if it has in it a thousandth part of the criminality, which I and others, after a thorough investigation of the subject, charge upon it, God forbid that we should hesitate in determining to relinquish so iniquitous a traffic, even though it should be retained by other countries. God forbid, however, that we should fail to do our utmost towards inducing other countries to abandon a bloody commerce, which they have been probably led in a great measure by our example to pursue. God forbid, that we should be capable of wishing to arrogate to ourselves the glory of being singular in renouncing it.

I tremble at the thought of gentlemen's indulging themselves in the argument which I am combating, an argument as pernicious as it is futile. We are friends, say they, to humanity—we are second to none of you, in our zeal for the good of Africa;—but the French will not abolish—the Dutch will not abolish—we wait, therefore, on prudential principles, till they join us, or set us an example. How, Sir, is this enormous evil ever to be eradicated, if every nation is thus prudentially to wait, till the concurrence of all the world shall be obtained? Let me remark, too, that there is no nation in Europe, which has, on the one hand, plunged so deeply into this guilt as Britain; or which is so likely, on the other, to be looked up to as an example, if she should have the manliness to be the first in decidedly renouncing it. But, Sir, does not this argument apply a thousand times more strongly in a contrary way? How much more justly may other nations

point to us, and say, "Why should we abolish the slave-trade, when Great Britain has not abolished it? Britain, free as she is, just and honourable as she is, and deeply also involved as she is in this commerce, above all nations, not only has not abolished, but has refused to abolish.—She has investigated it fully; she has gained a complete insight into its nature and effects; she has collected volumes of evidence on every branch of the subject; her senate has deliberated again and again; and what is the result? She has gravely and solemnly determined to sanction the slave trade; she sanctions it at least for a while: her legislature, therefore, it is plain, sees no guilt in it, and has thus furnished us with the strongest evidence which she can furnish—of the justice unquestionably, and of the policy also, in a certain measure, and in certain cases at least, of permitting this traffic to continue."

This, Sir, is the argument, with which we furnish the other nations of Europe, if we again refuse to put an end to the slave trade. Instead, therefore, of imagining, that by choosing to presume on their continuing it, we shall have exempted ourselves from guilt, and have transferred the whole criminality to them, let us rather reflect, that on the very principle urged against us, we shall henceforth have to answer for their crimes, as well as for our own. We have strong reasons to believe, that it depends upon us, whether other countries will persist in this bloody trade or not. Already we have suffered one year to pass away; and now that the question is renewed, a proposition is made for gradual, with the view of preventing immediate, abolition. I know the difficulty that exists in attempting to reform long-established abuses; and I know the danger arising from the argument in favor of delay, in the case of evils, which, nevertheless, are thought too enormous to be borne, when considered as perpetual. But, by proposing some other period than the present, by prescribing some condition, by waiting for some contingency, or by refusing to proceed till a thousand favourable circumstances unite together, perhaps till we gain the general concurrence of Europe, a concurrence, which, I believe, never yet took place at the commencement of any one improvement in policy or in morals, year after year escapes, and the most enormous evils go unredressed. We see this abundantly exemplified, not only in public, but in private, life. Simi-

lar observations have been often applied to the case of personal reformation. If you go into the street, it is a chance but the first person who crosses you is one, "vivendi recte qui prorogat horam." We may wait; we may delay to cross the stream before us, till it has run down; but we shall wait for ever, for the river will still flow on, without being exhausted. We shall be no nearer to the object, which we profess to have in view, so long as the step, which alone can bring us to it, is not taken. Until the actual, the only, remedy is applied, we ought not to flatter ourselves, either that we have as yet thoroughly laid to heart the evil we affect to deplore, or that there is as yet any reasonable assurance of its being brought to an actual termination.

MR. PITTS'S DEFENCE OF THE AFRICANS.

Being part of his Speech on the Slave Trade, in 1792.

THERE was a time, Sir, which it may be fit occasionally to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Slaves, as we may read in Henry's History of England, were formerly an established article of our exports. Great numbers, he says, were exported, like cattle, from the British coast, and were to be seen exposed for sale in the Roman market. It does not distinctly appear, by what means they were procured; but there was unquestionably no small resemblance in this particular point, between the case of our ancestors and that of the present wretched natives of Africa; for the historian tells us, that adultery, witchcraft, and debt, were probably some of the chief sources of supplying the Roman market with British slaves; that prisoners taken in war were added to the number; and that there might be among them some unfortunate gamblers, who, after having lost all their goods, at length staked themselves, their wives, and their children. Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And these circumstances, sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the

alleged proofs, that Africa labours under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think, that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that Providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that Providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery for slaves for us free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know, why it might not also have been applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain. Why might not some Roman senator, reasoning upon the principles of some honourable members of this house, and pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted with equal boldness, "*There is a people, that will never rise to civilization—There is a people destined never to be free—a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts, depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species, and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world.*" Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we now hear stated, in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us, of the inhabitants of Africa? We, Sir, have long since emerged from barbarism. We have almost forgotten, that we ever were barbarians. We are now raised to a situation, which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance, by which a Roman might then have characterised us, and by which we now characterise Africa. There is, indeed, one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves: we continue it even yet, in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression, slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, pre-eminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society. We are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of

liberty; we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion, and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice. We are living under a system of government, which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest, which has ever yet been framed; a system, which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must have been for ever excluded, had there been any truth in those principles, which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves should have languished to this hour, in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which our history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct towards us; had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning, which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa, ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and of British freedom, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If, then, we feel that this perpetual confinement in the fetters of brutal ignorance, would have been the greatest calamity which could have befallen us; if we view with gratitude and exultation the contrast between the peculiar blessings we enjoy, and the wretchedness of the ancient inhabitants of Britain; if we shudder to think of the misery which would still have overwhelmed us, had Great Britain continued to the present time to be the mart for slaves to the more civilized nations of the world, through some cruel policy of theirs, God forbid that we should any longer subject Africa to the same dreadful scourge, and preclude the light of knowledge, which has reached every other quarter of the globe, from having access to her coasts.

I trust we shall no longer continue this commerce, to the destruction of every improvement on that wide continent; and shall not consider ourselves as conferring too great a boon, in restoring its inhabitants to the rank of human beings. I trust we shall not think ourselves too liberal, if, by abolishing the slave trade, we give them the

same common chance of civilization with other parts of the world, and that we shall now allow to Africa the opportunity—the hope—the prospect, of attaining to the same blessings, which we ourselves, through the favourable dispensations of Divine Providence, have been permitted to enjoy at a much more early period. If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa, engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which, at some happy period, in still later times, may blaze with full lustre, and, joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then we may hope, that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended plentifully upon us, in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompence for the tardy kindness, if kindness it can be called, of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness, which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

MR. CURRAN'S SPEECH ON THE LIBERTY
THE PRESS.

WHAT then remains? The liberty of the press only; that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from, by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from. I will tell you, also, to what both are exposed, by shutting up that communication. In one case sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad. The demagogue goes forth: the public eye is upon him: he frets his busy hour upon the stage; but soon either weariness,

or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bear him down, or drive him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the flame. If you doubt of the horrid consequences of suppressing the effusion even of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety. Neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave, have any slumber;—the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both; the decisive instant is precipitated without warning, by folly on the one side, or by frenzy on the other, and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts.

But, gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own revolution; you have it at that memorable period, when the monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly; when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot; when venal sheriffs returned packed juries to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many; when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of Fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them; but at length becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination.

In that awful moment of a nation's travail; of the last gasp of tyranny, and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished, the people enslaved, and the prince undone. As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard *the liberty of the press*, that great sentinel of the state, *that grand detector of public imposture*: guard it, because, *when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject and the security of the crown.*

MR. BURKE'S SPEECH ON THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.

MR. SPEAKER,—The French have shown themselves the ablest architects of ruin, that have ever existed in the world. In a very short space of time, they have completely pulled down to the ground, their monarchy, their church, their nobility, their law, their revenue, their army, their navy, their commerce, their arts, and their manufactures.

France, by the mere circumstance of her vicinity, has been, and in a degree always must be, an object of our vigilance, either with regard to her actual power, or to her influence and example; and her example, during a period of peace and friendly intercourse, has been, and may again become, more dangerous to us, than her worst hostility. In the last century, we were in danger of being entangled, by the example of France, in the net of relentless despotism. It is not necessary to say any thing upon that example; it exists no longer. Our present danger, from the example of a people whose character knows no medium, is, with respect to government, a danger of being led, through an admiration of successful fraud and violence, to an imitation of the excesses of an irrational, unprincipled, proscribing, confiscating, plundering, ferocious, bloody, and tyrannical democracy.

What the French now value themselves upon, is a disgrace to them. They glory, and some people in England have thought fit to take share in that glory, in making a revolution, as if revolutions were good things in themselves. All the horrors, and all the crimes, of the anarchy, which led to their revolution, which attended its progress, and which virtually attend it in its establishment, pass for nothing with the lovers of revolutions. The French might be said to be in possession of a good constitution, on the day the states-general met in separate orders; and their business, had they been either virtuous or wise, was to secure the stability and independence of the states, according to those orders, under the monarch on the throne. It was their duty to redress grievances. Instead, however, of redressing grievances, and improving the fabric of their government, to which they were called by their king, and sent by their country, they took a very different course. *They first destroyed all the balances and counterpoises*

which served to fix the state, and to give it a steady direction; and which furnished some correctives to any violent spirit which might occasionally prevail in any of the orders. These balances existed in their oldest constitution, and in the constitution of this country, and in the constitution of all the countries in Europe. These they rashly destroyed; and then they melted down the whole into one incongruous, ill-connected mass. Having done all this, they instantly, with the most atrocious perfidy and breach of all faith among men, laid the axe to the root of all property, and consequently of all national prosperity, by the principles they established, and the example they set, in confiscating all the possessions of the church.

I feel some concern, that this strange thing, called a revolution in France, should be compared with the glorious event commonly called the revolution in England; and that the late conduct of the French soldiery should be compared with the behaviour of the English troops, in 1688. At that period, the Prince of Orange, a prince of the blood royal of England, was called in, by the flower of the English aristocracy, to defend its ancient constitution, and not to level all distinctions. To this prince, so invited, the aristocratic leaders, who commanded the troops, went over with their several corps, in bodies, to the deliverer of their country. Aristocratic leaders brought up the corps of citizens, who had newly enlisted in this cause. Military obedience changed its object; but military discipline was not for a moment interrupted in its principle. The troops were ready for war, but indisposed to mutiny; and not one drop of blood was shed.

But as the conduct of the English armies was different, so was that of the whole English nation at that time. In truth, the circumstances of our revolution (as it is called) and of that of France, were just the reverse of each other, in almost every particular, and in the whole spirit of the transaction. With us it was the case of a legal monarch, attempting to introduce arbitrary power; in France, it is the case of an arbitrary monarch, beginning, from whatever cause, to legalise his authority. The one was to be resisted; the other was to be managed and directed: but *in neither case* was the order of the state to be changed, *lest government* should be ruined, which ought only to be *corrected and legalised*. Here we got rid of the man, and

preserved the constituent parts of the state: there they got rid of the constitution of the state, and kept the man. What we did was, in truth and substance, and in a constitutional light, a revolution, not made, but prevented. The person who held the government, and was at the head of the executive power, was abandoned by the country, because he wished to change the constitution; but the constitution remained. We took solid securities; we settled doubtful questions; we corrected anomalies in our law. In the stable, fundamental part of our constitution, we made no revolution; no, nor any alteration at all. We did not impair the monarchy; perhaps it might be shown, that we strengthened it very considerably. The nation kept the same ranks--the same orders--the same privileges--the same franchises--the same rules for property--the same subordinations--the same order in the law, in the revenue, and in the magistracy--the same lords--the same commons--the same corporations--the same electors. The church was not impaired: her estates, her majesty, her splendor, her orders and gradations, continued the same: she was preserved in her full efficiency, and cleared only of a certain intolerance, which was her weakness and disgrace. The church and the state were the same, after the revolution, as they were before; but better secured in every part.

Was little done, because a revolution was not made in the constitution? No; every thing was done, because we began with reparation, not with ruin. Accordingly, the state flourished. Instead of lying as dead, in a sort of trance, or exposed, as some others, in an epileptic fit, to the pity and derision of the world, for her wild, ridiculous, convulsive movements, impotent to every purpose but that of dashing out her brains against the pavement, Great Britain rose above the standard even of her former self. An era of a more improved domestic prosperity then commenced, and still continues, not only unimpaired, but growing under the wasting hand of Time. All the energies of the country were awakened. England never presented a firmer countenance, or a more vigorous arm, to all her enemies, and to all her rivals. Europe, under her, respired and revived; every where she appeared as the protector, assertor, or avenger of liberty. The states of *Europe lay happy under the shade of a great and free mo-*

narchy, which knew how to be great without endangering its own peace at home, or disturbing the internal or external peace of its neighbours.

THE SPEECH OF TELEMACHUS.

I CONFESS, that if any man can deserve to be surprised and deceived, it is Adrastus, who has practised fraud against all mankind; and I am sensible that the surprise of Venusium will only put you in possession of a town, which, by right, is yours already; because it belongs to the Apulians, who are confederates in your expedition: I also acknowledge that you may improve this opportunity with the greater appearance of justice, as Adrastus, who has made a deposit of the town in question, has, at the same time, corrupted the commander and the garrison, to suffer him to enter it whenever he shall think fit: and I am convinced, as well as you, that if you should take possession of Venusium to-day, you would, to-morrow, be masters of the neighbouring castle, in which Adrastus has formed his magazine; and that, the day following, this formidable war would be at an end. But is it not better to perish, than to conquer by means like these? Must fraud be counteracted by fraud? Shall it be said, that so many kings, who united to punish the perfidy of Adrastus, were themselves perfidious? If we can adopt the practices of Adrastus without guilt, Adrastus himself is innocent; and our attempt to punish him injurious. Has all Hesperia, sustained by so many colonies of Greece, by so many heroes returned from the siege of Troy, no other arms to oppose the treachery and fraud of Adrastus, than treachery and fraud? You have sworn by all that is most sacred, to leave Venusium a deposit in the hands of the Lucanians: the Lucanian garrison, you say, is corrupted by Adrastus, and I believe it to be true: but this garrison is still Lucanian; it receives the pay of the Lucanians, and has not yet refused to obey them; it has preserved, at least, an appearance of neutrality; neither Adrastus nor his people have yet entered it; the treaty is still subsisting; and the gods have not forgotten your oath. Is a promise never to be kept, but when a plausible pretence to break it is wanting? Shall an oath be sacred only, when nothing is to be gained by its violation? If you are inato-

sible to the love of virtue, and the fear of the gods, have you no regard to your interest and reputation? If you give so pernicious an example to mankind, by breaking your promise and violating your oath, in order to put an end to a war, how many wars will this impious conduct excite? By which of your neighbours will you not be at once dreaded and abhorred? and by whom will you afterwards be trusted in the most pressing necessity? What security can you give for your faith, when you design to keep it? and how will you convince your neighbours, that you intend no fraud, even when you are sincere? Shall this security be a solemn treaty? You have trodden treaties under foot. Shall it be an oath? Will they not know that you set the gods at defiance, when you can derive any advantage from perjury? With respect to you, peace will be a state of no greater security than war; for whatever you do, will be considered as the operations of war, either secret or avowed. You will be the constant enemies of all, who have the misfortune to be your neighbours. Every affair, which requires reputation, probity, or confidence, will, to you, become impracticable; and you will never be able to make any promise that can be believed. But there is yet another interest, yet nearer and more pressing, which must strike you, if you are not lost to all sense of probity, and wholly blind to your advantage; a conduct so perfidious, will be a canker in the very heart of your alliance, which it must finally destroy. The fraud which you are about to practise against Adrastus, will inevitably render him victorious.

Ye mighty chiefs! renowned for magnanimity and wisdom, who govern innumerable people with experienced command, despise not the counsel of a youth. Whatever is your danger or distress, your resources should be diligence and virtue. True fortitude can never despair; but if once you pass the barrier of integrity and honour, your retreat is cut off, and your ruin inevitable: you can never more establish that confidence, without which no affair of importance can succeed: you can never make those hold virtue sacred, whom you have once taught to despise it. And, after all, what have you to fear? Will not your courage conquer, without so base an auxiliary as fraud? Are not your own powers, and the strength of united nations, sufficient? Let us fight; if we must, let us die; but let

us not conquer with the loss of virtue and of fame. Adrastus, the impious Adrastus, is in our power; and nothing can deliver him, but our participation of the crimes that expose him to the wrath of heaven. FENELON.

MARINO FALIERO'S ADDRESS TO THE VENETIAN CONSPIRATORS.

You see me here,
As one of you hath said, an old, unarm'd,
Defenceless man; and yesterday you saw me
Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,
Nor yours, but of our masters—the patricians.
Why I was there, you know, or think you know;
Why I am *here*, he who hath been most wrong'd,
He who among you hath been most insulted,
Outraged, and trodden on, until he doubt
If he be worm or no, may answer for me,
Asking of his own heart—what brought him here?
You know my recent story, all men know it,
And judge of it far differently from those
Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
But spare me the recital—it is here,
Here, at my heart, the outrage—but my words,
Already spent in unavailing plaints,
Would only show my feebleness the more;
And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
And urge them on to deeds, and not to war
With woman's weapons; but I need not urge you.
Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices
In this—I cannot call it commonwealth,
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor people,
But all the sins of the old Spartan state,
Without its virtues—temperance and valour.
The lords of Lacedemon were true soldiers,
But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots,
Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved,
Although drest out to head a pageant, as
The Greeks of yore made drunk their slaves, to form
A pastime for their children. You are met.

To overthrow this monster of a state,
This mockery of a government, this spectre,
Which must be exorcised with blood, and then
We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Condensing in a fair, free commonwealth,
Not rash equality but equal rights,
Proportion'd like the columns to the temple,
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.
In operating this great change, I claim
To be one of you—if you trust in me ;
If not, strike home,—my life is compromised,
And I would rather fall by freemen's hands,
Than live another day to act the tyrant,
As delegate of tyrants ; such I am not,
And never have been—read it in our annals ;
I can appeal to my past government
In many lands and cities ; they can tell you
If I were an oppressor, or a man
Feeling and thinking for my fellow men.
Haply had I been what the senate sought,
A thing of robes and trinkets, dizen'd out
To sit in state as for a sovereign's picture ;
A popular scourge, a ready sentence-signer,
A stickler for the Senate and “ the Forty,”
A sceptic of all measures which had not
The sanction of “ the Ten,” a council-fawner,
A tool, a fool, a puppet,—they had ne'er
Foster'd the wretch who stung me. What I suffer
Has reach'd me through my pity for the people ;
That many know, and they who know not yet,
Will one day learn : meantime, I do devote,
Whate'er the issue, my last days of life—
My present power, such as it is, not that
Of Doge, but of a man who has been great
Before he was degraded to a doge,
And still has individual means and mind ;
I stake my fame (and I had fame)—my breath
(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh)—
My heart—my hope—my soul—upon this cast !
Such as I am, I offer me to you

And to your chiefs, accept me or reject me,
A prince who fain would be a citizen
Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so. **BYRON.**

SPEECH OF MR. WILBERFORCE ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

MR. SPEAKER,—When we consider the vastness of the continent of Africa; when we reflect, that all other countries have for some centuries been advancing in happiness and civilization; when we recollect, that in this same period, all improvement in Africa has been defeated by her intercourse with Britain; when we reflect, that it is we ourselves who have degraded her inhabitants to that wretched brutishness and barbarity, which we now plead as the justification of our guilt; that the slave trade has enslaved their minds, blackened their character, and sunk them to a scale scarcely above irrational beings, what mortification must we feel at having so long neglected to think of our criminality, or to attempt any reparation? Let us then make such amends as we can, for the mischief we have done to that unhappy continent. Let us put an end at once to this inhuman traffic. Let us stop this effusion of human blood. The true way to virtue is, by avoiding temptation: let us therefore withdraw from these wretched Africans, those temptations to fraud, violence, cruelty, and injustice, which the slave trade furnishes. Wherever the sun shines, let us go round the world with him, diffusing our beneficence; but let us not traffic, only that we may set kings against their subjects, and subjects against their kings; sowing discord in every village, fear and terror in every family; setting millions of our fellow-creatures to hunt each other for slaves, creating fairs and markets for human flesh, through one whole continent of the world; and, under the name of policy, concealing from ourselves all the baseness and iniquity of such a traffic. The nature, and all the circumstances of this trade are now laid open to us; we can no longer plead ignorance; we cannot evade it; it is now an object placed before us; we cannot pass it; we may spurn it, we may kick it out of the way; but we cannot turn aside, so as to avoid seeing it: for it is brought now so directly before our eyes, that this House

must decide; and must justify to all the world, and to their own consciences, the rectitude of the grounds and principles of their decision.

SPEECH OF JOHN GARRATT, ESQ.,

*Lord Mayor of London, on laying the foundation-stone of
New London Bridge, June 5, 1825.*

IT is unnecessary for me to say much upon the purpose for which we are assembled this day, for its importance to this great commercial city must be evident; but I cannot refrain from offering a few observations, feeling, as I do, more than ordinary interest in the accomplishment of the undertaking, of which this day's ceremony is the primary step. I should not consider the present a favourable moment to enter into the chronology or detailed history of the present venerable structure, which is now, from the increased commerce of the country, and the rapid strides made by the sciences in this kingdom, found inadequate to its purposes, but would rather advert to the great advantages which will necessarily result from the execution of this national work. Whether it be taken into consideration the rapid and consequently dangerous currents, arising from the obstructions occasioned by the defects of this ancient edifice, which has proved destructive to human life and to property, or its difficult and incommodious approaches and acclivity, it must be a matter of sincere congratulation, that we are living in times when the resources of this highly-favoured country are competent to a work of such great public utility. If ever there was a period more suitable than another for embarking in national improvements, it must be the present, governed as we are by a sovereign, patron of the arts, under whose mild and paternal sway (by the blessing of Divine Providence), we now enjoy profound peace; living under a government, by whose enlightened and liberal policy our trade and manufactures are in a flourishing state; represented by a parliament, whose acts of munificence shed a lustre upon their proceedings: thus happily situated, it is impossible not to hail such advantages with other feelings than those of gratitude and delight. I cannot conclude these remarks, without acknowledging how highly complimentary I feel it to the honourable office I now fill, to view such an auditory

as surrounds me; among whom are his Majesty's ministers, several distinguished nobles of the land, the magistrates and commonalty of this ancient and loyal city, and, above all, (that which must ever enlighten and give splendour to any scene), a brilliant assembly of the other sex, all of whom, I feel assured, will concur with me in expressing an earnest wish that the New London Bridge, when completed, may reflect credit upon the architects, prove an ornament to the metropolis, and redound to the honour of its corporation. I offer up a sincere and fervent prayer, that in executing this great task there may occur no calamity; that in performing that which is most particularly intended as a prevention of future danger, no mischief may occur with the general admiration of the undertaking.

SPEECH OF HENRY V. BEFORE HARFLEUR.

How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the latest parle we will admit:
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
 Or like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst; as I'm a soldier,
 (A name that in my thoughts becomes me best)
 If I begin the batt'ry once again,
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
 Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh-fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.
 Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town and of your people,
 While yet my soldiers are in my command.
 If not; why, in a moment look to see
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most rev'rend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 While the mad mothers with their howls confused
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry.
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or guilty in defence be thus destroy'd? SHAKESPEARE.

PART VI.

COMIC PIECES.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN, in many a country town we know,
Professing openly with Death to wrestle,
Ent'ring the field against the grisly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.
Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother;
So (many a suff'ring patient saith,)
Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.
A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a clyster;
Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*;
Yet still he thought the list not long enough,
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't:
This balanced things: for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran ;

In short, in reputation he was *solus* :

All the old women call'd him " A fine man !"

His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,

(Which oftentimes will genius fetter)

Read works of fancy, it is said,

And cultivated the *belles lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd ?

Can't men have taste, who cure a phthisic ?

Of poetry though patron god,

Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in't,

That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass,

Of writing the directions on his labels

In dapper couplets—like *Gay's Fables* ;

Or rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse ! and where's the treason ?

'Tis simply honest dealing, not a crime ;

When patients swallow physic without reason,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,

Some three miles from the town, it might be four,

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article

In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,

And on the label of the stuff

He wrote this verse,—

Which one would think was clear enough,

And terse :

" WHEN TAKEN,

" TO BE WELL SHAKEN."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose,

And to the patient's house he goes

Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had ;

It was, indeed, a very sorry hack,

But that's of course :

For what's expected from a horse

With an apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arrived ; and gave a *doubtful* tap,

Between a single and a double rap ;

Knocks of this kind
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance ;
 By fiddlers, and by opera singers :
 One loud, and then a little one behind ;
 As if the knocker fell by chance,
 Out of their fingers.
 The servant lets him in, with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place—
 Portending some disaster ;
 John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
 As if th' apothecary had physic'd him,
 And not his master.
 " Well, how's the patient ?" Bolus said,
 John shook his head.
 " Indeed ! hum !—ha ! that's very odd !
 " He took the draught ?" John gave a nod.
 " Well—how ? What then, speak out, you dunce !"
 " Why, then," says John, " we *shook* him once."
 " Shook him !—how ?" Bolus stammer'd out.
 " We jolted him about."
 " Zounds ! shake a patient, man ! a shake won't do."
 " No, Sir ; and so we gave him two."
 " Two shakes ! odds curse !
 " " 'Twould make the patient worse."
 " It did so, Sir, and so a third we tried."
 " Well, and what then ?" " Then, Sir, my master died."
 COLMAN.

NOSE AND EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
 So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;
 While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.
 " In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
 " And your lordship," he said, " will undoubtedly find,
 " That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 " Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
 "Your lordship observes, they are made with a straddle
 "As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
 "Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.
 "Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
 "('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
 "That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
 "Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?
 "On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
 "With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 "That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 "And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."
 Then shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how,)
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.
 So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
 That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on—
 By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut!
 COWPER.

THE BOILED PIG.

SOME husbands, on a winter's day,
 Were met to laugh their spleen away;
 As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
 They praise their spouses to the skies.
 Obedient wives are seldom known,
 Yet all could answer for their own;
 Acknowledge each a sovereign lord,
 Abroad, at home, in deed, and word.
 For pride, or shame to be outdone,
 All join'd in the discourse, but one,
 Who, vex'd so many lies to hear,
 Thus stops their arrogant career.
 "'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what ye say,
 "What, all so absolute your sway?
 "Fie! men of sense, to be so vain,
 "You're not in Turkey, or in Spain;
 "True Britons, all, I'll lay my life,
 "None here is master of his wife."

These words the general fury rouse,
And all the common cause espouse,
Till one with voice superior said,
(Whose lungs were sounder than his head,)

"I'll send my footman instant home,
"To bid his mistress hither come;
"And if she flies not at my call,
"To own my power before you all,
"I'll grant I'm henpeck'd, if you please,
"As Sherlock, or as Socrates."

"Hold, there," replies the objector glib,
"Prove first that women never fib,
"Else words are wind;—to tell you true
"I credit neither them nor you.

"No, we'll be judged another way,
"By what they do, not what they say;
"I'll hold you severally, that boast,
"A supper, at the loser's cost,
"That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
"The trick I'll tell you by and by,
"Send straight for every wife quite round,
"One mother's daughter is not found,
"But what, before her husband's face,
"Point-blank his order disobeys."

Immediately they all consent,
The wagers laid, the summons sent;
Meanwhile he this instruction gives—
"Pray, only gravely tell your wives,
"Your will and pleasure is t' invite
"These friends to a *boil'd* PIG to-night:
"The treat is mine, if they refuse,
"But if they boil it, then I lose."

The first to whom the message came,
Was a well-bred, but haughty dame;
A saucy independent she,
With jointure and with pin-money;
Her loftiness disdain'd to hear
Half through her husband's messenger,
But cut him short—with, "How dares he
"'Mongst pot-companions, send for me?
"He knows his way (if sober) home,
"And if he wants me, let him come."

This answer, hastily return'd,
 Pleased all but him it most concern'd,
 For each one thought his wife, on trial,
 Would brighter shine by this denial.

The second was a lady gay,
 Who loved to visit, dress, and play;
 She, hearing of her husband's name,
 Though much a gentlewoman, came,
 Being half inform'd of his request,
 A dish as he desired it dress'd;
 Quoth madam, with a serious face,
 (Without inquiring what it was,)
 "You sure can't for an answer look!
 "Sir, do you take me for the cook?
 "But I must haste, a friend to see,
 "Who waits my coming for her tea."
 So said, that minute out she flew—
 What could the slighted husband do?
 His wager lost, needs must appear,
 For none obey that will not hear.

The next, for housewifery renown'd,
 A woman notable was own'd;
 To serve a feast she understood,
 In English, or in foreign mode;
 She spared for neither cost nor pain,
 Her welcome friends to entertain;
 Her husband fair accosts her thus,
 "To-night these friends will sup with us."
 She answer'd with a smile, "My dear,
 "Your friends are always welcome here,
 "But we desire a Pig, and pray
 "You'll boil it." "Boil it, did you say?
 "I hope you'll give me leave to know
 "My business better, sir, than so.
 "I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,
 "Let those who know no better spoil it!"
 Her husband cried, "For all my boast,
 "I own the wager's fairly lost."

Now the poor wretch who next him sat,
 Felt his own heart go pit-a-pit,
 For well he knew his spouse's way,
 Her spirit brook'd not to obey;

Never yet once was in the wrong.
 He told her, with a trembling tongue,
 Where, and on what, his friends would feast,
 And how the dainty should be drest.
 "To-night?" quoth (in a passion) she,
 "No, sir, to-night it cannot be;
 "And was it a boil'd Pig you said?
 "You and your friends are sure run mad:
 "The kitchen is the proper sphere,
 "Where none but females should appear,
 "And cooks their orders, by your leave,
 "Always from mistresses receive—
 "Boil it! was ever such an ass!!
 "Pray, sir, what wou'd you have for sauce?
 "If any servant, in my pay,
 "Dare dress a Pig—that silly way,
 "In spite of any whim of yours,
 "I'll turn her quickly out of doors."
 This cause was quickly judg'd.—Behold
 A fair one, of a softer mould;
 Good humour sparkled in her eye,
 And unaffected pleasantry.
 So mild and sweet, she enter'd in,
 Her spouse thought certainly to win;
 (Pity such golden hopes should fail!)
 Soon as she heard the appointed tale,
 "My dear, I know not, I protest,
 "Whether in earnest, or in jest;
 "So strange the thing which you demand:
 "Howe'er, I'll not disputing stand,
 "But do it freely, as you bid it,
 "Prove but that woman ever did it!"
 This cause, by general consent,
 Was lost for want of precedent;
 They each denied a several way,
 But each agreed to disobey.
 Only one dame did yet remain,
 Who, downright honest was, and plain;
 Her husband told her, looking grave,
 "A roasting Pig I boil'd must have,
 "And to prevent all *pro* and *con*,
 "I do insist to have it done."

Says she, "My dearest, should your wife
 "Get a nickname, to last for life?
 "If you resolve to spoil it—do,
 "But, then, I hope you'll eat it too;
 "For though 'tis boil'd, to hinder squabble,
 "I shall not, will not, sit at table."
 She spoke, and her good man alone,
 Found he had neither lost nor won,
 But fairly parted stakes;—the rest,
 Fell on the wag that caused the jest.
 "Would your wife boil it? let us see!"
 "Hold, there! you did not wager me;
 "You'll find, in spite of all you've boasted,
 "Your pigs were fatted to be roasted;
 "The wager's lost, no more contend,
 "But take this counsel from a friend:—
 "Boast not your empire, if you prize it,
 "For happiest he who never tries it;
 "Wives, unprovoked, may still obey,
 "And that you'll find the safest way;
 "But if your spouses take the field,
 "Resolve at first to win, or yield;
 "For heaven no medium ever gave,
 "Between a sovereign and a slave."

Mrs. Piozzi.

THE PICTURE.

Old men young women wed, by way of nurses;
 Young men old women, just to fill their purses;
 Nor young men only; for, 'tis my belief,
 (Nor do I think the metaphor a bold one,)
 When folks in life turn over a new leaf,
 Why, very few would grumble at a gold one.
 A worthy knight, 'yclept Sir Peter Pickle,
 By love was made to look exceeding glumpy;
 The maid whose charms had power his heart to tickle,
 Was Miss Cordelia Carolina Crumpy!
 This said Sir Peter was, as you shall hear,
 Although a knight, as poor as any poet,
 But handsome as Apollo Belvidere,
 And vain Sir Peter seem'd full well to know it.

No wonder, then, that Miss Cordelia Crumpy
 Could not, unmoved, hear such a lover sue ;
 Sweet, sympathetic maiden, fat and stumpy ;
 Green-eyed, red-hair'd, and turn'd of sixty-two !
 But tell me, Muse, what charm it was could tickle
 The once invincible Sir Peter Pickle ?
 Was it her eyes, that, so attach'd to one day,
 Look'd piously seven diff'rent ways for Sunday ?
 Was it her hump, that had a camel suited ?
 Her left leg bandy ? or her right club-footed ?
 Or nose, in shape so like a liquor funnel ?
 Or mouth, whose width might shame the Highgate Tunnel ?
 Was it the beauties of her face combined,
 A face—(since similes I have began on)
 Not like a face that I can call to mind,
 Except the one beneath the Regent's Cannon !

No, gentle friends ! although such beauties might
 Have warm'd the bosom of an anchorite,
 The charm that made our knight all milk and honey,
 Was that infallible specific—money !

Peter, whom want of brass had made more brazen,
 In moving terms began his love to blazon ;
 Sigh after sigh, in quick succession rushes,
 Nor are the labours of his lungs in vain ;
 Her cheek soon crimsoned with consenting blushes,
 Red as the chimney-pot just after rain !

The licence bought, he marries her in haste,
 Brings home his bride, and gives his friends a gay day ;
 All his relations, wond'ring at his taste,
 Vow'd he had better had "The pig-faced Lady !" ¹
 Struck with this monstrous heap of womankind,
 The thought of money never cross'd their mind.

The dinner o'er, the ladies and the bride
 Retired, and wine and chat went round jocosely ;
 Sir Peter's brother took the knight aside,
 And question'd him about the matter closely.

" Confound it, Peter ! how came you to pitch
 " On such an ugly, squinting, squabby witch ?
 " A man like you, so handsome and so knowing ;
 " Your wits, my friend, must surely be a going !

" Who could have thought you such a tasteless oaf,
 " To wed a lump of odd-come-shorts and bits,
 " That Madam Nature, in her merry fits,
 " Had jumbled into something like a face !
 " With skin as black, as if she charcoal fed on,
 " Crooked and crusty like an outside loaf;
 " A remnant of an ouran-outang face,
 " Eve's grandmother, with the serpent's head on !
 " What spell could into such a hobble throw you ?"
 " Just step up stairs (says Peter), and I'll show you."
 Up stairs they went :—" There, there's her picture ! say,
 " Is it not like her, Sir ? Your judgment, pray ?"
 " Like her, Sir Peter ! take it not uncivil,
 " 'Tis like her, and as ugly as the devil,
 " With just her squinting leer : but, Peter, what
 " A very handsome *frame* it's got !
 " So richly gilt, and so superbly wrought !"
 " You're right, (says Peter) 'twas the frame that caught !"
 " I grant my wife is ugly, squabby, old,
 " But still she pleases, being *set in gold* !
 " Let others for the *picture* feel a flame,
 " I, my good brother, married for the *frame* !"

PLANCHE.

A CHAPTER ON LOGIC.

AN Eton stripling, training for the law,
 A dunce at syntax, but a dab at taw,
 One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
 His cap and gown, and stores of learned pelf,
 With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
 To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
 Arrived, and pass'd the usual how-d'ye-do's,
 Inquiries of old friends, and college news :
 " Well, Tom—the road—what saw you worth discerning ?
 " And how goes study ?—What is't you're learning ?"
 " Oh ! Logic, Sir ; but not the shallow rules
 " Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools !
 " 'Tis wit and wrangler's logic ; thus, d'ye see,
 " I'll prove at once, as plain as A. B. C.
 " That an *eel pie* 's a *pigeon*. To deny it,
 " Would be to swear black's not black." " Come, let's
 try it."

"An *eel* pie is a pie of *fish*."—"Agreed."
 "Fish pie may be a *jack* pie."—"Well, proceed."
 "A *jack* pie is a *John* pie; and, 'tis done,
 "For every *John-Pie* must be a *Pie-John*." (Pigeon.)
 "Bravo!" Sir Peter cries, "*Logic* for ever!
 "That beats my grandmother, and she was clever!
 "But hold, my boy, it surely would be hard,
 "That wit and learning should have no reward,
 "To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
 "And there I'll give thee"—"What?" "My *Chesnut Horse*!"
 "A horse!" cries Tom, "'Sblood, pedigree, and paces!
 "Zounds, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"
 To bed he went, and wept for downright sorrow,
 That night must go before he'd see the morrow;
 Dreamt of his boots and spurs, and leather breeches;
 Hunting of cats, and leaping rails and ditches.
 Left his warm rest an hour before the lark;
 Dragg'd his old uncle, fasting, to the park.
 Halter in hand, each vale he scour'd;—at loss
 To spy out something like a chesnut horse;
 But no such animal the meadows cropp'd.
 At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopp'd,
 A branch he caught, then shook it, and down fell
 A fine Horse-chesnut, in its prickly shell.
 "There, Tom, take that." "Well, Sir, and what beside?"
 "Why, since you're booted, *saddle it, and ride*."
 "Ride what? a chesnut!" "Aye, come, get across;
 "I tell you, Tom, that *chesnut* is a *horse*—
 "And all the horse you'll get; for I can show,
 "As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so;
 "Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
 "Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!
 "Or old Mallebranche—blind pilot into knowledge!
 "But by the laws of *wit* and *Eton College*;
 "All axioms but the *wrangler's* I'll disown,
 "And stick to one sound argument—*your own*:
 "Thus, now, you've proved it, as I don't deny,
 "That a *pie-John* 's the same as a *John-pie*.
 "What follows, then? but as a thing of course,
 "That a *Horse-chesnut* is a *Chesnut Horse*."

SURNAMES.

MEN once were surnamed from their shape, or estate,
(You all may from history worm it,)

There was Louis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,
John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit;

But now, when the door-plates of Misters and Dames
Are read, each so constantly varies
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, surnames
Seem giv'n by the rule of contraries.

Mr. *Box*, though provoked, never doubles his fist,

Mr. *Burns*, in his grate, has no fuel;

Mr. *Playfair* wont catch me at hazard, or whist,

Mr. *Coward* was wing'd in a duel.

Mr. *Wise* is a dunce, Mr. *King* is a whig,

Mr. *Coffin*'s uncommonly sprightly,

And huge Mr. *Little* broke down in a gig,

While driving fat Mrs. *Golightly*.

Mrs. *Drinkwater*'s apt to indulge in a dram,

Mrs. *Angel*'s an absolute fury,

And meek Mr. *Lyon* let fierce Mr. *Lamb*

Tweak his nose in the lobby of Drury:

At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,

(A conduct well worthy of Nero,)

Over poor Mr. *Lightfoot*, confined with the gout,

Mr. *Heavyside* danced a bolero.

Miss *Joy*, wretched maid! when she chose Mr. *Love*,

Found nothing but sorrow await her,

She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,

That fondest of mates, Mr. *Hayter*;

Mr. *Oldcastle* dwells in a modern-built hut,

Miss *Sage* is of mad-caps the archest,

Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,

Old Mr. *Younghusband*'s the starchest.

Mr. *Child*, in a passion, knocked down Mr. *Rock*,

Mr. *Stone* like an aspen-leaf shivers;

Miss *Poole* used to dance, but she stands like a stock

Ever since she became Mrs. *Rivers*.

Mr. *Swift* hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,

He moves as though cords had entwined him;

Mr. *Metcalf*e ran off upon meeting a cow,

With pale Mr. *Turnbull* behind him.

Mr. *Barker's* as mute as a fish in the sea,
 Mr. *Miles* never moves on a journey;
 Mr. *Gotobed* sits up till half after-three,
 Mr. *Makepeace* was bred an attorney.
 Mr. *Gardener* can't tell a flower from a root,
 Mr. *Wild* with timidity draws back;
 Mr. *Rider* performs all his journeys on foot,
 Mr. *Foote* all his journeys on horseback.
 Mr. *Penny*, whose father was rolling in wealth,
 Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won;
 Large Mr. *Le Fever* 's the picture of health,
 Mr. *Goodenough* is but a bad one.
 Mr. *Cruikshank* stepp'd into three thousand a-year,
 By showing his leg to an heiress;
 Now I hope you'll acknowledge, I've made it quite clear,
 Surnames ever go by contraries.

SMITH.

HOPE AND FEAR.

Two pilgrims, Hope and Fear, agreed,
 To Pleasure's altar they'd proceed,
 And sacrifice together;
 Fair Hope was young, but Fear was old,
 And droop'd with heat, and shrunk with cold,
 While Hope still praised the weather.
 Quoth Fear, "I guess, ere long, 'twill rain!"
 "And then," said Hope, "'twill clear again."
 "Yon rock, so steep and frightful,
 To climb," said Fear, "'twere vain to try!"
 "Oh, yes, we will;" was Hope's reply;
 "The view must be delightful!"
 "I'm sure," said Fear. "we've miss'd the way,
 And ne'er shall reach the shrine to-day;
 "My strength, my spirits falter."
 "On, on!" said Hope, "I know we're right!"
 And oft mistook the northern light
 For lamps on Pleasure's altar.
 At length they reach'd the blooming fane,
 In spite of danger, toil, and pain,
 Rough ways, and stormy weather;
 When, lo! from Pleasure's torch there came
 A flash of roseate fire, whose flame
 Kill'd Hope and Fear together.

Hope, while she lived, was well beloved ;
 Yet when she died, no soul was moved
 To feel one hour's depression ;
 All thought her place so well supplied
 By mild Content's celestial bride,
 Whom mortals call—Possession !

THE LEAN COMEDIAN.

WHENE'ER the sea surrounds a bit of dry land,
 Geographers have named the spot an island ;
 Land, fenced by water, ev'ry body knows,
 Is guarded well ; this truth annoys our foes ;
 Who, of invasion were they undertakers,
 Might chance to knock their heads against our *breakers*.
 We'll *wave* that subject till they please to try us,
 And when they do, full dearly shall they buy us.

My story on an island though I've cast,
 The place to which the subject of it turns ye,
 Is not *this* island, by no isle surpass'd,
 But one much smaller, which is christen'd Guernsey
 Yet, like its larger neighbours, it has towns,
 Roads, rivers, hills, and dales, and ups and downs,
 Outs, inns, parks, palaces, and many a steeple,
 And a gay play-house, too, for stage-struck people ;
 A theatre, well managed, there's no hurt in,
 So, with your leave, we'll peep behind the curtain.

The manager was one of those sharp elves,
 Who serve at once the public and themselves ;
 Each rarity he thought would please the town,
 Was instantly per boat and stage sent down ;
 And thus, by turns, his audience receives
 Young Roscii, Mother Goose, and Forty Thieves ;
 Bannister's Budget, Incledon's sweet notes,
 Braham and Catalani's warbling throats.

Among those candidates without a name,
 Who rather *work* for bread, than *play* for fame ;
 Among the list who managers implore
 For meat, drink, washing, lodging, and no more,
 Came one "so wither'd, wild in his attire,"
 So woe-begone a youth did ne'er aspire
 With concord of sweet sounds the heart to reach,
 Or cleave the general ear with horrid speech !

Well might an audience pity his presumption !
 Ne'er was a child of hungry famine seen
 So very pale, so wan, so tall, so lean ;
 Not like a rushlight, because that
 Can't live without some particle of fat
 But like a skeleton in a consumption.

Now it so happen'd, on that very day,
 That "Romeo and Juliet" was the play ;
 The *corps theatric* were but very few ;
 Each had his part assign'd, and some had *two* ;
 One yet remain'd, a little one, indeed,
 But to the author's plot, essential very ;
 Therefore our hero was engaged and fee'd
 To act the starved apothecary.

Had Shakespeare lived he would have died with pleasure
 To see how well his pen had taken measure
 Of him whose voice and figure did so strike,
 So wonderfully he bewitch'd alike
 Lords, ladies, peasants, milkmaids, tars, and doxies ;
 That had not the apothecary play'd,
 'The manager had only made
 "A beggarly account of empty boxes."

Thus often are the public led on,
 By whim, caprice, stage-artifice and trick,
 "As if increase of appetite grew thick
 "By what it fed on."
 And soon this lucky elf,
 Cramming the theatre, so cramm'd himself,
 That when good nutriment had plump'd his skin,
 Growing too fat, the company grew thin ;
 'Till out of size, the manager's discharge
 Left him, in truth, a gentleman at *large*.

MISCONCEPTION.

ERE night her sable curtain spread,
 Ere Phœbus had retired to bed
 In Thetis' lap ;
 Ere drowsy watchmen yet had early ta'en
 Their drowsy nap,

A wight, by hunger fierce made bold,
 To farmer Fitz Maurice's fold,
 Did slily creep,
 Where num'rous flocks were quiet laid,
 In the arms of sleep.

No doubt, the sheep he meant to steal,
 But, hapless! close behind his heel,
 Was ploughman Joe,
 Who just arrived in time to stop
 The wond'rous blow.

May ill luck on ill actions wait!
 The felon must to Justice straight
 Be dragg'd by force;
 Where prosecutions urge his guilt
 Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelm'd the victim stands,
 Anticipates the dread commands
 From the elbow chair,
 Where Justice sits in solemn state,
 And frowns—"Beware!"

"Rogue! what excuse hast thou for this,
 "Since to old Gilbert Fitz Maurice,
 "Thou knewest, full well,
 "The sheep within that fold belong'd?
 "Come, quickly tell.

"Confess thy crime; 'twill nought avail
 "To say the mark above the tail
 "Thou did'st not heed;
 "For G. F. M. in letters large,
 "Thou mightest read."

"'Tis true, I did," the thief replies,
 "But man is not at all times wise;
 "As I'm a glutton,
 "I clearly thought that G. F. M.
 "Meant *Good Fat Mutton!*"

TIT FOR TAT

A LAW there is, of ancient fame,
 By nature's self in every land implanted
Lex Talionis is its Latin name;
 But if an English term be wanted,
 Give your next neighbour but a pat,
 He'll give you back as good, and tell you—*tit for tat*.

This *tit for tat*, it seems, not men alone,
 But Elephants, for legal justice own:
 In proof of this, a story I shall tell ye,
 Imported from the famous town of Delhi.

A mighty Elephant that swell'd the state
 Of Aurengzebe the Great,
 One day was taken by his driver
 To drink and cool him in the river;
 The driver on his neck was seated,
 And as he rode along,
 By some acquaintance in the throng,
 With a ripe cocoa-nut was treated.

A cocoa-nut's a pretty fruit enough,
 But guarded by a shell, both hard and tough,
 The fellow tried, and tried, and tried,
 Working and sweating,
 Pishing and fretting,
 To find out its inside,
 And pick the kernel for his eating.

At length, quite out of patience grown,
 "Who'll reach me up (he cries) a stone
 "To break this plaguy shell?
 "But stay, I've here a solid bone,
 "May do perhaps as well."
 So half in earnest, half in jest,
 He bang'd it on the forehead of his beast.

An elephant, they say, has human feeling,
 And, full as well as we, he knows
 The difference between words and blows,
 Between horse-play and civil dealing.

Use him but well, he'll do his best,
 And serve you faithfully and truly ;
 But insults unprovoked he can't digest,
 He studies o'er them, and repays them duly.

"To make my head an anvil," (thought the creature)

"Was never, certainly, the will of Nature ;

"So, master mine ! you may repent :"

Then, shaking his broad ears, away he went :

The driver took him to the water,

And thought no more about the matter ;

But Elephant within his mem'ry hid it ;

He *felt* the wrong,—the other only *did* it.

A week or two elapsed, one market-day

Again the beast and driver took their way ;

Thro' rows of shops and booths they pass'd,

With eatables and trinkets stored,

Till to a gard'ner's stall they came at last,

Where cocoa-nuts lay piled upon the board.

"Ha !" thought the Elephant, "'tis now my turn

"To show this method of nut breaking ;

"My friend above will like to learn,

"Though at the cost of a head-aching."

Then in his curling trunk he took a heap,

And waved it o'er his neck with sudden sweep,

And on the hapless driver's sconce

He laid a blow, so hard and full,

That crack'd the nuts at once,

But with them crack'd his skull.

Young folks, whene'er you feel inclined

To rompish sports and freedoms rough,

Bear *tit for tat* in mind,

Nor give an Elephant a cuff,

To be repaid in kind.

PHÆTON JUNIOR.

YE heroes of the upper form,

Who long for whip and reins,

Come listen to a dismal tale,

Set forth in dismal strains.

Young Jehu was a lad of fame,
 As all the school could tell ;
 At cricket, taw, and prison-base,
 He bore away the bell.

Now welcome Whitsuntide was come,
 And boys with merry hearts
 Were gone to visit dear mamma,
 And eat her pies and tarts.

As soon as Jehu saw his sire,
 " A boon ! a boon !" he cried ;
 " O, if I am your darling boy,
 " Let me not be denied."

" My darling boy, indeed, thou art,"
 The father wise replied ;
 " So name the boon ; I promise thee
 " It shall not be denied."

" Then give me, Sir, your long-lash'd whip,
 " And give your gig and pair,
 " To drive alone to yonder town,
 " And flourish through the fair."

The father shook his head, " My son,
 " You know not what you ask ;
 " To drive a gig in crowded streets
 " Is no such easy task.

" The horses, full of rest and corn,
 " Scarce I myself can guide ;
 " And much I fear, if you attempt,
 " Some mischief will betide.

" Then think, dear boy, of something else,
 " That's better worth your wishing ;
 " A bow and quiver, bats and balls,
 " A rod and lines for fishing."

But nothing could young Jehu please
 Except a touch at driving ;
 'Twas all in vain, his father found,
 To spend his breath in striving.

" At least attend, rash boy !" he cried,
 " And follow good advice,
 " Or in a ditch both gig and you
 " Will tumble, in a trice.

"Spare, spare the whip, hold hard the reins,
"The steeds go fast enough;
"Keep in the middle beaten track,
"Nor cross the ruts so rough.
"And when within the town you come,
"Be sure, with special care,
"Drive clear of sign-posts, booths, and stalls,
"And monsters of the fair."

The youth scarce heard his father out,
But roar'd—"Bring out the whisky!"
With joy he view'd the rolling wheels,
And prancing ponies frisky.

He seized the reins, and up he sprung,
And waved the whistling lash;
"Take care! take care!" his father cried:
But off he went slap-dash.

Who's this light spark? the horses thought,
We'll try your strength, young master;
So o'er the rugged turnpike road
Still faster ran and faster.

Young Jehu, tott'ring in his seat,
Now wish'd to pull them in;
But pulling from so young a hand
They valued not a pin.

A drove of grunting pigs before
Had fill'd up half the way;
Dash through the midst the horses drove,
And made a rueful day.

For some were trampled under foot,
Some crush'd beneath the wheel;
Lord! how the drivers cursed and swore,
And how the pigs did squeal!

A farmer's wife, on old blind Ball,
Went slowly on the road,
With butter, eggs, and cheese, and cream,
In two large panniers stow'd.

Ere Ball could stride the rut, amain
The gig came thund'ring on,
Crash went the panniers, and the dame
And Ball lay overthrown.

Now through the town the mettled pair
Ran ratt'ling o'er the stones ;
They drove the crowd from side to side,
And shook poor Jehu's bones.

When, lo ! directly in their course,
A monstrous form appear'd ;
A shaggy bear that stalk'd and roar'd,
On hinder legs uprear'd.

Sideways they started at the sight,
And whisk'd the gig half round,
Then cross the crowded market-place
They flew with furious bound.

First o'er a heap of crock'ry ware
The rapid car they whirl'd ;
And jugs, and mugs, and pots, and pans,
In fragments wide they hurl'd.

A booth stood near, with tempting cakes
And groc'ry richly fraught ;
All Birmingham on t'other side
The dazzled optics caught.

With active spring the nimble steeds
Rush'd through the pass between,
And scarcely touch'd ; the car behind,
Got through not quite so clean :

For while one wheel one stall engaged,
Its fellow took the other ;
Dire was the clash ; down fell the booths,
And made a dreadful pother.

Nuts, oranges, and gingerbread,
And figs here roll'd around ;
And scissars, knives, and thimbles there
Bestrew'd the glitt'ring-ground.

The fall of boards, the shouts and cries,
Urged on the horses faster ;
And as they flew, at ev'ry step
They caused some new disaster.

Here lay o'erturned, in woful plight,
A pedlar and his pack ;
There, in a showman's broken box,
All London went to wrack.

But now the Fates decreed to stop
 The ruin of the day,
 And make the gig and driver too
 A heavy reck'ning pay.

A ditch there lay, both broad and deep,
 Where streams, as black as Styx,
 From every quarter of the town
 Their muddy currents mix.

Down to its brink, in heedless haste,
 The frantic horses flew,
 And in the midst, with sudden jerk,
 Their burden overthrew.

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A FARMER once to London went,
 To pay the worthy 'squire his rent ;
 He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains,—
 Who at the door such guests detains ?
 Forth struts the 'squire, exceeding smart :
 " Farmer, you're welcome to my heart ;
 " You've brought my rent, then—to a hair ?
 " The best of tenants, I declare !"
 The steward 's call'd, the account 's made even,
 The money paid, the receipt was given :
 " Well," said the 'squire, " now you shall stay
 " And dine with me, old friend, to-day ;
 " I've here some ladies, wond'rous pretty,
 " And pleasant sparks, I warrant, will fit ye."
 He scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
 And said, " No, zur, two words to that ;
 " For look, d'ye zee, when I'ze to dine
 " With gentlefolks zo cruel fine,
 " I'ze use to make, and 'tis no wonder,
 " In word or deed, some plaguy blunder ;
 " Zo, if your honour will permit,
 " I'll with your zarvants pick a bit."
 " Pooh !" says the 'squire, " it sha'n't be done !"
 And to the parlour push'd him on.
 To all around he nods and scrapes,
 Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes ;

With often bidding takes his seat,
But at a distance mighty great.
Though often ask'd to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam served, with body bended,
With knife and fork, and arms extended,
He reach'd as far as he was able,
To plate that overhung the table ;
With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage some he drops.
To show where most his heart inclined,
He talk'd and drank to John behind.
When drank to in a modish way,
" Your love's sufficient, zur," he'd say;
And, to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his aukward honours.
" Pish !" says the 'squire, " pray keep your sitting."
" No, no," he cries, " zur, 'tis not fitting;
" Though I'm no scholar versed in letters,
" I knows my duty to my betters."
Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs went round the board.
Thus the first course was ended well,
But at the next,—Ah ! what befel ?
The dishes were now timely placed,
And table with fresh lux'ry graced ;
When drank to by a neighb'ring charmer,
Up, as usual, stands the farmer ;
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his servant softly spoke :
" Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
" And pull away the farmer's chair."
'Tis done, his congée made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down ;
But from his balance overweigh'd,
And of his trusty seat betray'd,
As men at twigs, in rivers sprawling,
He caught the cloth to save his falling ;
In vain, sad fortune, down he wallow'd.
And rattling all the dishes follow'd.
The fops, they lost their little wits,
The ladies squall'd, some fell in fits ;
Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,
And there minced pies, and geese, and pigeons.

A pear pie on his belly drops,
 A custard pudding met his chops.
 Lord ! what ado twixt belles and beaux,
 Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothes ;
 This lady raves, and that looks down
 And weeps, and wails her spatter'd gown ;
 One spark bemoans his spatter'd waistcoat ;
 One, " Rot him, he has spoil'd my laced coat !"
 Amidst the rout, the farmer long
 The pudding suck'd and held his tongue ;
 At length he gets him on his breech,
 And scrambles up to make his speech ;
 First rubs his eyes and mouth, his nostrils twangs,
 Then snaps his fingers and harangues :
 " Plague tak't, I'ze tell you how'd 'twould be ;
 " Look here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye zee ;
 " And some, I'ze warrant, that make this chatter,
 " Have clothes bedaub'd with grease or butter,
 " That cost—" He had gone on, but here
 Was stopp'd at once in his career ;
 " Peace, brute, begone !" the ladies cry :
 The beaux exclaim, " Fly, rascal, fly !"
 " I'll tear his eyes out !" squeaks Miss Dolly ;
 " I'll pink his soul out !" roars a bully.
 At this the farmer shrinks with fear,
 And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
 Shabs off, and cries, " Aye, kill me, then,
 " Whene'er you catch me here again."
 So home he jogs, and leaves the 'squire
 To cool the sparks and ladies' fire.
 Thus ends my tale ; and now I'll try,
 Like Prior, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of the nation,
 Ne'er to place men above their station.
 And this may show the wanton wit,
 That, while he bites, he may be bit.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

THE world's a stage—and man has seven ages,
So Shakspeare writes, king of dramatic sages ;
But he forgot to tell you, in his plan,
That Woman plays her part as well as Man.

First, how her infant heart with triumph swells,
When the red coral shakes its silver bells!
She, like young statesmen, as the rattle rings,
Leaps at the sound, and struts in leading strings.

Next, little Miss, in pin-a-fore so trim,
With nurse so noisy, with mamma so prim,
Eager to tell you all she's taught to utter,
Lips as she grasps the allotted bread and butter;
Type of her sex, who, though no longer young,
Hold every thing with ease, except the tongue.

A School Girl, then, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapours;
Tramples alike on custom and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows:
"Betty," she cries, "it comes into my head,
"Old maids grow cross because their cats are dead;
"My governess has been in such a fuss,
"About the death of our old tabby puss!
"She wears black stockings, ha, ha! what a pother,
" 'Cause one old cat's in mourning for another!"
The child of nature, free from pride and pomp,
And sure to please, though nothing but a romp.

Next, riper Miss, who, nature more disclosing,
Now finds some tracts of art are interposing;
And with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor—man!

Behold her now, an ogling vain Coquette,
Catching male gudgeons in her silver net.
All things reversed; the neck, cropt close and bare,
Scarce feels the incumbrance of a single hair;
Whilst the thick forehead tresses, frizzled full,
Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull.

Then comes that sober character—a Wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life.
A thousand cards a thousand joys extend,
For what may not upon a card depend?
Though justice in the morn claim fifty pounds,
Five hundred, won at night, may heal the wounds.
Now she'll snatch half a glance at opera, ball,
A meteor traced by none, though seen by all;

'Till spousy finds, while anxious to immure her,
A patent coffin only can secure her!

At last, the Dowager, in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles, she folly trounces,
And tmoralizing thus the age denounces :—
“ How bold and forward each young flirt appears !
“ Courtship in my time lasted seven years ;
“ Now seven little months suffice of course,
“ For courting, marrying, scolding, and divorce.
“ What with their truss'd-up shapes and pantaloons,
“ Dress occupies the whole of honey-moons.
“ They say we have no souls ; but what more odd is,
“ Nor men nor women now have any bodies.
“ When I was young, my heart was always tender,
“ And would to ev'ry spouse I had surrender ;
“ Their wishes to refuse I never durst ;
“ And my fourth died as happy as my first.”

Truce to such splenetic and rash designs,
And let us mingle candour with our lines.
In all the stages of domestic life,
As child, as sister, parent, friend, and wife,
Woman, the source of every fond employ,
Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
What is your boast, male rulers of the land ?
How cold and cheerless all you can command ;
Vain your ambition, vain your wealth and power,
Unless kind woman share your raptured hour ;
Unless, 'midst all the glare of pageant art,
She adds her smile, and triumphs in your heart.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life ;
A fellowship at twenty-five,
Made him the happiest man alive ;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair ?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six ?

O, had the archer ne'er come down,
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
O, had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
O!—but let exclamation cease;
Her presence banish'd all his peace:
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

The honey-moon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too:
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship, mix'd with bliss;
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face,
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still, the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle;
'Tis true, she dress'd with modern grace,
Half-naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency, so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting:
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee:
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus, as her faults each day were known
He thinks her features coarser grown:

He fancies ev'ry vice she shows,
 Or thins her lip, or points her nose ;
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !
 He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;
 And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
 He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
 As each a different way pursues,
 While sullen or loquacious strife,
 Promised to hold them on for life,
 That dire disease, whose ruthless pow'r,
 Withers the beauty's transient flow'r.
 Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare,
 Levell'd its terror at the fair ;
 And, rifling ev'ry youthful grace,
 Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
 Reflected now a perfect fright :
 Each former art she vainly tries
 To bring back lustre to her eyes.
 In vain she tries her pastes and creams,
 To smooth her skin, and hide its seams ;
 Her country beaux and city cousins,
 Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
 The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
 And e'en the captain quits the field.

Poor madam, now, condemn'd to hack
 The rest of life with anxious Jack,
 Perceiving others fairly flown,
 Attempted pleasing him alone.
 Jack soon was dazzled, to behold
 Her present face surpass the old ;
 With modesty her cheeks are dyed,
 Humility displaces pride ;
 For tawdry finery, is seen
 A person ever neatly clean :
 No more presuming on her sway,
 She learns good-nature ev'ry day :
 Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty. **GOLDSMITH.**

THE TAILOR'S RAMBLE.

A LONDON tailor, as 'tis said,
 By buckram, canvas, tape, and thread,
 Sleeve-linings, pockets, silk, and twist,
 And all the long expensive list
 With which their uncouth bills abound,
 Though rarely in the garments found ;
 By these and other arts in trade,
 Had soon a pretty fortune made,
 And did what few have ever done,
 Left thirty thousand to his son.

The son, a gay young swaggering blade,
 Abhorr'd the very name of trade,
 And, lest reflection should be thrown
 On him, resolved to leave the town,
 And travel where he was not known. }

In splendid coach and liveries gay,
 To Oxford first he took his way ;
 There belles and beaux his taste admire,
 His equipage and rich attire ;
 But nothing was so much adored
 As his fine silver-hilted sword ;
 Though very small, 'twas vastly neat,
 The sight was deem'd a perfect treat.
 Beau Banter begg'd to have a look ;
 But when the sword in hand he took,
 He swore, in faith, it was an odd thing,
 And look'd just like a tailor's *bodkin*.
 His pride was hurt by this expression,
 Thinking they knew his dad's profession ;
 Sheathing his sword, he sneak'd away,
 And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
 There soon he found fresh cause for grief,
 For, dining on some fine roast beef,
 One ask'd, " Pray, which did he prefer ?
 " Some *cabbage*, or a cucumber ?"
 The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
 Thought it severe reflection meant ;
 His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
 So made an ungenteel retreat :
 Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
 And bid his coachman drive to Bath.

There he suspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was *roast goose* ;
 And, that he might no more be jeer'd,
 Next day to Exeter he steer'd,
 There with some bucks he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they'd found him out ;
 His glass not fill'd, as 'twas the rule,
 They said 'twas not a *thimble*-full.
 The name of *thimble* was enough,
 He paid his reck'ning and went off,
 He then to Plymouth took a trip,
 And put up at the Royal Ship,
 Which then was kept by Caleb *Snip*. }
 The host by name was often call'd,
 At which his guest was so much gall'd,
 That soon to Cambridge he removed ;
 There too he unsuccessful proved,
 For though he fill'd his glass or cup,
 He did not always drink it up.
 The Cantabs mark'd how he behaved,
 And said a *remnant* should be saved.
 The name of *remnant* gall'd him so,
 That he for York resolved to go ;
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,
 And always fairly drank it up :
 " Well done," says Jack, a buck of York,
 " You go through *stitch*, sir, with your work."
 The name of *stitch* was such reproach,
 He rang the bell and call'd his coach ;
 But, ere he went, inquiries made
 By what means they found out his trade.
 " You put the cap on, and it fits,"
 Replied one of the Yorkshire wits ;
 " Our words, in common acceptation,
 " Could not find out your occupation,
 " 'Twas your yourself gave us the clue,
 " To find out both your trade and you."

Vain coxcombs and fantastic beaux,
 In every place themselves expose ;
 They travel far, at vast expense,
 To show their wealth and want of sense ;
 But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise can screen a fool.

SPECULATION.

HAZARD, a careless fellow, known
 At every gambling house in town,
 Was oft in want of money, yet
 Could never bear to run in debt;
 Because, 'tis thought, no man was willing
 To give him credit for a shilling.
 Dependent on Dame Fortune's will,
 He threw the dice, or well or ill;
 This day in rags, the next in lace,
 Just as it happen'd, six or ace;
 Was oftentimes, when not a winner,
 Uncertain where to get a dinner.
 One day, when cruel Fortune's frown
 Had stripp'd him of his last half-crown,
 Saunt'ring along, in sorry mood,
 Hungry—perhaps for want of food—
 A parlour window struck his eye,
 Through which our hero chanced to spy
 A jolly round-faced personage,
 Somewhat about the middle age,
 Beginning a luxurious meal,
 For 'twas a noble loin of veal;
 And such a sight, I need not mention,
 Quickly arrested his attention;
 "Surely," thought he, "I know that face,
 "I've seen it at some other place;
 "I recollect, 'twas at the play,
 "And there I heard some people say,
 "How rich this fellow was, and what
 "A handsome daughter he had got;
 "That dinner would exactly do,
 "A loin of veal's enough for two!
 "Could not I now strike out some way
 "To get an introduction, eh?
 "Most likely 'tis I may endeavour
 "In vain; but come, I'll try, however."
 And now he meditates no more,
 Thunders a rat-tat at the door.
 The party-colour'd footmen come.
 "Pray, is your master, sir, at home?"

" My master, sir, 's at home, but busy."
" Then he's engaged, " quoth Hazard, " is he?"
In voice as loud as he could bellow:
" I'm very sorry, my good fellow,
" It happens so; because I could
" Your master do some little good:
" A speculation that I know,
" Might save a thousand pounds or so;
" No matter, friend, your master tell,
" Another day will do as well."
" What's that you say?" the master cries,
With pleasure beaming from his eyes,
And napkin tuck'd beneath his chin,
Bouncing from parlour, whence within
He'd heard those joy-inspiring sounds,
Of saving him a thousand pounds.
" My dear sir, what is that you say?"
" Sir, I can call another day;
" Your dinner I've disturb'd, I fear."
" Do, pray, sir, take your dinner here,
" You'll find a welcome, warm and hearty."
" I shall intrude, sir, on your party."
" There's not a soul but I and you."
" Well, then, I don't care if I do."
Our spark's design so far completed,
Behold him at the table seated,
Paying away, as well he might,
With some degree of appetite.
Our host, who willing would have press'd
The thousand pounds upon his guest,
Still thought it would not be genteel
To interrupt him at his meal,
Which seem'd so fully to employ him,
Talking might probably annoy him;
So thought it better he should wait
Till after dinner the debate.
And now, " The king and constitution,"
With " Ill success to revolution,"
And many a warm and loyal toast
Had been discuss'd, when our good host
Thought it was almost time to say,
" *Let's move the order of the day.*"

Indeed, he hardly could help thinking,
 'Twas rather odd—his guest was drinking,
 (The business not a jot the nearer.)
 A second bottle of Madeira,
 And that he seem'd to sit and chatter
 'Bout this and that, and t'other matter,
 As if he'd not the least intention
 This thousand pounds of his to mention;
 Much did he wish to give a hint,
 Yet knew not how he should begin't;
 At length, "Sir, you've forgot, I fear,
 "The business that has brought you here;
 "I think you gave some intimation
 "About a saving speculation."
 "Ay, sir, you'll find it not amiss;
 "My speculation 's simply this:—
 "I hear you have a daughter, sir."
 "A daughter! Well, and what of her?
 "What can my daughter have to do
 "With this affair 'twixt me and you?"
 "I mean to make your daughter (craving
 "Your pardon, sir,) the means of saving
 "The sum I mention. You'll allow
 "My scheme is feasible." "As how?"
 "Why, thus: I hear you've no objection
 "To form some conjugal affection
 "For this same daughter." "No, provided
 "All other matters coincided."
 "Then, sir, I'll suit you to a hair:
 "Pray, is she not extremely fair?"
 "Why, yes, there's many folks who praise her;
 "But what is beauty now-a-days, sir?"
 "Ay, true, sir, nothing without wealth:
 "But come, suppose we drink her health."
 "Indeed, I've drank enough already."
 "Oh, fie! consider, sir, a lady.
 "By rights we should have drank her first;
 "Pray fill." "Well, if I must, I must."
 "And pray what age, sir, may she be?"
 "God bless me! she's just twenty-three."
 "Just twenty-three? 'faith, a rare age!"
 "Sir, you were speaking of her marriage."

" I was, and wish to know, in case
 " Such an occurrence should take place,
 " The sum it might be in your power
 " To give with her, by way of dower ?"
 " Well, then, sir, this is my intent :
 " If married with my own consent,
 " I've no objection, on such grounds,
 " To pay her down ten thousand pounds."
 " Ten thousand, sir, I think you say ?"
 " I do." " What, on the marriage day ?"
 " The whole." " Then let it, sir, be mine ;
 " I'll take her off your hands with nine,
 " And that you'll call, I'm sure, good grounds
 " For saving you a thousand pounds."

THE KNIGHTS.

WHEN chivalry was all the taste,
 And honour stamp'd each dauntless breast ;
 When falsehood was esteem'd a shame ;
 And heroes bled for virtuous fame ;
 To right the wrong'd, protect the weak,
 And dry the tear on beauty's cheek ;
 Two bearded knights, on milk-white steeds,
 Equipp'd for tilts and martial deeds,
 Perchance met on a spacious plain,
 Where stood a trophy to the slain :
 A mighty shield, on one side white,
 The other black as ebon night ;
 Emblem of spotless Virtue's fall,
 And Death's dark triumph over all !
 Both stopp'd to view this curious sight,
 But view'd it in a different light :
 " Bless me !" cries one, " how white this shield !
 " How bright it shines across the field !"
 " White !" says the other, " no such thing ;
 " 'Tis blacker than the raven's wing !"
 " Recal your words, presumptuous youth !
 " A knight should never jest with truth."
 " 'Tis you who want to jest, not I :
 " *The shield is black.*" " By Heaven, you lie !"

"Now, Truth, bear witness to my vow—
 "I'll die, base knight, or make thee bow!"

While both with sudden passion storm'd,
 And rage each angry face deform'd,
 From wordy war to blows they turn,
 And with revenge and fury burn :
 On either helm the sword descends,
 Each trusty helm the head defends ;
 And, on th' impenetrable mail,
 The sounding strokes fall thick as hail.
 They prance their coursers round and round,
 Each hopes to give the lucky wound ;
 And each, convinced himself is right,
 Maintains, with equal hope, the fight ;
 Nor doubts to make his rival own,
 Success attends on Truth alone.

By chance, a clown, who pass'd that way,
 At distance saw the doubtful fray ;
 Who, though he relish'd not hard blows,
 Esteem'd it right to interpose.

"Good sirs !" he cried, then made his bow,
 Respectful, diffident, and low,
 "I'm but a simple man, 'tis true ;
 "But wish to serve, and save you too :
 "And he who's wrong'd, I'll take his part,
 "With all my soul, and all my heart !"

The knights, by this time almost spent,
 To honest Hodge attention lent :
 For e'en the presence of a fool,
 Will sometimes stubborn stomachs cool ;
 And when for trifles men fall out,
 A trifle oft brings peace about.

Each, thinking Hodge must prove him right,
 And justify his partial sight,
 Made haste the matter to disclose,
 That caused this war of words and blows.
 And ask'd if black or white the shield,
 That stood conspicuous on the field ?
 For passion still had kept them blind ;
 Passion, the shutters of the mind.
 "Faith," said the clown, and scratch'd his head,
 "Your honours straight shall be obey'd :

" 'Tis neither white nor black, but both ;
" And this is true, I'll take my oath.
" One side is black, the other white :
" Each saw it in a single light ;
" But had you view'd the shield all round,
" Both would have right and wrong been found."

The wondering knights like stuck pigs stared,
While Hodge the simple truth declared :
And each, ashamed of passion's sway,
Lifts up his eyes ; when, bright as day,
The shield both black and white appear'd,
And both from falsehood's stain were clear'd.
They thank'd kind Hodge, and parted friends ;
Resolved for wrath to make amends,
By looking twice ere once they fought,
And always aiding strength with thought.

Hence we this precious moral draw ;
Fix'd as the Medes' or Persians' law,
That he who only one side sees,
With erring judgment oft decrees ;
And he who only one tale hears,
'Gainst half the truth oft shuts his ears.

PART VII.

DIALOGUES.

BRUTUS AND TITUS.

Brutus. Well, Titus, speak ; how is it with thee now ?
I would attend awhile this mighty motion ;
Wait till the tempest were quite o'erblown,
That I may take thee in thy calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee :
So hushed a stillness, as if all the gods
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying.
Speak, then, and tell me, oh ! my best beloved,
My son, my Titus ! is all well again ?

Titus. So well, that saying how, must make it nothing
So well, that I could wish to die this moment ;
For so my heart with powerful throbs persuades me
That were, indeed, to make you reparation ;
That were, my lord, to thank you home—to die !
And that for Titus, too, would be most happy.

Brutus. How 's that, my son ? would death for thee be
happy ?

Titus. Most certain, Sir ; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I, in life, must look for :
All those reproaches which the eyes, the fingers,
And tongues of Rome, will daily cast upon me ;
From whom, to a soul as sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying.
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night.

Brutus. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Titus. Not to a mind resolved. No, Sir, to me
It seems as natural as to be born.

Groans and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.

Yes, Sir, I call the powers of heaven to witness,
Titus dares die, if you have so decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy, to honour Brutus.

Brutus. Thou perfect glory of the Junian race,
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul:
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible;
Blood, the heart blood of Brutus, on his child.
For thou must die, Titus; die, my son!
I swear, the gods have doom'd thee to the grave.
The violated genius of thy country
Bares his sad head, and passes sentence on thee.
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Titus. Alas! my lord,
Why are you thus moved? Why am I worth your
sorrow?

Why should the godlike Brutus shake to doom me?
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.

Brutus. They will, my Titus;
Nor heaven, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark! the deeper that I search,
My harass'd soul returns the more confirm'd.
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirit of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd; oh, therefore, let not fancy feed thee:
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.

Titus. The axe! Oh, heaven, must I then fall so basely?

What, shall I perish by the common hangman?

Brutus. If you deny me this, thou giv'st me nothing.

Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate; cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood.

I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,

And sit upon my son—on thee, my Titus:

Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,

The licitor's lashes, bleed before the people;

Then, with thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,

See thy head taken by the common axe,

Without a groan, without a pitying tear,

(If that the gods can hold me to my purpose)

To make my justice quite transcend example.

Titus. Scourged like a bondman! Ah, a beaten slave!

But I deserve it all; yet here I fail,

The image of this suffering quite unmans me,

Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.

O, Sir! O, Brutus! must I call you father,

Yet have no token of your tenderness,

No sign of mercy? What, not bate me that?

Can you resolve on all the extremity

Of cruel rigour? To behold me, too;

To sit, unmoved, and see me whipp'd to death!

Is this a father?

Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect

That all your late compassion was dissembled?

How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brutus. Think that I love thee, by my present passion,

By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here;

These sighs, that twitch the very strings of life;

Think that no other cause on earth could move me

To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,

Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,

But Titus' death. Oh, do not call it shameful

That this shall fix the glory of the world.

I own thy suffering ought t' unman me thus,

To make me throw my body on the ground;

To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,

To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates
That force a father thus to kill his child.

Titus. Oh, rise, thou violated majesty;
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance.
Come forth, you executioners of justice,
Nay, all your lictors, slaves, and common hangmen;
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed! Whip me, like furies!
And, when you have scourged me till I foam and fall,
For want of spirits, grovelling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge:
By all the gods, I greedily resign it. LEE.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER AND WILFORD.

Sir E. Wilford! Is no one in the picture gallery?

Wilf. No—not a soul, Sir;—not a human soul;—
None within hearing, if I were to bawl
Ever so loud.

Sir E. Lock yonder door.

Wilf. The door, Sir!

Sir E. Do as I bid you.

Wilf. What, Sir? lock —

I shall, Sir. [*Sir Edward waves with his hand.*
Going to the door, and locking it.]

Sir E. Wilford, approach me.—What am I to say
For aiming at your life?—Do you not scorn me,
Despise me for it?

Wilf. I! Oh, Sir!—

Sir E. You must;

For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch!

Wilf. Indeed, indeed, Sir,
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equal's love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude.
All follow you:—and I!—I owe you all!
I am most bound to bless you.

Sir E. Mark me, Wilford:—
I know the value of the orphan's tear;
The poor man's prayer; respect from the respected;
I feel to merit these, and to obtain them,
Is to taste, here below, that thrilling cordial

Which the remunerating angel draws
 From the eternal fountain of delight,
 To pour on blessed souls, that enter Heaven.
 I feel this:—I!—How must my nature, then,
 Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand
 In human blood?—and yet, it seems, this day
 I sought your life.—Oh! I have suffer'd madness!
 None know my tortures,—pangs!—but I can end them
 End them as far as appertains to thee.—
 I have resolved it.—Hell-born struggles tear me:
 But I have ponder'd on't,—and I must trust thee.

Wilf. Your confidence shall not be——

Sir E. You must swear.

Wilf. Swear, Sir!—will nothing but an oath, then——

Sir E. Listen.

May all the ills that wait on frail humanity
 Be doubled on your head, if you disclose
 My fatal secret! May your body turn
 Most lazar-like and loathsome; and your mind
 More loathsome than your body! May those fiends,
 Who strangle babes, for very wantonness,
 Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,
 And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth!
 And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind
 Poison your aged days; while all your nights,
 As on the earth you lay your houseless head,
 Out-horror horror! May you quit the world
 Abhor'd, self-hated, hopeless for the next,
 Your life a burden, and your death a fear!

Wilf. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me!

Sir E. Hope this may fall upon thee;—Swear thou
 hopest it,

By every attribute which heaven, earth, hell,
 Can lend, to bind, and strengthen conjuration,
 If thou betray'st me.

Wilf. Well, I—— [*Hesitating.*

Sir E. No retreating!

Wilf. [*After a pause.*] I swear, by all the ties that
 bind a man,

Divine, or human,—never to divulge!

Sir E. Remember, you have sought this secret:—Yes,
 Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.

'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
Know, Wilford, that—Confusion!

Wilf. Dearest Sir!

Collect yourself. This shakes you horribly.
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
At Madam Helen's.

Sir E. There it is.—Her uncle—

Wilf. Her uncle!

Sir E. Him. She knows it not;—None know it,—
You are the first ordain'd to hear me say,
I am—his murderer.

Wilf. O, Heaven!

Sir E. His assassin.

Wilf. What, you that—mur—the murder—I am
choked!

Sir E. Honour, thou blood-stain'd god! at whose red
altar

Sit War and Homicide, O, to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries! By Heaven!
In the world's range, there does not breathe a man
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe,
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,
Stain'd me,—oh, death, and shame!—the world look'd
on,

And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!
I left the room, which he had quitted: Chance,
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street:—
I stabb'd him to the heart:—and my oppressor
Roll'd, lifeless, at my foot.

Wilf. Oh! mercy on me!

How could this deed be cover'd?

Sir E. Would you think it?

E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butcher'd a fellow-creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,
And my opponent's death, thus link'd with it,

Demanded notice of the magistracy.
 They summon'd me, as friend would summon friend,
 To acts of import, and communication.
 We met: and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,
 To put me on my trial. No accuser,
 No evidence appear'd, to urge it on:—
 'Twas meant to clear my fame.—How clear it then?
 How cover it? you say.—Why, by a lie:—
 Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,
 Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie;
 This tongue to utter it;—rounded a tale,
 Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth;
 So well compacted, that the o'erthrong'd court
 Disturb'd cool Justice, in her judgment-seat,
 By shouting "Innocence!" ere I had finish'd.
 The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble
 Bore me, in triumph, home. Ay!—look upon me.—
 I know thy sight aches at me.

Wilf. Heaven forgive me! It may be wrong, but
 Indeed I pity you.

Sir E. I disdain all pity.—
 I ask no consolation. Idle boy!
 Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
 Was given to move thy pity?—Love of fame
 (For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus,
 To quash thy curious mischief in its birth.
 Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,
 Drove me to murder;—lying;—'twould again.
 My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all,
 Are barter'd for a name. I will maintain it.
 Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
 And my soul's agency survive in death,
 I could embody it with Heaven's lightning,
 And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
 Should strike the blaster of my memory
 Dead, in the churchyard. Boy, I would not kill thee,
 Thy rashness and discernment threaten'd danger!
 To check them there was no way left but this—
 Save one;—your death:—you shall not be my victim.

Wilf. My death! What, take my life?—My life! to prop
 This empty honour.

Sir E.

Empty? Grovelling fool!

Wilf. I am your servant, Sir : child of your bounty,
 And know my obligation. I have been
 Too curious, haply ; 'tis the fault of youth.
 I ne'er meant injury : if it would serve you,
 I would lay down my life ; I'd give it freely :
 Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it ?
 You could not ;—should not.

Sir E.

How !

Wilf.

You dare not.

Sir E.

Dare not !

Wilf. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved you ;
 Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
 But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
 My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
 And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.
 How would you look to find a peasant boy
 Return the knife you levell'd at his heart ;
 And ask you which in heaven would show the best,
 A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty ?

Sir E. 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. To spare it,
 I've endanger'd mine. But dread my power ;
 You know not its extent. Be warn'd in time ;
 Trifle not with my feelings. Listen, Sir !
 Myriads of engines, which my secret working
 Can rouse to action, now encircle you.
 Your ruin hangs upon a thread : provoke me,
 And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make
 The slightest movement to awake my fears,
 And the gaunt criminal, naked, and stake-tied,
 Left on the heath, to blister in the sun,
 Till lingering death shall end his agony,
 Compared to thee, shall seem more enviable
 Than cherubs to the damn'd.

Wilf.

O, misery !

Discard me, Sir ! I must be hateful to you.
 Banish me hence. I will be mute as death ;
 But let me quit your service.

Sir E.

Never.—Fool !

To buy this secret, you have sold yourself.
 Your movements, eyes, and, most of all, your breath,
 From this time forth, are fetter'd to my will. COLMAN

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

James. What, Gregory ! you are come, I see, to join us,
On this sad business.

Gregory. Aye, James, I am come,
But with a heavy heart, God knows it, man !
Where shall we meet the corpse ?

James. Some hour from hence ;
By noon, and near about the elms, I take it.
This is not as it should be, Gregory,
Old men to follow young ones to the grave !
This morning, when I heard the bell strike out,
I thought that I had never heard it toll
So dismally before.

Gregory. Well, well ! my friend,
'Tis what we all must come to, soon or late.
But when a young man dies, in the prime of life,
One born so well, who might have blest us all
Many long years !—

James. And then the family
Extinguish'd in him, and the good old name
Only to be remember'd on a tomb-stone !
A name that has gone down, from sire to son,
So many generations !—many a time,
Poor Master Edward, who is now a corpse,
When but a child, would come to me, and lead me
To the great family tree, and beg of me
To tell him stories of his ancestors ;—
Of Eustace, he that went to the Holy Land
With Richard Lion-heart, and that Sir Henry
Who fought at Crecy in King Edward's wars ;
And then his little eyes would kindle so
To hear of their brave deeds ! I used to think
The bravest of them all would not out-do
My darling boy.

Gregory. This comes of your great schools
And college breeding. Plague upon his guardians,
That would have made him wiser than his fathers !

James. If his poor father, Gregory, had but lived,
Things would not have been so. He, poor good man,
Had little of book-learning, but there lived not
A kinder, nobler-hearted gentleman,
One better to his tenants. When he died,
There was not a dry eye for miles around.

Gregory, I thought that I could never know
A sadder day than that : but what was that,
Compared with this day's sorrow ?

Gregory. I remember,
Eight months ago, when the young squire began
To alter the old mansion, they destroy'd
The martins' nests, that had stood undisturb'd
Under that roof,—aye ! long before my memory.
I shook my head at seeing it, and thought
No good could follow.

James. Poor young man ! I loved him
Like my own child. I loved the family !
Come Candlemas, and I have been their servant
For five-and-forty years. I lived with them
When his good father brought my lady home ;
And when the young squire was born, it did me good,
To hear the bells so merrily announce
An heir. This is, indeed, a heavy blow !—
I feel it, Gregory, heavier than the weight
Of threescore years. He was a noble lad ;
I loved him dearly.

Gregory. Every body loved him,
Such a fine, generous, open-hearted youth !
When he came home from school at holidays,
How I rejoiced to see him ! He was sure
To come and ask of me what birds there were
About my fields ; and when I found a covey,
There's not a testy squire preserves his game
More charily. than I have kept them safe
For Master Edward. And he look'd so well
Upon a fine sharp morning after them,
His brown hair frosted, and his cheek so flush'd
With such a wholesome ruddiness,—ah, James,
But he was sadly changed when he came down
To keep his birth-day.

James. Changed ! why, Gregory,
'Twas like a palsy to me, when he stepp'd
Out of the carriage. He was grown so thin,
His cheek so delicate fallow, and his eyes
Had such a dim and rakish hollowness ;
And when he came to shake me by the hand,
And spoke as kindly to me as he used,
I hardly knew the voice.

Gregory. It struck a damp

On all our merriment. 'Twas a noble ox
That smoked before us, and the old October
Went merrily in overflowing cans;
But 'twas a skin-deep merriment. My heart
Seem'd as it took no share. And when we drank
His health, the thought came over me what cause
We had for wishing that, and spoilt the draught.
Poor gentleman! to think, ten months ago
He came of age, and now!

James. I fear'd it then,
He look'd to me as one that was not long
For this world's business.

Gregory. When the doctor sent him
Abroad to try the air, it made me certain
That all was over. There's but little hope
Methinks that foreign parts can help a man,
When his own mother-country will not do.
The last time he came down, these bells rung so
I thought they would have rock'd the old steeple down;
And now, that dismal toll! I would have stay'd
Beyond its reach, but this was a last duty:
I am an old tenant of the family,
Born on the estate, and now that I've out-lived it,—
Why, 'tis but right to see it to the grave.
Have you heard aught of the new squire?

James. But little,
And that not well. But be he what he may,
Matters not much to me. The love I bore
To the good family will not easily fix
Upon a stranger. What's on the opposite hill?
Is't not the funeral?

Gregory. 'Tis, I think, some horsemen.
Aye; there are the black cloaks; and now I see
The white plumes on the hearse.

James. Between the trees;
'Tis hid behind them now.

Gregory. Aye; now we see it,
And there's the coaches following; we shall meet
About the bridge. Would that this day were over!
I wonder whose turn's next!

James. God above knows!
When youth is summon'd, what must age expect!
God make us ready, Gregory, when it comes!

SOUTHERY.

PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. 'Morrow, little prince

Arthur. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arthur. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I.

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be merry as the day is long.

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me.

He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*

Arthur. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale, to-day;

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you.

Alas, I love you more than you do me!

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur— [*Showing a paper.*

How now, foolish rheum, [*Aside.*

Turning dis-piteous nature out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arthur. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.

Must you, with irons, burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arthur. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arthur. Have you the heart? When your head did
but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "what lack you?" and "where lies your grief?"
Or, "what good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you, at your sick service, had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, and never shall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I've sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arthur. Oh! if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed a tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arthur. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arthur. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arthur. Let me not hold my tongue? let me not,
Hubert,

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes!
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arthur. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes; see else yourself,
There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arthur. All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arthur. O, now you look like Hubert. All this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arthur. Oh, heav'n! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence: no more; go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. SHAKESPEAR.

JOB THORNBERRY AND PEREGRINE.

Job. Well, who are you?

Pereg. A friend.

Job. Then, I'm sorry to see you. I have just been
ruin'd by a friend; and never wish to have another friend
again, as long as I live. No, nor any ungrateful, undutiful—Poh!—I don't recollect your face.

Pereg. Climate and years have been at work on it.
While Europeans are scorching under an Indian sun, Time
is doubly busy in fanning their features with his wings.
But, do you remember no trace of me?

Job. No, I tell you. If you have any thing to say,
say it. I have something to settle, below, with my
daughter—I mean, with the people in the shop;—they
are impatient; and the morning has half run away, be-
fore she knew I should be up—I mean before I have
had time to get on my coat and waistcoat, she gave me—

—I mean—I mean, if you have any business, tell it, at once.

Pereg. I will tell it, at once. You seem agitated. The harpies, whom I passed in your shop, informed me of your sudden misfortune; but, do not despair, yet.

Job. Aye, I'm going to be a bankrupt—but that don't signify. Go on: it is'nt that;—they'll find all fair;—but, go on.

Pereg. I will. 'Tis just thirty years ago since I left England.

Job. That's a little after the time I set up in the hardware business.

Pereg. About that time, a lad of fifteen years entered your shop: he had the appearance of a gentleman's son; and told you he had heard, by accident, as he was wandering through the streets of Penzance, some of your neighbours speak of Job Thornberry's goodness to persons in distress.

Job. I believe he told a lie there.

Pereg. Not in that instance, though he did in another.

Job. I remember him. He was a fine, bluff boy.

Pereg. He had lost his parents, he said; and, destitute of friends, money, and food, was making his way to the next port, to offer himself to any vessel that would take him on board, that he might work his way abroad, and seek a livelihood.

Job. Yes, yes; he did. I remember it.

Pereg. You may remember, too, when the boy had finished his tale of distress, you put ten guineas in his hand. They were the first earnings of your trade, you told him, and could not be laid out to better advantage than in relieving a helpless orphan;—and, giving him a letter of recommendation to a sea captain at Falmouth, you wished him good spirits, and prosperity. He left you with a promise, that, if fortune ever smiled upon him, you should, one day, hear news of Peregrine.

Job. Ah, poor fellow! poor Peregrine! he was a pretty boy. I should like to hear news of him, I own.

Pereg. I am that Peregrine.

Job. Eh? what—you are——? No: let me look at you again. Are you the pretty boy, that—bless us, how you are altered!

Pereg. I have endured many hardships, since I saw you; many turns of fortune;—but I deceived you (it was the cunning of a truant lad) when I told you I had lost my parents. From a romantic folly, the growth of boyish brains, I had fixed my fancy on being a sailor, and had run away from my father.

Job (with great emotion). Run away from your father! If I had known that, I'd have horse-whipped you, within an inch of your life!

Pereg. Had you known it, you had done right, perhaps.

Job. Right? Ah! you don't know what it is for a child to run away from a father! Rot me, if I wou'dn't have sent you back to him, tied, neck and heels, in the basket of the stage-coach.

Pereg. I have had my compunctions;—have expressed them, by letter, to my father: but, I fear, my penitence had no effect.

Job. Served you right.

Pereg. Having no answers from him, he died, I fear, without forgiving me. [Sighing.]

Job (starting). What! died! without forgiving his child!—Come, that's too much. I cou'dn't have done that, neither.—But, go on: I hope you've been prosperous. But you shou'dn't—you shou'dn't have quitted your father.

Pereg. I acknowledge it;—yet, I have seen prosperity; though I traversed many countries, on my outset, in pain and poverty. Chance, at length, raised me a friend in India; by whose interest, and my own industry, I amassed considerable wealth, in the Factory at Calcutta.

Job. And have just landed it, I suppose, in England?

Pereg. I landed one hundred pounds, last night, in my purse, as I swam from the Indiaman, which was splitting on a rock, half a league from the neighbouring shore. As for the rest of my property—bills, bonds, cash, jewels—the whole amount of my toil and application, are, by this time, I doubt not, gone to the bottom; and Peregrine is returned, after thirty years, to pay his debt to you, almost as poor as he left you.

Job. I won't touch a penny of your hundred pounds — not a penny.

Pereg. I do not desire you: I only desire you to take your own.

Job. My own?

Pereg. Yes; I plunged with this box, last night, into the waves. You see, it has your name on it.

Job. "Job Thornberry," sure enough. And what's in it?

Pereg. The harvest of a kind man's charity; — the produce of your bounty, to one whom you thought an orphan. I have traded, these twenty years, on ten guineas (which, from the first, I had set apart as yours,) till they have become ten thousand: take it; it could not, I find, come more opportunely. Your honest heart gratified itself in administering to my need; and I experience that burst of pleasure, a grateful man enjoys, in relieving my reliever, (*giving him the box*).

Job (*squeezes Peregrine's hand, returns the box, and seems almost unable to utter*). Take it again.

Pereg. Why do you reject it?

Job. I'll tell you, as soon as I'm able. T'other day, I lent a friend — Pshaw, rot it! I'm an old fool! (*wiping his eyes*). — I lent a friend, t'other day, the whole profits of my trade, to save him from sinking. He walked off with them, and made me a bankrupt. Don't you think he is a rascal?

Pereg. Decidedly so.

Job. And what should I be, if I took all you have saved in the world, and left you to shift for yourself?

Pereg. But the case is different. This money is, in fact, your own. I am inured to hardships; better able to bear them, and am younger than you. Perhaps, too, I still have prospects of —

Job. I won't take it. I'm as thankful to you, as if I left you to starve: but I won't take it.

Pereg. Remember, too, you have claims upon you, which I have not. My guide, as I came hither, said, you had married in my absence: 'tis true, he told me, you were now a widower; but, it seems, you have a daughter to provide for.

Job. I have no daughter to provide for, now!

Pereg. Then, he misinformed me.

Job. No, he didn't. I had one, last night; but she's gone.

Pereg. Gone!

Job. Yes, gone to sea, for what I know, as you did. Run away from a good father, as you did. This is a morning to remember;—my daughter has run out, and the bailiffs have run in;—I shan't soon forget the day of the month.

Pereg. This morning, did you say?

Job. Aye, before day-break;—a hard-hearted, base—

Pereg. And could she leave you, during the derangement of your affairs?

Job. She didn't know what was going to happen, poor soul! I wish she had, now. I don't think my Mary would have left her old father in the midst of his misfortunes.

Pereg. (*Aside.*) Mary! it must be she! What is the amount of the demands upon you?

Job. Six thousand. But I don't mind that: the goods can nearly cover it—let 'em take 'em—rot the grid-irons and warming-pans! I could begin again—but, now my Mary's gone, I hav'n't the heart; but I shall hit upon something.

Pereg. Let me make a proposal to you, my old friend. Permit me to settle with the officers, and to clear all demands upon you. Make it a debt, if you please. I will have a hold, if it must be so, on your future profits in trade;—but do this, and I promise to restore your daughter to you.

Job. What? bring back my child! Do you know where she is? Is she safe? Is she far off? Is—

Pereg. Will you receive the money?

Job. Yes, yes! on those terms—on those conditions. But, where is Mary?

Pereg. Patience. I must not tell you yet; but, in four-and-twenty hours, I pledge myself to bring her back to you.

Job. What, here? to her father's house? and safe? Oh, 'sbud! when I see her safe, what a thundering passion I'll be in with her! But you are not deceiving me? You know, the first time you came into my shop, what a bouncer you told me, when you were a boy.

Pereg. Believe me, I would not trifle with you, now. Come, come down to your shop, that we may rid it of its present visitants.

Job. I believe you dropped from the clouds, all on a sudden, to comfort an old, broken-hearted brazier.

Pereg. I rejoice, my honest friend, that I arrived at so critical a juncture; and, if the hand of Providence be in it, 'tis because Heaven ordains that benevolent actions, like yours, sooner or later, must ever meet their recompence.

COLMAN.

ACHILLES AND ULYSSES.

Achilles. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness once fall'n out with fortune
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slipp'ry standers,
(The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,)
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks, who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding:
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses.
I'll interrupt his reading.—Now, Ulysses!

Ulysses. Now, Thetis' son!

Achilles. What are you reading?

Ulysses. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others

Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achilles. This is not strange, *Ulysses*.
The beauty that is born here in the face
The bearer knows not, but it commends itself
To other eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself, but eyes opposed
Salute each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there,
Where it may see itself; this is not strange.

Ulysses. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in and of him there is much consisting)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
Till he behold them form'd in th' applause
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverb'rates
The voice again, or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapp'd
In this I read, and apprehended here
Immediately the unknown Ajax: Heavens!
What a man's there? a very horse, that has
He knows not what: In nature, what things there are
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things, again, most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! now shall we see, to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd! O heav'ns, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men sleep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes:
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! why, e'en already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achilles. This I do believe :
They pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look :
What, are my deeds forgot ?

Ulysses. Time bath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude.

Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : perseverance keeps honour bright :
To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.

For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast : keep, then, the path :
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,
Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an ent'red tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost ; and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
For pavement to the abject rear, o'errun
And trampled on. Then what they do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours.

For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,
But with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps the in-comer ; Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue
Seek remuneration for the thing it was.

For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin ;
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gaudees,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past ;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once for thee,

And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent:
 Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drove great Mars to faction.

Achilles. Of my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulysses. 'Gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical.
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.

Achilles. Ha! say you, known?

Ulysses. Is that a wonder?
 The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost ev'ry grain of Plutus' gold;
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deep;
 Keeps pace with thought; and almost like the gods
 Does e'en our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with which relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to.
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord.
 Farewell, my lord—I, as your lover speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

SHAKESPEAR.

VALERIUS AND HORATIUS.

Valerius. 'Twere, indeed, tedious and unnecessary
 To paint the disposition of the field;
 Suffice it, we were arm'd, and, front to front,
 The adverse legions heard the trumpets sound:
 But vain was the alarm, for motionless,
 And wrapp'd in thought they stood; the kindred ranks
 Had caught each other's eyes, nor dared to lift
 The faltering spear against the breast they loved.
 Again th' alarm was given, and now they seem'd
 Preparing to engage, when once again
 They hung their drooping heads, and inward mourn'd;

Then nearer drew, and at the third alarm,
Casting their swords and useless shields aside,
Rush'd to each other's arms.

Horatius. 'Twas so, just so,
(Though I was then a child, yet I have heard
My mother, weeping, oft relate the story ;)
Soft pity touch'd the breasts of mighty chiefs,
Romans and Sabines, when the matrons rush'd
Between their meeting armies, and opposed
Their helpless infants, and their heaving breasts,
To their advancing swords, and bade them there
Sheathe all their vengeance.—But I interrupt you—
Proceed, Valerius, I would hear th' event.

—And yet, methinks, the Albans—pray, go on.

Valerius. Our king, Hostilius, from a rising mound
Beheld the tender interview, and join'd
His friendly tears with theirs; then swift advanced,
Even to the thickest press, and cried—My friends,
If thus we love, why are we enemies?
Shall stern ambition, rivalry of power,
Subdue the soft humanity within us?
Are we not join'd by every tie of kindred?
And can we find no method to compose
These jars of honour, these nice principles
Of virtue, which infest the noblest mind?

Horatius. There spoke his country's father! This transcends

The flight of earth-born kings, whose low ambition
But tends to lay the face of nature waste,
And blast creation!—How was it received?

Valerius. As he himself could wish, with eager transport.
In short, the Roman and the Alban chiefs
In council have determined, that since glory
Must have her victims, and each rival state,
Aspiring to dominion, scorns to yield,
From either army shall be chose three champions
To fight the cause alone, and whate'er state
Shall prove superior, their acknowledged power
Shall fix th' imperial seat, and both unite
Beneath one common head.

Horatius. But still, methinks, I like not this, to trust
The Roman cause to such a slender hazard—

Three combatants!—'tis dangerous—
 And yet 'twere well to end these civil broils:
 The neighbouring states might take advantage of them.
 —Would I were young again! How glorious
 Were death in such a cause!—And yet, who knows,
 Some of my boys may be selected for it—
 Perhaps may conquer.—Grant me that, kind gods,
 And close my eyes in transport!—Come, Valerius,
 I'll but dispatch some necessary orders,
 And strait attend thee. WHITEHEAD.

LIEUT. WORTHINGTON AND FREDERICK.

Worth. I shall be glad to know whom I have the honour of addressing.

Fred. I am Frederick Bramble, Sir. My uncle, Sir Robert Bramble, lives at the foot of this infernal hill.—He fixed his house there, I fancy, for the sake of argument; because most men maintain it is bad to build in a bottom. He is as charitable as a Christian, Sir, and as rich as a Jew.

Worth. I give you joy of a relation, Sir, who has so much virtue, with so much wealth. When Fortune enriches the benevolent, the goddess removes the bandage from her brow; that she may bestow a gift with her eyes open. But, as I am a stranger here, and a recluse, I have no right to enter further into your uncle's character.

Fred. Yet he has just now, Sir, taken a right to enter into yours.

Worth. May he not rather have taken a liberty, Sir?

Fred. 'Tis his duty to be the most inquisitive fellow in the neighbourhood.

Worth. 'Tis a strange duty for a gentleman!

Fred. I hope not, in this country, Sir. If a gentleman be in the commission of the peace, and living on his own estate, he should be anxious, I think, to inquire into the conduct of those around him, that he may distribute justice as a magistrate, and kindness as a man.

Worth. But how can your uncle's principles apply to me, Sir? A secluded sojourner, with a quiet family, lodging with one of his tenants?

Fred. Why, he has heard of the—hem!—that is, I mean—the—peculiarity of your situation—

Worth. (*Haughtily.*) Sir!

Fred. I shall make a bungling business of this, after all! (*Aside.*) I say, Sir, that my uncle, as I told you, is a warm old heart, who busies himself in learning the circumstances of every body about him, and—

Worth. The circumstances!

Fred. Yes:—and so, Humphrey Dobbins,—a stupid old servant,—among other intelligence, this morning, happened to—mention you, and—zounds, Sir, the truth's the truth:—I ran here, to prevent my uncle's offering his assistance too bluntly, and, I fear, I have done it too bluntly myself.

Worth. It would be absurd, Sir, to affect blindness to the motives of your visit—I see them clearly, and thank you cordially. You have touched the heart of a veteran soldier;—but go no further; if you proceed, you will wound the dignity of a gentleman.

Fred. I came here to heal wounds—on my word, I did!—'Tis not in my nature to inflict them. I am new in England; ignorant in the manners of the country—for I arrived here, last night, from Russia, where I was born; but, surely, surely it cannot be offensive, in any part of the globe, to tell the afflicted we feel for them. Pray, give me your hand!

Worth. Take it, Sir, take it. Receive the grasp of gratitude, and begone.

Fred. Not till you first permit me to—

Worth. I can accept no favours, of the nature you offer, where I have no claim: and what claim, young man, can I have upon your attentions?

Fred. The claim each man has, in common, upon his fellow. We are all passengers on life's highway; and when a traveller sticks in the mire, on the road, the next that comes by is a brute, if he doesn't stretch out a hand to extricate him.

Worth. That may hold in the courtesies of life; but I do not admit it as an argument in essentials.

Fred. Then, I wish my uncle were here, with all my heart, Sir; he'd argue this point with you, or any other, to all eternity.

Worth. I want no arguments upon points of honour. Honour, the offspring of honesty, dictates for itself.

Fred. Sir, I respect it, for its parent's sake; though the child is a little maddish: for honour is, sometimes, cutting throats, where honesty would be shaking hands. But let me entreat you to relax—to be persuaded. Come, my dear Sir! true honour, I trust, can never have reason to blush, because honesty is assisted.

Worth. (*After a pause.*) You have burst upon me at a critical, a trying moment. I have a family; a beloved child, from whom I may shortly be torn, without the means of—No matter. Even the griefs that inwardly wring me, would not force me to unbend, were there not a native ingenuousness in your manner, which wins me. To you, then, to a youthful stranger, whose sympathy comes over a rugged soldier's nature, as pictured Love bestrides the lion, to you I will owe a temporary obligation.

Fred. Will you! Then you have made me the happiest dog that—(*Feeling his pockets.*) Eh?—no—zounds!—I mean, Sir, you have made me look like the silliest dog in the world.

Worth. What do you mean?

Fred. In my haste to do service, I never once recollected I wanted the means. My heart was so full, that I quite forgot my pockets were empty.

Worth. I cannot think, young man, you came here to insult me.

Fred. Insult! Oh, my dear Sir, you do not know me! You may soon. I have left a father, in embarrassments, in Russia. I have landed here, dependent on an uncle's bounty; and paid my last shilling, yesterday, to the coachman, who set me down at his gate; but my relation is as generous as a prince! he will, I am sure, give me a supply; and then—

Worth. And then I would not, for worlds, draw upon your little store. You have a superior call, it seems, upon you: a parent in distress.

Fred. My father's involvements, no doubt, will be his brother's care; and if—

• *Worth.* No more, no more! I see the workings of
• your heart. Farewell! Repine not that your will to do

good actions outruns your power. Had the widow been without her mite, and simply dropped a tear for poverty, on the moist shrine of compassion, it would have secured to her a page in Heaven's register. COLMAN.

CASSIUS AND CASCA.

Cassius. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cassius. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night:
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
E'en in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heav'ns?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,

Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol;
 A man no mightier than thyself or me,
 In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cassius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits:
 Our yoke and suff'rance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
 And he shall wear his crown, by sea and land,
 In ev'ry place, save here, in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger then.
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this? know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
 Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, oh grief!
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know

My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cassius. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise,
Of honourable dang'rous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. SHAKESPEAR.

SOUTHAMPTON AND BURLEIGH.

South. Where is the man, whom virtue calls his friend?
I give you joy, my lord!—Your quenchless fury
At length prevails—and now your malice triumphs.
You've hunted honour to the toil of faction,
And view his struggles with malicious joy.

Bur. What means my lord?

South. O fraud! shall valiant Essex
Be made a sacrifice to your ambition?
Oh, it smells foul, indeed, of rankest malice,
And the vile statesman's craft. You dare not sure
Thus bid defiance to each show of worth,
Each claim of honour: dare not injure thus
Your suffering country in her bravest son!

Bur. But why should stern reproach her angry brow
Let fall on me? Am I alone the cause
That gives this working humour strength? Do I
Instruct the public voice to warp his actions?
Justice, untaught, shall poise the impartial scales,
And every curious eye may mark the beam.

South. The specious shield, which private malice bears,
Is ever blazon'd with some public good;

Behind that artful fence, skulk low, conceal'd,
The bloody purpose, and the poison'd shaft;
From thence they take their fatal aim unseen,
And honest merit is the destined mark.

Bur. Your warm distemper'd zeal puts rashly by
The cool directing hand of wholesome reason.
No imputation foul shall rest on me;
My honest purposes defy aloud
The slander-spreading tongue of busy faction,
To cast its venom on my fair report,
Or tell posterity, thus Cecil did.
My country's welfare, and my queen's command,
Have ever been my guiding stars through life,
My sure direction still.—To these I now
Appeal;—from these, no doubt, this lord's misconduct
Hath widely stray'd: and reason, not reviling,
Must now befriend his cause.

South. How ill had Providence
Disposed the suffering world's oppressed affairs,
Had sacred right's eternal rule been left
To crafty politicians' partial sway!
Then power and pride would stretch th' enormous grasp,
And call their arbitrary portion justice:
Ambition's arms, by avarice urged, would pluck
The core of honesty from virtue's heart,
And plant deceit and rancour in its stead:
Falsehood would trample then on truth and honour,
And envy poison sweet benevolence.
Oh, 'tis a goodly group of attributes,
And well befits some statesman's righteous rule!
Out upon such base and bloody doings!
The term of being is not worth the sin;
No human bosom can endure its dart.
Then put this cruel purpose from thee far,
Nor let the blood of Essex overwhelm thy soul.

Bur. 'Tis well, my lord! your words no comment
need;
No doubt, they've well explain'd your honest meaning;
'Tis clear and full.—To parts, like yours, discretion
Would be a clog, and caution but incumbrance.
Yet, mark me well, my lord, the clinging ivy
With the oak may rise, but with it too must fall.

South. Thy empty threats, ambitious man, hurt not
The breast of truth. Fair innocence, and faith,
Those strangers to thy practised heart, shall shield
My honour and preserve my friend.—In vain
Thy malice, with unequal arm, shall strive
To tear th' applauded wreath from Essex' brow;
His honest laurel, held aloft by fame,
Above thy reach shall safely flourish,
Shall bloom immortal to the latest times:
Whilst thou, amidst thy tangling snares involved,
Shalt sink confounded, and unpitied fall.

Bur. Rail on, proud lord, and give thy choler vent:
It wastes itself in vain; the queen shall judge
Between us in this warm debate. To her
I now repair; and in her royal presence
You may approve your innocence and faith.
Perhaps you'll meet me there.—Till then, farewell.

South. Confusion wait thy steps, thou cruel monster!
My noble and illustrious friend betray'd,
By crafty faction and tyrannic power,
His sinking trophies, and his falling fame,
Oppress my very soul. I'll to the queen,
Lay all their envy open to her view,
Confront their malice, and preserve my friend. **H. JONES.**

ROLLA AND A SENTINEL.

Rolla. Inform me, friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish
prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Sent. He is.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Sent. You must not.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Sent. Not if he were thy brother.

Rolla. What is to be his fate?

Sent. He dies at sunrise.

Rolla. Ha!—then I am come in time.

Sent. Just—to witness his death.

Rolla. Soldier, I must speak with him:

Sent. Back, back—it is impossible!

Rolla. I do entreat thee, but for one moment!

Sent. Thou entreatest in vain—my orders are most strict.

Rolla. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Sent. He brought a pass which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rolla. Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them, they are thine—Let me but pass one minute with Aloazo.

Sent. Away!—wouldst thou corrupt me? Me!—an old Castilian! I know my duty better.

Rolla. Soldier!—hast thou a wife?

Sent. I have.

Rolla. Hast thou children?

Sent. Four—honest, lovely boys.

Rolla. Where didst thou leave them?

Sent. In my native village! even in the cot where myself was born.

Rolla. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife?

Sent. Do I love them! God knows my heart—I do.

Rolla. Soldier! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land—What would be thy last request?

Sent. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rolla. Oh! but if that comrade was at thy prison gate, and should there be told—thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife, what wouldst thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sent. How!

Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and child. I am come but to receive for her, and for her babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sent. Go in.

Rolla. Oh, holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form and life, human or savage—native of the forest wild, or giddy air—around whose parent bosom, thou hast not a cord entwined, of power to tie them to their offspring's

claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart, soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently! SHERIDAN.

BERTRAM AND LIONI.

Lioni. Now, stranger, what would you at such an hour?

Bertram. A boon, my noble patron; you have granted Many to your poor client, Bertram; add This one, and make him happy.

Lioni. Thou hast known me From boyhood, ever ready to assist thee In all fair objects of advancement, which Beseem one of thy station; I would promise Ere thy request was heard, but that the hour, Thy bearing, and this strange and hurried mode Of suing, gives me to suspect this visit Hath some mysterious import—but say on.

Bertram. My lord, I thank you; but——

Lioni. But what? You have not Raised a rash hand against one of our order? If so, withdraw and fly, and own it not; I would not slay—but then I must not save thee! He who has shed patrician blood——

Bertram. I come To save patrician blood, and not to shed it! And thereunto I must be speedy, for Each minute lost may lose a life; since Time Has changed his slow scythe for the two-edged sword, And is about to take, instead of sand, The dust from sepulchres to fill his hour-glass!— Go not thou forth to-morrow!

Lioni. Wherefore not?— What means this menace?

Bertram. Do not seek its meaning, But do as I implore thee;—stir not forth, Whate'er be stirring; though the roar of crowds— The cry of women, and the shrieks of babes— The groans of men—the clash of arms—the sound Of rolling drum, shrill trumpet, and hollow bell,

Peal in one wide alarm!—Go not forth
 Until the tocsin's silent, nor even then
 Till I return!

Lioni. Again, what does this mean?

Bertram. Again, I tell thee, ask not; but by all
 Thou holdest dear on earth or heaven—by all
 The souls of thy great fathers, and thy hope
 To emulate them, and to leave behind
 Descendants worthy both of them and thee—
 By all thou hast of blest in hope or memory—
 By all thou hast to fear here or hereafter—
 By all the good deeds thou hast done to me,
 Good I would now repay with greater good,
 Remain within—trust to thy household gods,
 And to my word for safety, if thou dost
 As I now counsel—but if not, thou art lost!

Lioni. I am indeed already lost in wonder;
 Surely thou ravest! what have I to dread?
 Who are my foes? or, if there be such, why
 Art thou leagued with them?—thou! or if so leagued,
 Why comest thou to tell me at this hour,
 And not before?

Bertram. I cannot answer this.
 Wilt thou go forth, despite of this true warning?

Lioni. I was not born to shrink from idle threats,
 The cause of which I know not: at the hour
 Of council, be it soon or late, I shall not
 Be found among the absent.

Bertram. Say not so!
 Once more, art thou determined to go forth?

Lioni. I am. Nor is there aught which shall impede
 me!

Bertram. Then Heaven have mercy on thy soul!—
 Farewell!

Lioni. Stay—there is more in this than my own safety
 Which makes me call thee back; we must not part thus:
Bertram, I have known thee long.

Bertram. From childhood, signor,
 You have been my protector: in the days
 Of reckless infancy, when rank forgets,
 Or, rather, is not yet taught to remember
 Its cold prerogative, we play'd together;

Our sports, our smiles, our tears, were mingled oft;
 My father was your father's client, I
 His son's scarce less than foster-brother; years
 Saw us together—happy, heart-full hours!—
 Oh, God! the difference 'twixt those hours and this!

Lioni. Bertram, 'tis thou who hast forgotten them.

Bertram. Nor now, nor ever; whatsoe'er betide,
 I would have saved you. When to manhood's growth
 We sprung, and you, devoted to the state,
 As suits your station, the more humble Bertram
 Was left unto the labours of the humble,
 Still you forsook me not; and if my fortunes
 Have not been towering, 'twas no fault of him
 Who oft-times rescued and supported me,
 When struggling with the tides of circumstance
 Which bear away the weaker: noble blood
 Ne'er mantled in a nobler heart than thine
 Has proved to me, the poor plebeian Bertram.
 Would that thy fellow senators were like thee!

Lioni. Why, what hast thou to say against the senate?

Bertram. Nothing.

Lioni. I know that there are angry spirits
 And turbulent mutterers of stifled treason
 Who lurk in narrow places, and walk out
 Muffled to whisper curses to the night;
 Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,
 And desperate libertines who brawl in taverns;
 Thou herdest not with such: 'tis true, of late
 I have lost sight of thee, but thou wert wont
 To lead a temperate life, and break thy bread
 With honest mates, and bear a cheerful aspect.
 What hath come to thee? in thy hollow eye
 And hueless cheek, and thine unquiet motions,
 Sorrow and shame and conscience seem at war
 To waste thee?

Bertram. Rather shame and sorrow light
 On the accursed tyranny which rides
 The very air in Venice, and makes men
 Madden as in the last hours of the plague
 Which sweeps the soul deliriously from life!

Lioni. Some villains have been tampering with thee,

Bertram;

This is not thy old language, nor own thoughts;
 Some wretch has made thee drunk with disaffection;
 But thou must not be lost so; thou *wert* good
 And kind, and art not fit for such base acts
 As vice and villany would put thee to:
 Confess—confide in me—thou know'st my nature—
 What is it thou and thine are bound to do,
 Which should prevent thy friend, the only son
 Of him who was a friend unto thy father,
 So that our good-will is a heritage
 We should bequeath to our posterity,
 Such, as ourselves received it, or augmented;
 I say, what is it thou must do, that I
 Should deem thee dangerous, and keep the house,
 Like a sick girl?

Bertram. Nay, question me no further:
 Is there no way to save thee? minutes fly,
 And thou art lost!—*thou!* my sole benefactor,
 The only being who was constant to me
 Through every change. Yet, make me not a traitor!
 Let me save thee—but spare my honour!

Lioni. Where
 Can lie the honour in a league of murder?
 And who are traitors save unto the state?

Bertram. A league is still a compact, and more binding
 In honest hearts, when words must stand for law;
 And, in my mind, there is no traitor like
 He whose domestic treason plants the poniard
 Within the breast which trusted to his truth.

Lioni. And *who* will strike the steel to mine?

Bertram. Not I;
 I could have wound my soul up to all things
 Save this. *Thou* must not die! and think how dear
 Thy life is, when I risk so many lives,
 Nay, more, the life of lives, the liberty
 Of future generations, *not* to be
 The assassin thou miscall'st me;—once, once more
 I do adjure thee, pass not o'er thy threshold!

Lioni. It is in vain—this moment I go forth.

Bertram. Then perish Venice rather than my friend!
 I will disclose—ensnare—betray—destroy—
 Oh, what a villain I become for thee!

Lioni. Say, rather, thy friend's saviour and the state's!
 Speak—pause not—all rewards, all pledges for
 Thy safety and thy welfare; wealth, such as
 The state accords her worthiest servants; nay,
 Nobility itself I guarantee thee,
 So that thou art sincere and penitent.

Bertram. I have thought again: it must not be—I
 love thee—

Thou knowest it—that I stand here is the proof,
 Not least though last; but having done my duty
 By thee, I now must do it by my country!
 Farewell!—we meet no more in life!—farewell! **BYRON.**

NORTHUMBERLAND AND MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
 So looks the strand, whereon th' imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Morton. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
 Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask
 To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd:
 But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue;
 And I, my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
 This thou would'st say: your son did thus, and thus;
 Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds,
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Morton. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
 But for my lord, your son—

North. Why, he is dead.
 See what a ready tongue suspicious hath;

He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet, Morton, speak :
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Morton. You are too great, to be by me gainsaid :
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth : if he be slain, say so :
The tongue offends not, that reports his death :
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departed friend.

Morton. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heav'n I had not seen.
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breathed,
To Henry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.
In few :—his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops ;—
For from his metal was his party steel'd :
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was the noble Worc'ster
Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword

Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
 'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is, that the king hath won: and hath sent out
 A speedy pow'r t' encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster
 And Westmorland. This is the news at full.

SHAKESPEAR.

HAMET AND ZAPHIMRI.

Hamet. Now speak thy purpose.

Zaph. Under this disguise—

Hamet. If, under that disguise, a murderer's dagger
 Thirst for my blood—thus I can meet the blow:

[*Throwing himself open.*]

Zaph. No ruffian's purpose lurks within this bosom.
 To these lone walls, where oft the Scythian stabber
 With murd'rous stride hath come: these walls, that oft
 Have seen th' assassin's deeds—I bring a mind
 Firm, virtuous, upright. Under this vile garb,
 Lo! here a son of China.

[*Opens his dress.*]

Hamet. Yes, thy garb
 Denotes a son of China; and those eyes
 Roll with no black intent.—Say on—

Zaph. Inflamed with admiration of heroic deeds,
 I come to seek acquaintance with the youth,
 Who for his king would bravely die!

Hamet. Say, then,
 Dost thou applaud the deed?

Zaph. By heaven, I do!
 Yes, virtuous envy rises in my soul—

Thy ardour charms me, and even now I pant
 To change conditions with thee.—

Hamet. Then my heart
 Accepts thy proffer'd friendship. In a base,
 A prone, degenerate age, when foreign force
 And foreign manners have o'erwhelm'd us all,
 And sunk our native genius—thou retain'st
 A sense of ancient worth. But wherefore here,

Zaph. He!—that fatal wretch,
 Exalted into misery supreme.
 Oh! I was happy, while good Zamti's son,
 I walk'd the common tracks of life, and strove
 Humbly to copy my imagined sire.
 But now——

Hamet. Yes, now—if thou art he—as sure
 'Tis wondrous like—raised to a state, in which
 A nation's happiness on thee depends——

Zaph. A nation's happiness!—There, there I bleed!
 There are my pangs! For me this war began,
 For me hath purple slaughter drench'd the fields;
 I am the cause of all. I forged those chains—
 For Zamti and Mandane too—Oh! heavens!—
 Them have I thrown into a dungeon's gloom.
 These are the horrors of Zaphimri's reign.
 —I am the tyrant!—I ascend the throne
 By trampling on the neck of innocence—
 By base ingratitude!—by the vile means
 Of selfish cowardice, that can behold
 Thee, and thy father, mother, all in chains,
 All lost, all murder'd, that I thence may rise
 Inglorious to a throne!

Hamet. Alas! thy spirit,
 Thy wild disorder'd fancy pictures forth
 Ills that are not—or, being ills, not worth
 A moment's pause.

Zaph. Not ill? Thou canst not mean it.
 Oh! I'm environ'd with the worst of woes!
 The angry Fates, amidst their hoards of vengeance,
 Had nought but this—they meant to render me
 Peculiarly distress'd. Tell me, thou gallant youth—
 A soul like thine knows every fine emotion—
 Is there a nerve, in which the heart of man
 Can prove such torture, as when thus it meets
 Unequal'd friendship, honour, truth, and love,
 And no return can make?—Oh! 'tis too much,
 Ye mighty gods, too much—thus, thus to be
 A feeble prince, a shadow of a king,
 Without the power to wreak revenge on guilt,
 Without the power of doing virtue right!

Hamet. That power will come.

To this sad mansion, this abode of sorrow,
Comest thou to know a wretch that soon must die?

Zaph. By heaven, thou shalt not die!—I come to speak
The gladsome tidings of a happier fate.

—By me Zaphimri sends—

Hamet. Zaphimri sends!

Kind powers! Where is the king?

Zaph. His steps are safe;
Unseen as is the arrow's path. By me he says,
He knows, he loves, he wonders at thy virtue.
By me he swears, rather than thou should'st fall,
He will emerge from dark obscurity,
And greatly brave his fate.

Hamet. Ha!—die for me!

For me, ignoble in the scale of being!

An unimportant wretch! Whoe'er thou art,

I prithee, stranger, bear my answer back—

Oh! tell my sovereign that here dwells a heart

Superior to all peril. When I fall,

A worm—an insect dies! But in his life

Are wrapp'd the glories of our ancient line,

The liberties of China! Then let him

Live for his people—be it mine to die.

Zaph. Can I hear this, ye powers, and not dissolve

In tears of gratitude and love? [*Aside.*

Hamet. Why streams

That flood of grief?—and why that stifled groan?

Through the dark mist his sorrow casts around him,

He seems no common man. Say, generous youth,

Who, and what art thou?

Zaph. Who, and what am I?

Thou lead'st me to a precipice, from whence

Downward to look, turns wild the madd'ning brain,

Scared at th' unfathomable deep below.

Who, and what am I?—Oh! the veriest wretch

That ever yet groan'd out his soul in anguish!

One lost, abandon'd, hopeless, plunged in woe

Beyond redemption's aid.—To tell thee all

In one dire word, big with the last distress,

In one accumulated term of horror—

Zaphimri!—

Hamet. Said'st thou!—

Zaph. Yes, Hamet, yes;
 A gleam of hope remains. Should Timurkan
 Defer his murder to the midnight hour,
 Then will I come, then burst these guilty walls,
 Rend those vile manacles, and give thee freedom.

Hamet. Oh! no—you must not risk.

Zaph. A band of heroes
 For this are ready; honourably leagued
 To vindicate their rights. Thy father's care
 Plann'd and inspired the whole. Among the troops,
 Nay, in his very guards, there are not wanting
 Some gallant sons of China, in that hour,
 Who will discover their long pent-up fury,
 And deal destruction round.

Hamet. What—all convened,
 And every thing disposed?

Zaph. Determined!—Now
 In silent terror all intent they stand,
 And wait the signal in each gale that blows.

Hamet. Why didst thou venture forth?

Zaph. What, poorly lurk
 While my friends die!—that thought—but, generous
 youth,
 I'll not think meanly of thee.—No—that thought
 Is foreign to my heart.

Hamet. But think, my prince,
 On China's wrongs, thy dying heroes' groans;
 Think on thy ancestors.

Zaph. My ancestors!
 What is't to me a long-descended line,
 A race of worthies, legislators, heroes,
 Unless I bring their virtues too? No more—
 Thy own example fires me. Near this place
 I'll take my stand, and watch their busy motions,
 Until the general roar; then will I come,
 And arm thee for th' assault.

Hamet. Oh! if thou dost,
 Yet once again I'll wield the deathful blade,
 And bear against the foe.

Zaph. Yes, thou and I
 Will rush together through the paths of death,
 Mow down our way, and with sad overthrow

Pursue the Tartar—like two rushing torrents,
That from the mountain's top, 'midst roaring caves,
'Midst rocks and rent-up trees, foam headlong down,
And each depopulates his way.

MURPHY.

LIEUT. WORTHINGTON & CORPORAL FOSS.

Worth. Where are the ladies, Corporal?

Foss. They are gone to take a walk, an' please your honour.

Worth. Mine has somewhat fatigued me.

Foss. Under favour, I think your honour takes too much exercise; it always brings the torment in your wound again.

Worth. You bustle about for me, more than I could wish, Corporal. You got your wound in an ugly place, you know.

Foss. I got it at Gibraltar; the same ugly place with your honour. The same shell struck us both together.

Worth. I remember it did, Corporal.

Foss. And, when I lay on the ground, and your honour's left arm was so terribly wounded, you stretched out your right to help me.

Worth. I don't remember that, Corporal.

Foss. Don't you? but I do; and I shall never forget it. Ah, we had warm work that day, your honour.

Worth. We had, indeed, Corporal.

Foss. There were Crillon's batteries, and four thousand men behind us at land.

Worth. Moreno, with his fleet, before us at sea.

Foss. At ten in the morning, the Spanish admiral began his cannonade.

Worth. Our battery from the king's bastion opened directly.

Foss. Red-hot shot poured from the garrison!

Worth. Cannons roar!

Foss. Mortars and howitzers!

Worth. The enemy's shipping in flames!

Foss. Fire again!

Worth. They burn!

Foss. They blow up!

Worth. They sink!

Foss. Victory! Old England for ever! your honour, huzza!

Worth. Ay, Corporal, against the world in arms, Old England for ever!

Both. Huzza!

Foss. We have no limbs to help our country, now. We shall never fight for Old England again, your honour.

Worth. No, Corporal; 'tis impossible!

Foss. But our *hearts* are for our country still. Though your honour has only half-pay, and I am but an out-pensioner of Chelsea.

Worth. We have no right to complain, Corporal. National bounty, beyond its limits, would be national waste; and 'tis impossible to provide sumptuously for all.

Foss. That's true, your honour; every hero, that loses his life in the field, must not expect a *marvel* monument.

Worth. 'Tis of little import, Corporal. A gallant soldier's memory will flourish, though humble turf be osier-bound upon his grave. The tears of his country will moisten it; and vigorous laurel sprout among the cypress that shadows his remains. But 'tis a bitter thought, when we must depart, to leave, unprotected, the few who are joined with us in the ties of affection, and the bonds of nature.

COLMAN.

DOUGLAS AND OLD NORVAL.

Old N. Forgive! forgive!

Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son?

Doug. Kneel not to me; thou art my father still.
Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy.
Welcome to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,
And, ever honour'd, with thy Douglas live.

Old N. And dost thou call me father? Oh, my son!
I think that I could die, to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime,
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget,

When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.
 I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
 The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals bow,
 Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

Old N. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!
 Yet grievous are my fears. Oh, leave this place,
 And those unfriendly towers!

Doug. Why should I leave them?

Old N. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that?

Old N. I will inform you how.
 When evening came, I left the secret place
 Appointed for me by your mother's care,
 And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
 That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I ranged,
 I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
 Of earnest voices. On the persons came
 Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
 Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,
 And that Glenalvon. Still of you they spoke,
 And of the lady: threat'ning was their speech,
 Though but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
 "Twas strange," they said, "a wonderful discovery!"
 And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge! for what?

Old N. For being what you are,
 Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?
 When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
 And there sat musing how I best might find
 Means to inform you of their wicked purpose;
 But I could think of none. At last, perplex'd,
 I issued forth, encompassing the tower,
 With many a wearied step and wishful look.
 Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
 Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
 The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness:
 But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
 In our encounter with the vile assassins,
 I mark'd his brave demeanor; him I'll trust.

Old N. I fear you will, too far.

Doug. Here in this place

I wait my mother's coming; she shall know
 What thou hast told: her counsel I will follow:
 And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
 You must depart: your presence may prevent
 Our interview.

Old N. My blessing rest upon thee!
 Oh, may heaven's hand, which saved thee from the wave,
 And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;
 Turning mischance, if aught hangs o'er thy head,
 All upon mine!

Doug. He loves me like a parent;
 And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,
 Although his son has found a nobler father.
 Eventful day! how hast thou changed my state!
 Once, on the cold and winter-shaded side
 Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
 Never to thrive, child of another soil;
 Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
 Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers;
 Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!
 To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
 Hear, and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd;
 May heaven inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
 To give a bold defiance to our host!
 Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die. HOMER.

LUCIA AND MARCIA.

Lucia. Marcia, you're too severe:
 How could you chide the young, good-natured prince,
 And drive him from you with so stern an air;
 A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?
Marcia. How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me sink away
 In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
 When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Lucia. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
 Who have so many griefs to try its force?
 Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest mould,
 Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
 And sunk me e'en below my own weak sex:
 Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Marcia. Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired distress.
Tell me, who raises up this conflict in thee?

Lucia. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Marcia. But tell me whose address thou favour'st most:
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Lucia. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my
choice?

Oh, Portius, thou hast stolen away my soul!
Marcus is over-warm; his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Marcia. Alas, poor youth!
How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom?
I dread the consequence.

Lucia. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

Marcia. Lucia, no:
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fallen on him.

Lucia. Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns: so much he fears
The sad effect that it will have on Marcus.
Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine.

Marcia. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

ADDISON.

HENRY IV. AND HIS SON.

K. Henry. I know not whether God will have it so,
 For some displeasing service I have done ;
 That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
 He breeds revengement and a scourge for me :
 But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
 Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
 To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me, else
 Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attaints,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

P. Henry. So please your majesty, I wish I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
 As well, as I am doubtless I can purge
 Myself of many I am charged withal.
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof of many tales devised,
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
 By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers ;
 I may for some things true (wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
 Find pardon, on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee ! yet let me wonder,
 Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court, and princes of my blood.
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hacknied in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession,

And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wondered at ;
That men would tell their children, " This is he."
Others would say " Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keep my person fresh and new ;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at ; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt ; 'scarded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
'To laugh with gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative :
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze ;
Such as is bent on sunlike majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
They rather drowsed, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou ;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege

With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more ;
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Henry. Harry, for all the world,
As thou art at this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur ;
And e'en as I was then, is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession ;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
And being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and rev'rend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ !
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas ; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this ? Percy, Northumberland,
Th' Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, and Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee ?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtesy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so :
And heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son :
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favour in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would there were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf :
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of heaven, I promise here :
The which, if I perform't, and do survive,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance ;
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this !
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.
The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward :
On Thursday, we ourselves will march : our meeting
Is at Bridgnorth ; and, Harry, you shall march
Through Glo'stershire : by which, some twelve days hence,
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of bus'ness ; let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay.

SHAKESPEAR.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

E. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint stars! and thou, fair moon!
 That won'tst to love the traveller's benison,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades;
 Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush candle, from the wicker-hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian cynosure.

Y. Bro. Or, if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But oh! that hapless virgin, our lost sister,
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now;
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears:
 What if in wild amazement and affright!
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger or of savage heat?

E. Bro. Peace, brother; be not over exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestal his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion!
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,)

Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk; and Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks some sweet retired solitude,
 Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all so ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day;
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. Bro. 'Tis most true,
 That musing Meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the narrow haunts of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate house;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night or loneliness it recks me not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

E. Bro. I do not, brother,
 Infer as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure, without all doubt or controversy;
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is,

That I incline to hope rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

Y. Bro. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heaven? if you mean that.

E. Bro. I mean that, too; but yet a hidden strength,
 Which if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own;
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel;
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
 May trace huge forests and unarbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where through the sacred rays of chastity
 No savage fierce, bandit or mountaineer,
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity;
 Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
 By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
 Be it not done in pride or in presumption.
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unfaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
 No goblin, or swart Fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginitv.
 Do you believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
 To testify the arms of Chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid: gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th' Woods.
 What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin?
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to eongel'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity
 And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,

That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly inhabitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

Y. Bro. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

E. Bro.—List, list! I hear
Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

Y. Bro. Methought so too; what should it be?

E. Bro. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Bro. Heaven keep my sister! Again! again! and
near!

Best draw and stand upon our guard.

E. Bro. I'll halloo;
If he be friendly he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us. MILTON.

—
JACOPO FOSCARI AND MARINA.

Marina. I come to tell thee the result of their
Last council on thy doom.

J. Fosc. I know it—look!

Marina. No—no—no more of that: even they relent
From that atrocity. [*He points to his wounds.*]

J. Fosc. What then?

Marina. That you
Return to Candia.

J. Fosc. Then my last hope's gone.
I could endure my dungeon, for 'twas Venice;
I could support the torture, there was something

In my native air that buoy'd my spirits up,
 Like a ship on the ocean toss'd by storms,
 But proudly still bestriding the high waves,
 And holding on its course ; but *there*, afar,
 In that accursed isle of slaves, and captives,
 And unbelievers, like a stranded wreck,
 My very soul seem'd mouldering in my bosom,
 And piecemeal I shall perish, if remanded.

Marina. And *here* ?

J. Fosc. At once—but by better means, as briefer.

What ! would they even deny me my sires' sepulchre,
 As well as home and heritage ?

Marina.

My husband !

I have sued to accompany thee hence,
 And not so hopelessly. 'This love of thine
 For an ungrateful and tyrannic soil
 Is passion, and not patriotism ; for me,
 So I could see thee with a quiet aspect,
 And the sweet freedom of the earth and air,
 I would not cavil about climes or regions.
 This crowd of palaces and prisons is not
 A paradise ; its first inhabitants
 Were wretched exiles.

J. Fosc.

Well I know *how* wretched !

Marina. And yet you see how from their banishment
 Before the Tartar into these salt isles,
 Their antique energy of mind, all that
 Remain'd of Rome for their inheritance,
 Created by degrees an ocean-Rome ;
 And shall an evil, which so often leads
 To good, depress thee thus ?

J. Fosc.

Had I gone forth
 From my own land, like the old patriarchs, seeking
 Another region, with their flocks and herds ;
 Had I been cast out like the Jews from Zion,
 Or, like our fathers, driven by Attila
 From fertile Italy to barren islets,
 I would have given some tears to my late country,
 And many thoughts ; but afterwards address'd
 Myself, with those about me, to create
 A new home and fresh state ; perhaps I could
 Have borne this—though I know not.

Marina.

Ay—we but hear

Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,
 Their numbers and success ; but who can number
 The hearts which broke in silence of that parting,
 Or after their departure ; of that malady
 Which calls up green and native fields to view
 From the rough deep, with such identity
 To the poor exile's fever'd eye, that he
 Can scarcely be restrain'd from treading them ?
 That melody, which out of tones and tunes
 Collects such pasture for the longing sorrow
 Of the sad mountaineer, when far away
 From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,
 That he feeds on the sweet, but poisonous thought,
 And dies. You call this *weakness* ! It is strength,
 I say,—the parent of all honest feeling.
 He who loves not his country, can love nothing.

Marina. Obey her, then ; 'tis she that puts thee forth.

J. Fosc. Ay, there it is : 'tis like a mother's curse
 Upon my soul—the mark is set upon me.
 The exiles you speak of, went forth by nations
 Their hands upheld each other by the way,
 Their tents were pitch'd together—I'm alone.

Marina. You shall be so no more ; I will go with thee.

J. Fosc. My best Marina !—and our children ?

Marina. They,

I fear, by the prevention of the state's
 Abhorrent policy, (which holds all ties
 As threads, which may be broken at her pleasure,)
 Will not be suffer'd to proceed with us.

J. Fosc. And canst thou leave them ?

Marina. Yes. With many a pang,
 But—I *can* leave them, children as they are,
 To teach you to be less a child. From this
 Learn you to sway your feelings, when exacted
 By duties paramount ; and 'tis our first
 On earth—to bear.

J. Fosc. Have I not borne ?

Marina. Too much

From tyrannous injustice, and enough
 To teach you not to shrink now from a lot,
 Which, as compared with what you have undergone
 Of late, is mercy.

J. Fosc. Ah ! you never yet

Were far away from Venice, never saw
 Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
 While every furrow of the vessel's track
 Seem'd ploughing deep into your heart ; you never
 Saw day go down upon your native spires
 So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
 And after dreaming a disturbing vision
 Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.

Marina. I will divide this with you. Let us think
 Of our departure from this much-loved city,
 (Since you must *love* it, as it seems,) and this
 Chamber of state, her gratitude allots you.
 Our children will be cared for by the Doge,
 And by my uncles : we must sail ere night.

J. Fosc. That's sudden. Shall I not behold my father ?

Marina. You will.

J. Fosc. Where ?

Marina. Here, or in the ducal chamber—
 He said not which. I would that you could bear
 Your exile as he bears it.

J. Fosc. Blame him not.
 I sometimes murmur for a moment ; but
 He could not now act otherwise. A show
 Of feeling or compassion on his part,
 Would have but drawn upon his aged head
 Suspicion from "the Ten," and upon mine
 Accumulated ills.

Marina. Accumulated !
 What pangs are those they have spared you ?

J. Fosc. That of leaving
 Venice without beholding him or you,
 Which might have been forbidden now, as 'twas
 Upon my former exile.

Marina. That is true,
 And thus far I am also the state's debtor,
 And shall be more so, when I see us both
 Floating on the free waves—away—away—
 Be it to the earth's end, from this abhorr'd,
 Unjust, and——

J. Fosc. Curse it not. If I am silent,
 Who dares accuse my country ?

Marina. Men and angels !
 The blood of myriads reeking up to heaven,

The groans of slaves in chains, and men in dungeons,
 Mothers, and wives, and sons, and sires, and subjects,
 Held in the bondage of ten bald-heads ; and
 Though last, not least, *thy silence*. *Couldst thou say*
Aught in its favour, who would praise like thee?

J. Fosc. Let us address us then, since so it must be,
 To our departure.

BYRON.

KING JOHN AND HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night :
 Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
 The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John.

Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the streets,
 Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear.
 And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
 Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on th' anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing in slippers, which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent.
 Another lean, unwash'd artificer,
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
 fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
 Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a cause
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ? why, did you not provoke
 me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
 By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
 To break into the bloody house of life :
 And on the winking of authority

To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to destruction.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill doné ! for hadst thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death.
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Madest it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed :
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words ;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me, and my state is braved,
E'en at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs ;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign,
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive ; this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood:

Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rer's thought.
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
 Than to be butcher of a guiltless child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience.
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste;
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

SHAKESPEAR.

PORTIUS AND MARCUS.

Por. The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
 The great, th' important day, big with the fate
 Of Cato and of Rome;—our father's death
 Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
 And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
 Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
 Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
 Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
 To form new battles, and support his crimes.
 Ye Gods, what havoc does ambition make
 Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
 Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
 In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
 I'm tortured e'en to madness, when I think
 On the proud victor: every time he's named
 Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
 Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field
 Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter;
 His horses' hoofs wet with patrician blood!
 Oh, Portius! is not there some chosen curse,
 Some hidden thunder, in the stores of Heaven,

Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied.
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark clouds of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him!
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base, degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army and an empty senate;
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heaven, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul! our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease.—
Oh, Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpitied, and successful love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs.—Were but my Lucia kind—

Por. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival;
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. *[Aside.]*
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof,
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:—
To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marc. Alas, the counsel which I cannot take,

Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, that grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse:
I feel it here: my resolution melts—

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it;
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him;
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour, and desire of fame,
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What, shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings be-
hind them.

Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius show
A virtue that had cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Por. Oh, Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions.

ADDISON.

PRIULI AND JAFFIER.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! Begone and leave
me.

Jaf. Not hear me! By my suffering, but you shall!
My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaf. Could my nature e'er

Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrongs,
 I need not now thus low have bent myself
 To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
 Wrong'd you?

Pri. Yes, wrong'd me! In the nicest point,
 The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
 You may remember (for I now will speak,
 And urge its baseness) when you first came home
 From travel, with such hopes as made you look'd on,
 By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,
 Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;
 Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits:
 My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
 My very self, was yours; you might have used me
 To your best service; like an open friend
 I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine:
 When, in requital of my best endeavours,
 You treacherously practised to undo me;
 Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
 My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
 Oh, Belvidera!

Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:
 Childless you had been else, and in the grave
 Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
 You may remember, scarce five years are past,
 Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
 The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
 And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
 Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
 You made for safety: enter'd first yourself;
 Th' affrighted Belvidera following next,
 As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
 Was, by a wave, wash'd off into the deep;
 When instantly I plunged into the sea;
 And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
 Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
 Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
 And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
 That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
 I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
 Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she loved me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me ; like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night ! that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine ;
A steril fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both ; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous ; still
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you ; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestow'd in vain.
Heaven has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty :
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father.

Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries ; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by heaven !

Jaf. Would I were in my grave !

Pri. And she too with thee.

For living here, you're but my cursed remembrancers
I was once happy.

Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Oh ! could my soul ever have known satiety ;
Were I the thief, the doer of such things
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder ?

Pri. You dare not do 't.

Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.

My heart, that awes me, is too much my master ;
Three years are past, since first our vows were plighted,
During which time, the world must bear me witness,
I've treated Belvidera as your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice :
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded.
Out of my little fortune I've done this ;

Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see I loved her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.

Pri. No more.

Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch, that lives on common charity,
But's happier than me: for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never waked but to a joyful morning;
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's wither'd in the ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then, to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; go hence, and starve—
Home, home, I say! OTWAY.

KING PHILIP AND THE BISHOP OF OSMIA.

Osmia. Sire, most gracious king,
My constant benefactor, sovereign master,
It is Don Carlos brings me here; I come
To plead for my dear pupil!

Philip. Why suppose
That any danger threatens him?

Osmia. Alas!
I know it well, these gloomy judges meet
To make the prince a criminal: alas!
The heavy day for me, whose waning lamp
Borrows its sinking light from his bright radiance.

Philip. Well, be it that the prince is on his trial;
Sits there not here a council capable
To sift the truth, that thou shouldst thus intrude
A new uncalled assessor?

Osmia. Gracious sire,
Here Justice sits alone—a frowning power,
Whose presence is too terrible for man,
Unless her sister, Mercy, standing by,
Temper the ruthless rigour of her brow.

Philip. Am I not here?

Osmā. You should be merciful.

You would be merciful, were not your mind
So fixed upon your duty to the State,
That much I fear your heart would sooner break
Than your firm will relax.

Philip. If it be so,
'Tis well for Spain, though I should act the part
Of Brutus with my son.

Osmā. Oh, dreadful thought!

Tigers are cruel, and yet tigers spare
Their offspring; vultures, eagles, leopards, wolves,
All savage beasts, all bloody slaughtering birds,
At the loved aspect of their own dear young,
Sheath their fierce claws, and tame their murderous beaks:
Man, man alone is taught by vicious arts,
He calls civility, to lay his hand
On his own progeny.

Philip. 'Tis vapour this:
Was it to rant and rail at us, you broke
Our solemn councils?

Osmā. Nay, turn not away:
If you will try your son, let me be witness.
I know the current of his thoughts; the stream
Of his whole life, from his first boyish days;
I know his virtues, deep and rich as gems
That lie in ocean's beds; I know his faults,
Swelling but transient as the drops of air
That bubble on the surface and are gone.

Philip. We ask not of his temper: facts, grave facts,
Are here in question.

Osmā. Let me know them, sire;
They must be twisted from their natural bent,
To hurt the prince.

Philip. He has avow'd them all.

Osmā. Alas! he is too confident, too strong
In consciousness of proud integrity,
To fear the glosses that designing men
May put upon his actions; from his speech
An artful judge may spin a deadly sentence;
But a great king, with better augury,
Will grant his pardon to a generous soul
Guilt cannot stain, and mercy must reclaim.

Prior. I know thee not.

Bert. I marvel that thou say'st it ;
For lowly men full oft remember those
In changed state, whom equals have forgotten.
A passing beggar hath remember'd me,
When with strange eyes my kinsmen look'd on me.
I wore no sullied weeds on that proud day,
When thou, a barefoot monk, didst bow full low.
For alms, my heedless hand had flung to thee.
Thou dost not know me.

Prior. Mine eyes are dim with age, but many thoughts
Do stir within me at thy voice.

Bert. List to me, monk ; it is thy trade to talk,
As reverend men do use in saintly wise,
Of life's vicissitudes and vanities.
Hear one plain tale, that doth surpass all saws ;
Hear it from me : Count Bertram, aye, Count Bertram,—
The darling of his liege, and of his land,
The army's idol, and the council's head,
Whose smile was fortune, and whose will was law,—
Doth bow him to the prior of St. Anselm
For water to refresh his parched lip,
And this hard-matted couch to fling his limbs on.

Prior. Good heaven and all its saints !

Bert. Wilt thou betray me ?

Prior. Lives there the wretch beneath these walls to do
it ?

Sorrow enough hath bow'd thy head already,
Thou man of many woes.
Far more I fear lest thou betray thyself.
Hard by do stand the halls of Aldobrand,
(Thy mortal enemy and cause of fall,)
Where ancient custom doth invite each stranger,
Cast on this shore, to sojourn certain days,
And taste the bounty of the castle's lord.
If thou goest not, suspicion will arise ;
And if thou dost, (all changed as thou art,)
Some desperate burst of passion will betray thee,
And end in mortal scathe.

What dost thou gaze on with such fixed eyes ?

Bert.

What sayest thou ?

*I dreamed I stood before lord Aldobrand,
Impenetrable to his searching eyes,*

And I did feel the horrid joy men feel,
Measuring the serpent's coil whose fangs have stung them;
Scanning with giddy eye the air-hung rock
From which they leap'd, and live by miracle;
Following the dun skirt of the o'erpast storm
Whose bolt did leave them prostrate;
To see that horrid spectre of my thoughts
In all the stern reality of life;
To mark the living lineaments of hatred,
And say, This is the man whose sight should blast me;
Yet in calm dreadful triumph still gaze on:—
It is a horrid joy.

Prior. Nay, rave not thus;
Thou wilt not meet him, many a day must pass
Till from Palermo's walls he wend him homeward,
Where now he tarries with St. Anselm's knights.

MATURIN.

ALASCO AND PRIOR JEROME.

Jer. Beware, my friend, lest youthful passion prompt
Thy discontent with Walsingham; in him,
The father's heart beats strongly, and awhile,
May hesitate to yield an only child,
E'en to a son like thee.

Alas. O! wrong me not
By such a thought, good father! nor believe
I hold my passions in so loose a rein
That they should sway me in a cause like this.
Since first in presence of her dying mother,
Thy sacred office seal'd Amantha mine,
Have I not patient, waived a husband's claim,
And waiting Walsingham's return, approach'd her,
As some fair vestal in a hallow'd shrine,
For heavenly love reserved, and holy joy.

Jer. Most true, my son! thou may'st defy reproach;
But yet, it cannot be that Walsingham
Would fain deny thy suit.

Alas. In words, perhaps,
He has not so express'd him, but 'tis plain,
Whate'er the cause, he meditates refusal.
He now looks coldly on me—cuts me short—
When I would urge his promise, with "Well, well,

Not now, some other time, we'll speak of this."
And then, he talks at me, with studied speech,
And pointed emphasis, declaiming loud
Against those sentiments he takes for mine ;
Till, chafed by his own vehemence, he swears,
The characters he most abhors on earth,
Are factious fools and firebrand patriots.

Jer. It is most strange ! He cannot sure, forget
Thy claims upon him—from thy earliest years,
Adopted as his son—each interval
Of leisure left him from the toils of war,
Employ'd with zeal, to form thee what thou art,
An honour to thy country, and thy name.
Why, 'twas the favourite boon he ask'd of heaven,
To see his daughter triumph in thy love,
And safe beneath the shelter of thy virtues.

Alas. Blessed be the pious foresight that secured
By holy rites, our long-affianced faith !

Jer. Let us, my son, more nobly deem of Walsingham ;
Some adverse current of the world, perhaps,
Has, for a moment, turn'd him from his course ;
But he will soon resume his former track,
As steady as before. Full twenty years
Have told their flight, in furrows on my brow,
Since first, reluctant I beheld my niece,
My orphan care, united to his fortunes :
A soldier, foreign to our faith and country.
E'en piety, with prejudice combined,
To wake my fears, and cloud him with suspicion ;
But soon his virtues triumph'd, and rebuked
The narrow bigotry of clime and sect ;
Though of an hasty, and impetuous spirit,
I have ever found him open, just, and generous,
The kindest father, and the best of husbands.

Alas. To me, his guardian care has long supplied
A parent's loss ; and 'twas my pride to think,
He meant to draw me nearer to his heart,
And bless me with Amantha.

SHR.

PART VIII.

PROSE ESSAYS, DIDACTIC AND HUMOROUS.

THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child, at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a "whistle" that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my "whistle," but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation: and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the "whistle" gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle;" and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who "gave too much for the whistle."

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours, *sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose,*

his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect: "He pays, indeed," says I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth: "Poor man," says I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations: "Mistaken man," says I, "you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison: "Alas," says I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

When I see a beautiful sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a wealthy husband: "What a pity it is," says I, "that she has paid so much for a whistle!"

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind was brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their "whistles."

FRANKLIN.

ON GOOD-BREEDING.

THERE are many accomplishments, which, though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourse with men. Of this kind is that general courtesy which is called good-breeding; a name by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characterised and recommended.

Good-breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a passion almost universally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any

other; and he who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestible superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy, with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In some instances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of those, with whom neither virtue nor wisdom can desire to associate; and good-breeding may generally be practised upon more easy and more honourable terms, than acquiescence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of servility. Disagreeable truths may be suppressed; and when they can be suppressed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered. The boast of vanity may be suffered without severe reprehension, and the prattle of absurdity may be heard without expressions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good-breeding, however necessary, is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents: and that great integrity, delicacy, sensibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and contemporary, Dante Aligheri, one of the most exalted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem; but became daily less acceptable to his patron, by the severity of his manners, and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court many players and buffoons, gamesters and debauchees, one of whom, distinguished by his impudence, ribaldry, and obscenity, was greatly caressed by the rest; which the prince suspecting Dante not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to Dante, and said, "I wonder that this person, who is by some deemed a fool, and by others a madman, should yet be so generally pleasing, and so generally beloved; when you, who are celebrated for wisdom, are heard without pleasure, and commended without friendship." "You would cease to wonder," replied Dante, "if you considered, that a conformity of character is the source of friendship." This sarcasm, which had all the

force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intolerable; and Dante was immediately disgraced and banished.

But by this answer, though the indignation which produced it was founded on virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the still voice of reason, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if Dante intended reformation, his answer was not wise; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

Great delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good-breeding than integrity. Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more disgusted with the faults and failings which they discover; the common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at whist, the history of a ball at Tunbridge, or Bath, a description of Lady Fanny's jewels and Lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horse-race or a cock-match, and disquisitions on the game-act or the scarcity of partridges, are subjects upon which men of delicate taste do not always choose to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they should remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity; that if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will, in their turn, be despised and hated by those whom they hate and despise; and with better reason, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good-breeding of conversation; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

He, who does not practise good-breeding, will not find himself considered as the object of good-breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which it is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this species of ill-breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abstruse science, or *who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul,*

the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the close pursuit of their several objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a rout and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought strange to those, who duly consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

Equally excusable, for the same reasons, are that absence of mind, and that forgetfulness of place and person, to which scholars are so frequently subject. When Louis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, "Yes," replied Boileau, in the presence of Madame Maintenon, "he performed tolerably well in the despicable pieces of Scarron, which are now deservedly forgotten, even in the provinces."

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty be morose and surly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whose delicacy and penetration discern with disgust those imperfections in others from which he himself is not free, indulge perpetual peevishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending to the common offices and duties of civil life; for as no man should be well-bred, at the expense of his virtue; no man should practise virtue, so as to deter others from imitation.

WARTON.

ROAST FIG.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages, ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius, in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling, (which I take to be the elder brother,) was accidentally discovered in the manner following:—

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the wood, one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it,) what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crums of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers, from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat, in his beastly fashion,

when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel; and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it; when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig! the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them.

Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till, in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most

useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts, make their way among mankind.

ELIA.

ON SINGULARITY.

THERE is nothing which betrays a man into so many errors and inconveniences, as the desire of not appearing singular; for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the first place, every man of sense will agree with me, that singularity is laudable, when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honour. In these cases we ought to consider, that it is not custom, but duty, which is the rule of action; and that we should be only so far sociable, as we are reasonable creatures. Truth is never the less so, for not being attended to: and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity, in concerns of this kind, is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man leaves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will give them up. I shall therefore only speak of those who are remarkable for their singularity in things of no importance, as in dress, behaviour, conversation, and all the little intercourses of life. In these cases there is a certain deference due to custom; and notwithstanding there may be a colour of reason to deviate from the multitude in some particulars, a man ought to sacrifice his private inclinations and opinions to the practice of the public. It must be confessed that good sense often makes a humourist; but then it unqualifies him for affairs of any moment in the world, and renders him ridiculous to persons of a much inferior understanding.

I have heard of a gentleman in the north of England,

who was a remarkable instance of this foolish singularity. He had laid it down as a rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent parts of life according to the most abstracted notions of reason and good sense, without any regard to fashion or example. This humour broke out at first in many little oddnesses: he had never any stated hours for his dinner, supper, or sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the calls of nature, and not set our meals, but bring our meals to our appetites. In his conversation with country gentlemen, he would not make use of a phrase that was not strictly true; he never told any of them, that he was his humble servant, but that he was his well-wisher, and would be rather thought a malcontent, than drink the king's health when he was not dry. He would thrust his head out at the chamber-window every morning, and after having gaped for fresh air about half an hour, repeat fifty verses, as loud as he could bawl them, for the benefit of his lungs; to which end he generally took them out of Homer; the Greek tongue, especially in that author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to expectoration, than any other. He had many other particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical reasons. As this humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a turban instead of a perriwig; concluding, very justly, that a bandage of clean linen about his head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the caul of a wig, which is soiled with frequent perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many ligatures in the English dress, must naturally check the circulation of the blood; for which reason, he made his breeches and his doublet of one continued piece of cloth, after the manner of the Hussars. In short, by following the pure dictates of reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his countrymen, and indeed from his whole species, that his friends would have clapped him into Bedlam, and have begged his estate; but the Judge being informed that he did no harm, contented himself with issuing out a commission of lunacy against him, and putting his estate into the hands of proper guardians.

The fate of this philosopher puts me in mind of a remark in Monsieur Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead*. "The ambitious and the covetous," says he, "are mad-

men, to all intents and purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark rooms; but they have the good luck to have numbers on their side; whereas the frenzy of one who is given up for a lunatic, is a frenzy *hors d'œuvre*; that is, in other words, something which is singular in its kind, and does not fall in with the madness of the multitude.

ADDISON.

ON CONTENTMENT.

THE misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers; they have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

Yet where is the magnanimity of bearing misfortunes when the whole world is looking on? men in such circumstances can act bravely even from motives of vanity. He only who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity, who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his distresses, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

The miseries of the poor are, however, entirely disregarded; though some undergo more real hardships in one day than the great in their whole lives. It is indeed inconceivable what difficulties the meanest English sailor or soldier endures without murmuring or regret. Every day is to him a day of misery, and yet he bears his hard fate without repining!

With what indignation do I hear the heroes of tragedy complain of misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity is founded in arrogance and pride! Their severest distresses are pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day sustain without murmuring. These may eat, drink, and sleep, have slaves to attend them, and are sure of subsistence for life, while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or to assist them, find enmity in every law, and are too poor to obtain even justice.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow begging, at one of the outlets of this town, with a wooden leg. I was curi-

ous to learn what had reduced him to his present situation ; and, after giving him what I thought proper, desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, with an intrepidity truly British, leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows :—

“ As for misfortunes, sir, I cannot pretend to have gone through more than others. Except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don’t know any reason, thank heaven, that I have to complain : there are some who have lost both legs and an eye ; but, thank heaven, it is not quite so bad with me !

“ My father was a labourer in the country, and died when I was five years old ; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born ; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third ; till at last it was thought I belonged to no parish at all. At length, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and had actually learned my letters ; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet.

“ Here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir far from the house, for fear I should run away ; but what of that ? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me.

“ I was next bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late, but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died. Being then obliged to provide for myself, I was resolved to go and seek my fortune. Thus I lived, and went from town to town, working when I could get employment, and starving when I could get none, and might have lived so still ; but happening one day to go through a field belonging to a magistrate, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me. I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it : well, what will you have on it ? I killed the hare, and

was bringing it away in triumph, when the Justice himself met me: he called me a villain, and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I began immediately to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation: but though I gave a very long account, the Justice said, I could give no account of myself; so I was indicted, and found guilty of being poor, and sent to Newgate, in order to be transported to the plantations.

"People may say this and that of being in gaol; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work; but, alas! this kind of life was too good to last for ever! I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board of a ship, and sent off with two hundred more. Our passage was but indifferent, for we were all confined in the hold, and died very fast, for want of sweet air and provisions; but, for my part, I did not want meat, because I had a fever all the way: Providence was kind, when provisions grew short, it took away my desire of eating. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters. I was bound for seven years, and as I was no scholar, (for I had forgot my letters) I was obliged to work among the negroes, and served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. O liberty! liberty! liberty! that is the property of every Englishman, and I will die in its defence; I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go into the country, but kept about town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for some time; till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand still. They belonged to a press-gang; I was carried before the Justice, and as I could give no account of myself, (that was the thing that always hobbled me,) I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose to be a soldier; and in this post of a gentleman I served two campaigns, was at the battles in Flanders, and received but one wound through the breast, which is troublesome to this day.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged; and as

I could not work, because my wound was sometimes painful, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have given me promotion, and made me a corporal. But that was not my good fortune, I soon fell sick, and, when I became good for nothing, got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket, which I saved in the service. This was at the beginning of the present war, so I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and I was pressed again, before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore that I understood my business perfectly well, but that I pretended sickness, merely to be idle; God knows, I knew nothing of sea business; he beat me without considering what he was about. But still my forty pounds was some comfort to me, under every beating; the money was my comfort; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost it all!

"Our crew was carried into a French prison, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a galley; but for my part it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, however, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well,) I was awaked by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentry's brains?'—'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.'—'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do the business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen: we had no arms; but one Englishman is able to beat five French, at any time: so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea; we had not been here three days, before we were taken up by an English privateer, who was glad of so many good hands;

and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with a French man of war, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, but unfortunately we lost almost all our men, just as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to my old gaol in Brest: but by good fortune we were retaken, and carried to England once more.

"I had almost forgot to tell you, that in this last engagement I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. Had I had the good fortune to have lost my leg, and use of my hand, on board a king's ship, and not a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life, but that was not my chance; one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and have no enemy in this world, that I know of, but the French and the Justice of Peace."

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration of his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery is the truest school of fortitude and philosophy.

GOLDSMITH.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG TRADESMAN.

REMEMBER that *time* is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labour, and goes abroad, or sits idle one half of that day, though he spends but sixpence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember that *credit* is money. If a man let his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum, where a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember that money is of a prolific, generating nature.

Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned, is six; turned again, it is seven and threepence; and so on, till it becomes an hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow, destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He that murders a crown, destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

Remember that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum (which may be daily wasted, either in time or expense, unperceived) a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of a hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying, "The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises, may, at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse for ever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice in a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it before he can receive it in a lump. It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful as well as an honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect; you will discover how wonderfully, small trifling expenses mount up to large

sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future be, saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, *industry* and *frugality*; that is, waste neither *time* nor *money*, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do; and with them, every thing. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets, (necessary expenses excepted), will certainly become *rich*—if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, does not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine. FRANKLIN.

ON SLEEP.

If every day did not produce fresh instances of the ingratitude of mankind, we might, perhaps, be at a loss, why so liberal and impartial a benefactor as sleep, should meet with so few historians or panegyrists. Writers are so totally absorbed by the business of the day, as never to turn their attention to that power, whose officious hand so seasonably suspends the burden of life; and without whose interposition, man would not be able to endure the fatigue of labour, however rewarded, or the struggle with opposition, however successful.

Night, though she divides to many the longest part of life, and to almost all the most innocent and happy, is yet unthankfully neglected, except by those who pervert her gifts.

The astronomers, indeed, expect her with impatience, and felicitate themselves upon her arrival. Fontenelle has not failed to celebrate her praises; and to chide the sun for hiding from his view, the worlds which he imagines to appear in every constellation. Nor have the poets been always deficient in her praises: Milton has observed of the night, that it is "the pleasant time, the cool, the silent."

These men may, indeed, well be expected to pay particular homage to night; since they are indebted to her, not only for cessation of pain, but increase of pleasure; not only for slumber, but for knowledge. But the greater part of her avowed votaries are the sons of luxury:

who appropriate to festivity the hours designed for rest ; who consider the reign of pleasure as commencing, when day begins to withdraw her busy multitudes, and ceases to dissipate attention by intrusive and unwelcome variety ; who begin to awake to joy, when the rest of the world sinks into insensibility ; and revel in the soft effluence of flattering and artificial lights, which “ more shadowy set off the face of things.”

Without touching upon the fatal consequences of a custom, which, as Ramazzini observes, will be for ever condemned, and for ever retained ; it may be observed, that, however sleep may be put off from time to time, yet the demand is of so importunate a nature, as not to remain long unsatisfied : and if, as some have done, we consider it as the tax of life, we cannot but observe it as a tax that must be paid, unless we could cease to be men ; for Alexander declared, that nothing convinced him that he was not a divinity, but his not being able to live without sleep.

To live without sleep, in our present fluctuating state, can surely be the wish only of the young or the ignorant ; to every one else, a perpetual vigil will appear to be a state of wretchedness, second only to that of the miserable beings, whom Swift has in his *Travels* so elegantly described, as “ supremely cursed with immortality.”

Sleep is necessary to the happy, to prevent satiety, and to endear life by a short absence ; and to the miserable, to relieve them by intervals of quiet. Life is to most, such as could not be endured without frequent intermissions of existence. Homer, therefore, has thought it an office worthy of the goddess of wisdom, to lay Ulysses asleep when landed on Phæacia.

It is related of Barretier, whose early advances in literature scarce any human mind has equalled, that he spent twelve hours of the four-and-twenty in sleep : yet this appears, from the bad state of his health, and the shortness of his life, to have been too small a respite for a mind so vigorously and intensely employed : it is to be regretted, therefore, that he did not exercise his mind less, and his body more ; since by this means it is highly probable, that though he would not then have astonished with the blaze of a comet, he would yet have shone with the permanent radiance of a fixed star.

Nor should it be objected, that there have been many men who daily spent fifteen or sixteen hours in study: for by some of whom this is reported, it has never been done; others have done it for a short time only; and of the rest it appears, that they employed their minds in such operations, as required neither celerity nor strength, in the low drudgery of collating copies, comparing authorities, digesting dictionaries, or accumulating compilations.

Men of study and imagination are frequently upbraided by the industrious and plodding sons of care, with passing too great a part of their life in a state of inaction. But these defiers of sleep seem not to remember, that, though it must be granted them that they are crawling about before the break of day, it can seldom be said that they are perfectly awake; they exhaust no spirits, and require no repairs; but lie torpid as a toad in marble, or at least are known to live only by an inert and sluggish locomotive faculty, and may be said, like a wounded snake, to "drag their slow length along."

Man has been long known among philosophers, by the appellation of the microcosm, or epitome of the world: the resemblance between the great and little world, might, by a rational observer, be detailed to many particulars; and to many more by a fanciful speculatist. I know not in which of these two classes I shall be ranged for observing, that as the total quantity of light and darkness allotted in the course of the year to every region of the earth, is the same, though distributed at various times and in different portions; so, perhaps, to each individual of the human species, nature has ordained the same quantity of wakefulness and sleep; though divided by some into a total quiescence and vigorous exertion of their faculties, and blended by others in a kind of twilight of existence, in a state between dreaming and reasoning, in which they either think without action, or act without thought.

The poets are generally well affected to sleep: as men who think with vigour, they require respite from thought; and gladly resign themselves to that gentle power, who not only bestows rest, but frequently leads them to happier regions, where patrons are always kind, and audiences are always candid; where they are feasted in the bowers of imagination, and crowned with flowers divested of their prickles, and laurels of unfading verdure.

The more refined and penetrating part of mankind, who take wide surveys of the wilds of life, who see the innumerable terrors and distresses that are perpetually preying on the heart of man, and discern, with unhappy perspicuity, calamities yet latent in their causes, are glad to close their eyes upon the gloomy prospect, and lose in a short insensibility the remembrance of others' miseries and their own. The hero has no higher hope, than that, after having routed legions after legions, and added kingdom to kingdom, he shall retire to milder happiness, and close his days in social festivity. The wit or the sage can expect no greater happiness, than that after having harassed his reason in deep researches, and fatigued his fancy in boundless excursions, he shall sink at night in the tranquillity of sleep.

Sleep, therefore, as the chief of all earthly blessings, is justly appropriated to industry and temperance; the refreshing rest, and the peaceful night, are the portion only of him who lies down weary with honest labour, and free from the fumes of indigested luxury; it is the just doom of laziness and gluttony, to be inactive without ease, and drowsy without tranquillity.

Sleep has been often mentioned as the image of death; "So like it," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that I dare not trust it without my prayers:" their resemblance, is, indeed, apparent and striking; they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty; and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be safe and happy only by virtue.

JOHNSON.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

"FRIENDSHIP is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another." Though the pleasures and advantages of friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world.

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we cannot esteem; so, on the other, though we are truly sensible of a man's abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the warmth of friendship, without an affectionate good-will towards his person.

Friendship immediately banishes envy, under all its disguises. A man, who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue.

There is something in friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious stories which are invented to the honour of any particular person, the authors have thought it as necessary to make their hero a friend, as a lover. Achilles has his Patroclus, and Æneas his Achates. In the first of these instances we may observe, for the reputation of the subject I am treating of, that Greece was almost ruined by the hero's love, but was preserved by his friendship.

The character of Achates suggests to us an observation we may often make on the intimacies of great men, who frequently choose their companions rather for the qualities of the heart than those of the head, and prefer fidelity in an easy, inoffensive, complying temper, to those endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is represented as the first favourite, either gives his advice, or strikes a blow, through the whole Æneid.

A friendship, which makes the least noise, is very often most useful: for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the best men of ancient Rome, was a very remarkable instance of what I am here speaking.

This extraordinary person, amidst the civil wars of his country, when he saw the designs of all parties equally tended to the subversion of liberty, by constantly preserving the esteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to serve his friends on either side: and while he sent money to young Marius, whose father was declared an enemy to the commonwealth, he was himself one of Sylla's chief favourites, and always near that general.

During the war between Cæsar and Pompey, he also maintained the same conduct. After the death of Cæsar, he sent money to Brutus in his troubles, and did a thousand good offices to Antony's wife and friends, when that party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody war between Antony and Augustus, Atticus still kept his place in both their friendships: insomuch that the first, says Cornelius Nepos, whenever he was absent from Rome in any part of the empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing; what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him constantly an exact account of all his affairs.

A likeness of inclinations, in every particular, is so far from being requisite to form a benevolence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest friendships to have been contracted between persons of different humours; the mind being often pleased with those perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accomplishments. Besides that a man, in some measure, supplies his own defects, and fancies himself, at second-hand, possessed of those good qualities and endowments, which are in the possession of him, who, in the eye of the world, is looked on as his other self.

The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves, as for his own advantage. The reproaches, therefore, of a friend, should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent desire of pleasing, in the person reprov'd, may otherwise change into a despair of doing it, while he finds himself censured for faults he is not conscious of. A mind, that is softened and humanised by friendship, cannot bear frequent reproaches; either it must quite sink under the oppression, or abate considerably of the value and esteem it had for those who bestows them.

The proper business of friendship is to inspire life and courage; and a soul thus supported, outdoes itself; whereas, if it be unexpectedly deprived of these succours, it droops and languishes.

We are, in some measure, more inexcusable, if we violate our duties to a friend, than to a relation: since the

former arise from a voluntary choice; the latter, from a necessity, to which we could not give our own consent.

As it has been said on one side, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expose the weakness of his choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a treasure, which was once in his possession.

Tully was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing our grief; a thought, in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and, indeed, there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher; I mean the little apocryphal treatise, entitled, "The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach." How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour; and laid down that precept which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, "That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends!" "Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair-speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand." With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends; and with what strokes of nature, I could almost say of humour, has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend? "If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach." Again, "Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide

himself from thy face." What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? "Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends." In the next words he particularises one of those fruits of friendship, which is described at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just, as well as very sublime. "A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such a one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour," that is, his friend, "be also." I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, That a virtuous man shall, as a blessing, meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer: "Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine: when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure." With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of friendship? "Whoso casteth a stone at the birds, frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not; for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart." ADDISON.

FINIS.





